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THE  
BIBOY;  
OR  
ANNUAL OF LITERATURE  
AND  
THE ARTS.



LONDON  
WILLIAM PICKERING,  
CHANCERY LANE,  
&  
THOMAS WARDLE, PHILADELPHIA.  
1828

Theodore J. Dwight,  
Oct. 20, 1893.

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1893.

TO  
MRS. JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART,  
THIS VOLUME  
IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED  
BY  
THE EDITOR.





## PREFACE.

THE few observations which are necessary to be prefixed to this volume, will contain little more than acknowledgments to the distinguished literary characters, and eminent artists whose respective productions adorn its pages; as it is on those productions that the Publisher rests his hopes that it will be deemed entitled to an elevated station among the Annual publications, not of this country only, but of Europe. Far from wishing, however, to institute invidious comparisons, he only asserts for it an equal claim to the notice and patronage of the public; for whether with respect to its graphic illustrations, or its literary merits, he feels assured that it will not be found inferior to any, even if it does not excel most, of its contemporaries.

To describe the Editor's obligations to his various friends in adequate terms would require space infinitely beyond that to which a preface is necessarily limited; but in briefly expressing his gratitude to the celebrated characters who have cheerfully afforded him the assistance of their talent, he will not only perform a grateful duty, but at the same time tacitly urge the pretensions which he considers "THE BIJOU" to possess to public favour.

To Sir Walter Scott the proprietors and himself are indebted for the interesting letter explanatory of the picture of his family, with an engraving of which, through the liberality of its possessor Sir Adam Ferguson, and the painter Mr. Wilkie, they have been enabled to enrich the Work. Nor is it too much to expect that if every other recommendation were wanting, that plate, and still more the description by which it is accompanied would prove irresistible attractions to the world; for who can be indifferent to so pleasing a memorial of a writer to whose merits England, Europe, nay, the whole civilized world, has offered its homage and its praise. Conspicuous as that letter is among the literary beauties of these sheets,—and to it may be attributed an interest as unfading as the reputation of its writer—almost all the popular authors of the day have contributed one or more scintillations of their genius; and it is with feelings of pride, admiration, and gratitude, that the Editor and Proprietors offer their warmest acknowledgments to John Gibson Lockhart, Esq.\*, Mrs. Hemans, Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart.; Sir Thomas Elmsley Croft, Bart.; the Rev. Blanco White; Barry Cornwall;

\* A few stanzas of the Ballad by Mr. Lockhart were printed in the "Janus" for 1826. It is so considerably improved and enlarged, the translation being now complete, as to assume a new character.

L. E. L.; Miss Mitford; Mrs. Pickersgill; Miss Roberts; the writer of the "Diary of an Ennuyée;" R. P. Gillies, Esq.;† J. Montgomery, Esq.; the Rev. W. Lisle Bowles; the author of "The Subaltern;" Delta; Horace Smith, Esq.; Charles Lamb, Esq.; the Ettrick Shepherd; Allan Cunningham, Esq.; N. T. Carrington, Esq.; and to the other contributors.

In expressing the Editor's thanks in a separate paragraph to S. T. Coleridge, Esq., it must not be supposed that his obligations are the less important to those whose names have been just mentioned; but where a favor has been conferred in a peculiar manner, it at least demands that it should be peculiarly acknowledged. Mr. Coleridge, in the most liberal manner, permitted the Editor to select what he pleased from all his unpublished MSS., and it will be seen from the "Wanderings of Cain," though unfinished, and the other pieces bearing that Gentleman's name, that whenever he may favour the world with a perfect collection of his writings he will adduce new and powerful claims upon its respect.

In another, but no less important department of talent, the Proprietors have yet to pay their debt of gratitude. From the invaluable favours he has conferred upon the work, the first among those claimants is he, who is also the first in professional reputation, in liberality, and in all which characterises a Gentle-

† Mr. Gillies' beautiful Poem called "The Seventh Day," is, for want of space, reserved for the next volume.

man, Sir Thomas Lawrence, the President of the Royal Academy, who has bestowed on it three of his unrivalled productions; and which, it is needless to say, are of themselves sufficient to place "THE BIJOU" in the foremost rank among the embellished publications of Europe.

To H. W. Pickersgill, Esq. R.A. the Proprietors are also deeply indebted for the gratuitous use of his beautiful picture "The Oriental Love-Letter," in the Council Room of the Royal Academy; and which derives considerable interest from the elegant illustration by which it is accompanied from the pen of his accomplished wife. To Mr. W. H. Worthington the Proprietors are grateful for the loan of his painting "The Suitors Rejected."

In consequence of a resemblance between the principal incident in the Tale of HALLORAN THE PEDLAR and the catastrophe described in a recent publication of deserved popularity, both evidently referring to the same historical fact, it is necessary, in order to prevent the suspicion of plagiarism, to state that the Tale of Halloran was written, and in the hands of the publisher, long previously to the appearance of the Novel where a similar circumstance is related. Many most valuable papers, nearly sufficient to form another volume, remain in the Editor's possession; for the obvious reason of superabundance of matter, it was impossible to insert them in the present work.

Amidst other literary curiosities, two will be found which derive their chief attraction from the illustrious rank and eminent virtues of their authors : these are, a translation of the celebrated Epistle of Servius Sulpicius to M. T. Cicero, by his present Majesty ; and of Cicero's Epistle to Servius Sulpicius, by the lamented Duke of York, both written as exercises at a very early age.

The selection of Graphic illustrations was made by Mr. Robert Balmanno, Secretary of the Artists' Fund, and the Publisher.

Whether THE BIJOU be worthy of its name, and how far the Proprietors have redeemed the pledge contained in their prospectus, must be left to the public to determine. It has been their unceasing endeavour to concentrate specimens of the varied talent, both in literature and art, for which this country is renowned ; to allow the powers of the pencil, and the emanations of the mind, mutually to relieve and adorn each other, where

“ Each lends to each a double charm,  
Like pearls upon an Ethiop's arm ;”

and as no trouble has been considered too laborious, no expense too great to accomplish this object, they submit the result of their exertions with confidence unalloyed by presumption, but not unmixed with hope.

W. F.



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The Wood-Cut fac-simile alluded to in the note on p. 308, was found to be too large for the Work, it has therefore been thought advisable to omit it.



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## THE CHILD AND FLOWERS.

By Mrs. Hemans.

---

All good and guiltless as thou art.  
Some transient griefs will touch thy heart,  
Griefs that along thy altered face  
Will breathe a more subduing grace,  
Than even those looks of joy that lie  
On the soft cheek of infancy.

WILSON.

---

HAST thou been in the woods with the honey-bee ?  
Hast thou been with the lamb in the pastures free ?  
With the hare through the copses and dingles wild ?  
With the butterfly over the heath, fair child ?  
Yes : the light fall of thy bounding feet  
Hath not startled the wren from her mossy seat ;  
Yet hast thou ranged the green forest-dells,  
And brought back a treasure of buds and bells.

Thou know'st not the sweetness, by antique song  
Breathed o'er the names of that flowery throng ;  
The woodbine, the primrose, the violet dim,  
The lily that gleams by the fountain's brim :

These are old words, that have made each grove  
A dreary haunt for romance and love ;  
Each sunny bank, where faint odours lie  
A place for the gushings of Poesy.

Thou know'st not the light wherewith fairy lore  
Sprinkles the turf and the daisies o'er ;  
Enough for thee are the dews that sleep  
Like hidden gems in the flower-urns deep ;  
Enough the rich crimson spots that dwell  
Midst the gold of the cowslip's perfumed cell ;  
And the scent by the blossoming sweet-briars shed,  
And the beauty that bows the wood-hyacinth's head.

Oh ! happy child in thy fawn-like glee !  
What is remembrance or thought to thee ?  
Fill thy bright locks with those gifts of spring,  
O'er thy green pathway their colours fling ;  
Bind them in chaplet and wild festoon—  
What if to droop and to perish soon ?  
Nature hath mines of such wealth—and thou  
Never wilt prize its delights as now !

For a day is coming to quell the tone  
That rings in thy laughter, thou joyous one !  
And to dim thy brow with a touch of care,  
Under the gloss of its clustering hair ;

And to tame the flash of thy cloudless eyes  
Into the stillness of autumn skies ;  
And to teach thee that grief hath her needful part,  
Midst the hidden things of each human heart !

Yet shall we mourn, gentle child ! for this ?  
Life hath enough of yet holier bliss !  
Such be thy portion !—the bliss to look  
With a reverent spirit, through Nature's book ;  
By fount, by forest, by river's line,  
To track the paths of a love divine ;  
To read its deep meanings—to see and hear  
God in earth's garden—and not to fear !

## Ballad from the Norman French.\*

By J. G. Lockhart, Esq.

---

Here beginneth a Song which was made in the Wood of Bel-Regard by a Good Companion, who put himself there to eschew the horrible cruelties of the Justices Trail-Baston.

---

IN rhyme I clothe derision, my fancy takes thereto,  
So scorn I this provision, provided here of new ;  
The thing whereof my geste I frame I wish 'twere  
yet to do,  
An guard not God and Holy Dame, 'tis war that  
must ensue.

I mean the articles abhorred of this their Trail-baston ; †  
Except the king himself our lord, God send his malison  
On the devisers of the same: cursed be they every one,  
For full they be of sinful blame, and reason have they  
none.

\* The original of this ballad, which is of the time of Edward I. has been published by the Roxburghe Club.

† The Court of Trail-baston took its name, according to Lord Coke, from the rapidity of its judgments, "which equalled that of a blow with a baton."

Sir, if my boy offend me now, and I my hand but lift  
To teach him by a cuff or two what's governance and  
thrift :

This rascal vile his bill doth file, attaches me of wrong ;  
Forsooth, find bail, or lie in gaol, and rot the rogues  
among.

'Tis forty pennies that they ask, a ransom fine for me ;  
And twenty more ('tis but a score) for my Lord  
Sheriff's fee :

Else of his deepest dungeon the darkness I must dree ;  
Is this of justice, masters ?—Behold my case and see.

Away, then, to the greenwood ! to the pleasant shade  
away !

There evil none of law doth wonne, nor harmful per-  
jury.

I'll to the wood of Bel-regard, where freely flies the  
jay,

And without fail the nightingale is chaunting of her  
lay.

But for that cursed dozen, God shew them small pitie !  
Among their lying voices, they have indicted me  
Of wicked thefts and robberies and other felonie,  
That I dare no more, as heretofore, among my  
friends to be.

In peace and war my service my lord the king hath  
ta'en,  
In Flanders, and in Scotland, and in Gascoyne his  
domain ;  
But now I'll never, while I wis, be mounted man  
again,  
To pleasure such a man as this I've spent much time  
in vain.

But if these cursed jurors do not amend them so  
That I to my own country may freely ride and go,  
The head that I can come at shall jump when I've  
my blow ;  
Their menacings, and all such things, them to the  
winds I throw.

The Martin and the Neville are ‡ worthy folk indeed ;  
Their prayers are sure, albeit we're poor—salvation  
be their meed !  
But for Belflour and Spigurnel, they are a cruel seed ;  
God send them in my keeping—ha ! they should  
not soon be freed !

I'd teach them well this noble game of Trail-baston  
to know ;  
On every chine I'd stamp the same, and every nape  
also ;

‡ These were the four first judges of this court.



O'er every inch in all their frame I'd make my  
cudgel go ;  
To lop their tongues I'd think no shame, nor yet  
their lips to sew.

The man that did begin it first, without redemption  
He is for evermore accurst—he never can atone :  
Great sin is his, I tell ye true, for many an honest man  
For fear hath joined the outlaws' crew, since these  
new laws began.

There's many a wildwood thief this hour was peaceful  
man whil'ere,  
The fear of prison hath such power even guiltless  
breast to scare :  
'Tis this which maketh many a one to sleep beneath  
the tree ;  
And he that these new laws begun, the curse of  
God take he !

Ye merchants, and ye wandering freres, ye well may  
curse with me,  
For ye are painful travellers, while laws like these  
shall be ;  
The king's broad letter in your hand but little can  
bestead,  
For he perforce must bid men stand, that hath nor  
home nor bread.

All ye who are indicted ! I pray you come to me  
To the greenwood, the pleasant wood, where's neither  
    suit nor plea,  
But only the wild creatures and many a spreading tree  
For there's little in the common law but doubt and  
    misery.

If at your need you've skill to read, you're summon'd  
    ne'er the less  
To shew your lore the Bench before, and great is  
    your redress ;  
Clerk the most clerkly though thou be, expect the  
    same penance :  
'Tis true a Bishop turns the key : God grant de-  
    liverance !

In honesty I speak—for me, I'd rather sleep beneath  
The canopy of the green tree, yea, on the naked  
    heath,  
Than lie even in a Bishop's vault for many a weary  
    day ;  
And he that 'twixt such choice would halt, he is a  
    fool I say.

I had a name that none could blame, but that is lost  
    and gone,  
For lawyer-tricks have made me mix with people  
    that have none.

I dare not shew my face no mo among my friends  
and kin :

The poor man now is sold I trow, whate'er the rich,  
may win.

To risk I cannot fancy much, what, lost, is ne'er repaid  
To put my life within their clutch in truth I'm sore  
afraid ;

This is no question about gold that might be won  
again,

If once they had me in their hold 'tis death they'd  
make my pain.

Some one perchance my friend will be, such hope not  
yet I lack ;

The men that speak this ill of me, they speak behind  
my back ;

I know it would their hearts delight, if they my blood  
could spill,

But God, in all the devils' spite, can save me if he will.

There's one can save me life and limb, the blessed  
Mary's child,

And I can boldly pray to him ; my soul is undefiled :  
The innocent he'll not despise, by envious tongues  
undone.

God curse the smiling enemies that I have leaned  
upon!

If meeting a companion I shew my archerie,  
My neighbour will be saying, "He's of some companie,  
He goes to cage him in the wood, and worke his old  
foleye,"

Thus men do hunt me like the boar, and life's no  
life for me.

But if I seem more cunning about the law than they,  
"Ha! ha! some old conspirator well trained in  
tricks," they'll say;

O wheresoe'er doth ride the Eyre, I must keep well  
away:—

Such neighbourhood I hold not good; shame fall on  
such I pray!

I pray you, all good people, to say for me a prayer,  
That I in peace may once again to mine ownland repair:  
I never was a homicide—not with my will—I swear,  
Nor robber, christian folk to spoil, that on their way  
did fare.

This rhyme was made within the wood, beneath a  
broad bay tree;

There singeth merle and nightingale, and falcon hovers  
free:

I wrote this skin, because within was much sore memory,  
And here I lay it by the way—that found my rhyme  
may be.

## SONNETS.

By Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart.

---

### I.

WHEN dead is all the vigour of the frame,  
And the dull heart beats languid, notes of praise  
May issue the desponding sprite to raise :  
But weakly strikes the voice of slow-sent fame ;  
Empty we deem the echo of a name :  
Inward we turn ; we list no fairy lays ;  
Nor seek on golden palaces to gaze ;  
Nor wreaths from groups of smiling fair to claim !  
Thus strange is fate :—we meet the hollow cheer,  
When struck by age the cold insensate ear  
No more with trembling extasy can hear.  
But yet one thought a lasting joy can give  
That we, as not for *self alone* we live,  
To others bore the boon, we would from them  
receive !

## II.

TEXTURE of mightiest splendor, force and art,  
Wove in the fine loom of the subtlest brain,  
The brilliance of thy colours shines in vain,  
If steeped not in the fountains of the heart !  
If those pure waves no added strength impart,  
If thence the web no new attraction gain,  
Sure is the test, no genuine muse would deign  
Her inspiration on the work to dart !  
High intellect, magnific though thou be,  
Yet if thou hast not power to raise the glow  
Of grand and deep emotions, which to thee  
Backward its own o'ershadowing hues may throw ;  
Vapid thy fruits are ; barren is thy ray ;  
And worthless shall thy splendour die away !

## The City of the Dead.

By L. E. L.

---

'Twas dark with cypresses and yews which cast  
Drear shadows on the fairer trees and flowers—  
Affections latest signs.       \*       •       \*

Dark portal of another world—the grave—  
I do not fear thy shadow ; and methinks,  
If I may make my own heart oracle,—  
The many long to enter thee, for thou  
Alone canst reunite the loved and lost  
With those who pine for them. I fear thee not ;  
I only fear mine own unworthiness,  
Lest it prove barrier to my hope, and make  
Another parting in another world.

---

### 1.

LAUREL ! oh fling thy green boughs on the air,  
There is dew on thy branches, what doth it do there ?  
Thou that art worn on the conqueror's shield,  
When his country receives him from glory's red field ;  
Thou that art wreathed round the lyre of the bard,  
When the song of its sweetness has won its reward.  
Earth's changeless and sacred—thou proud laurel  
tree !

The ears of the midnight, why hang they on thee ?

## 2.

Rose of the morning, the blushing and bright,  
Thou whose whole life is one breath of delight ;  
Beloved of the maiden, the chosen to bind  
Her dark tresses' wealth from the wild summer wind.  
Fair tablet, still vowed to the thoughts of the lover,  
Whose rich leaves with sweet secrets are written all  
over ;

Fragrant as blooming—thou lovely rose tree !  
The tears of the midnight, why hang they on thee ?

## 3.

Dark cypress I see thee thou art my reply,  
Why the tears of the night on thy comrade trees lie ;  
That laurel it wreathed the red brow of the brave,  
Yet thy shadow lies black on the warrior's grave.  
That rose was less bright than the lip which it prest,  
Yet thy sad branches sweep o'er the maiden's last  
rest :

The brave and the lovely alike they are sleeping,  
I marvel no more rose and laurel are weeping.

## 4

Yet sunbeam of heaven thou fall'st on the tomb—  
Why pausest thou by such dwelling of doom ?  
Before thee the grove and the garden are spread,  
Why lingerest thou round the place of the dead ?



Thou art from another, a lovelier sphere,  
Unknown to the sorrows that darken us here.  
Thou art as a herald of hope from above :—  
Weep mourner no more o'er thy grief and thy love;  
Still thy heart in its beating, be glad of such rest,  
Though it call from thy bosom its dearest and best.  
Weep no more that affection thus loosens its tie,  
Weep no more that the loved and the loving must die  
Weep no more o'er the cold dust that lies at your  
feet,  
But gaze on yon starry world—there ye shall meet.

## 5.

O heart of mine ! is there not One dwelling there  
To whom thy love clings in its hope and its prayer ?  
For whose sake thou numberest each hour of the day,  
As a link in the fetters that keep me away ;  
When I think of the glad and the beautiful home,  
Which oft in my dreams to my spirit hath come ;  
That when our last sleep on my eyelids hath prest,  
That I may be with thee at home and at rest :  
When wanderer no longer on life's weary shore,  
I may kneel at thy feet, and part from thee no more ;  
While death holds such hope forth to soothe and to  
save,  
Oh sunbeam of heaven thou mayest well light the  
grave.

## NIGHT AND DEATH.

A SONNET.

Dedicated to S. T. Coleridge, Esq. by his sincere friend,  
Joseph Blanco White.

---

MYSTERIOUS night, when the first man but knew  
Thee by report, unseen, and heard thy name,  
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,  
This glorious canopy of light and blue ?

Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew  
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,  
Hesperus, with the host of heaven, came,  
And lo ! creation widened on his view !

Who could have thought what darkness lay concealed

Within thy beams, oh Sun ? Or who could find,

Whilst fly, and leaf, and insect stood revealed,  
That to such endless orbs thou mad'st us blind ?  
Weak man ! Why to shun death, this anxious strife ?  
If *light* can thus deceive, wherefore not *life* ?

## THE WANDERINGS OF CAIN.

### A FRAGMENT.

By S. T. Coleridge, Esq.

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“ A LITTLE further, O my father, yet a little further, and we shall come into the open moonlight !” Their road was through a forest of fir-trees ; at its entrance the trees stood at distances from each other, and the path was broad, and the moonlight, and the moonlight shadows reposed upon it, and appeared quietly to inhabit that solitude. But soon the path winded and became narrow ; the sun at high noon sometimes speckled, but never illumined it, and now it was dark as a cavern.

“ It is dark, O my father !” said Enos, “ but the path under our feet is smooth and soft, and we shall soon come out into the open moonlight. Ah, why dost thou groan so deeply ?”

“ Lead on my child,” said Cain, “ guide me, little child.” And the innocent little child clasped a finger of the hand which had murdered the righteous Abel, and he guided his father. “ The fir branches drip upon thee my son.”—“ Yea, pleasantly, father, for I ran fast and eagerly to bring thee the pitcher and the

cake, and my body is not yet cool. How happy the squirrels are that feed on these fir trees! they leap from bough to bough, and the old squirrels play round their young ones in the nest. I clomb a tree yesterday at noon, O my father, that I might play with them, but they leapt away from the branches, even to the slender twigs did they leap, and in a moment I beheld them on another tree. Why, O my father, would they not play with me? Is it because we are not so happy as they? Is it because I groan sometimes even as thou groanest?" Then Cain stopped, and stifling his groans, he sank to the earth, and the child Enos stood in the darkness beside him; and Cain lifted up his voice, and cried bitterly, and said, "The Mighty One that persecuteth me is on this side and on that; he pursueth my soul like the wind, like the sand-blast he passeth through me; he is around me even as the air, O that I might be utterly no more! I desire to die—yea, the things that never had life, neither move they upon the earth—behold they seem precious to mine eyes. O that a man might live without the breath of his nostrils, so I might abide in darkness and blackness, and an empty space! Yea, I would lie down, I would not rise, neither would I stir my limbs till I became as the rock in the den of the lion, on which the young lion resteth his head whilst he sleepeth. For the torrent that roareth far off hath a voice; and the clouds in heaven look terribly on me; the mighty one who is against me speaketh in

the wind of the cedar grove ; and in silence am I dried up." Then Enos spake to his father, "Arise my father, arise, we are but a little way from the place where I found the cake and the pitcher;" and Cain said, "How knowest thou?" and the child answered—"Behold, the bare rocks are a few of thy strides distant from the forest; and while even now thou wert lifting up thy voice, I heard the echo." Then the child took hold of his father, as if he would raise him, and Cain being faint and feeble rose slowly on his knees and pressed himself against the trunk of a fir, and stood upright and followed the child. The path was dark till within three strides' length of its termination when it turned suddenly; the thick black trees formed a low arch, and the moonlight appeared for a moment like a dazzling portal. Enos ran before and stood in the open air; and when Cain, his father, emerged from the darkness the child was affrighted, for the mighty limbs of Cain were wasted as by fire; his hair was black, and matted into loathly curls, and his countenance was dark and wild, and told in a strange and terrible language of agonies that had been, and were, and were still to continue to be.

The scene around was desolate; as far as the eye could reach, it was desolate; the bare rocks faced each other, and left a long and wide interval of their white sand. You might wander on and look round and round, and peep into the crevices of the rocks, and discover nothing that acknowledged the in-

fluence of the seasons. There was no spring, no summer, no autumn, and the winter's snow that would have been lovely, fell not on these hot rocks and scorching sands. Never morning lark had poised himself over this desert; but the huge serpent often hissed there beneath the talons of the vulture, and the vulture screamed, his wings imprisoned within the coils of the serpent. The pointed and shattered summits of the ridges of the rocks made a rude mimicry of human concerns, and seemed to prophecy mutely of things that then were not; steeples, and battlements, and ships with naked masts. As far from the wood as a boy might sling a pebble of the brook, there was one rock by itself at a small distance from the main ridge. It had been precipitated there perhaps by the terrible groan the earth gave when our first father fell. Before you approached, it appeared to lie flat on the ground, but its base slanted from its point, and between its points and the sands a tall man might stand upright. It was here that Enos had found the pitcher and cake, and to this place he led his father. But ere they arrived there they beheld a human shape; his back was towards them, and they were coming up unperceived when they heard him smite his breast and cry aloud, "Wo, is me! wo, is me! I must never die again, and yet I am perishing with thirst and hunger."

The face of Cain turned pale; but Enos said, "Ere yet I could speak, I am sure, O my father, that

I heard that voice. Have not I often said that I remembered a sweet voice. O my father ! this is it ;” and Cain trembled exceedingly. The voice was sweet indeed, but it was thin and querulous like that of a feeble slave in misery, who despairs altogether, yet can not refrain himself from weeping and lamentation. Enos crept softly round the base of the rock, and stood before the stranger, and looked up into his face. And the Shape shrieked, and turned round, and Cain beheld him, that his limbs and his face were those of his brother Abel whom he had killed ; and Cain stood like one who struggles in his sleep because of the exceeding terribleness of a dream ; and ere he had recovered himself from the tumult of his agitation, the Shape fell at his feet, and embraced his knees, and cried out with a bitter outcry, “ Thou eldest born of Adam, whom Eve, my mother, brought forth, cease to torment me ! I was feeding my flocks in green pastures by the side of quiet rivers, and thou killedst me ; and now I am in misery.” Then Cain closed his eyes, and hid them with his hands—and again he opened his eyes, and looked around him, and said to Enos “ What beholdest thou ? Didst thou hear a voice, my son ?” “ Yes, my father, I beheld a man in unclean garments, and he uttered a sweet voice, full of lamentation.” Then Cain raised up the shape that was like Abel, and said, “ The creator of our father, who had

respect unto thee, and unto thy offering, wherefore hath he forsaken thee?" Then the Shape shrieked a second time, and rent his garment, and his naked skin was like the white sands beneath their feet; and he shrieked yet a third time, and threw himself on his face upon the sand that was black with the shadow of the rock, and Cain and Enos sate beside him; the child by his right hand, and Cain by his left. They were all three under the rock, and within the shadow. The Shape that was like Abel raised himself up, and spake to the child; "I know where the cold waters are, but I may not drink, wherefore didst thou then take away my pitcher?" But Cain said, "Didst thou not find favour in the sight of the Lord thy God?" The Shape answered, "The Lord is God of the living only, the dead have another God." Then the child Enos lifted up his eyes and prayed; but Cain rejoiced secretly in his heart. "Wretched shall they be all the days of their mortal life," exclaimed the Shape, "who sacrifice worthy and acceptable sacrifices to the God of the dead; but after death their toil ceaseth. Woe is me, for I was well beloved by the God of the living, and cruel wert thou, O my brother, who didst snatch me away from his power and his dominion." Having uttered these words, he rose suddenly, and fled over the sands; and Cain said in his heart, "The curse of the Lord is on me—but who is the God of the dead?" and he ran after the Shape, and the Shape fled



shrieking over the sands, and the sands rose like white mists behind the steps of Cain, but the feet of him that was like Abel disturbed not the sands. He greatly outrun Cain, and turning short, he wheeled round, and came again to the rock where they had been sitting, and where Enos still stood; and the Child caught hold of his garment as he passed by, and he fell upon the ground; and Cain stopped, and beholding him not, said, "he has passed into the dark woods," and walked slowly back to the rocks, and when he reached it the child told him that he had caught hold of his garment as he passed by, and that the man had fallen upon the ground; and Cain once more sat beside him, and said—"Abel, my brother, I would lament for thee, but that the spirit within me is withered, and burnt up with extreme agony. Now, I pray thee, by thy flocks and by thy pastures, and by the quiet rivers which thou lovest, that thou tell me all that thou knowest. Who is the God of the dead? where doth he make his dwelling? what sacrifices are acceptable unto him? for I have offered, but have not been received; I have prayed, and have not been heard; and how can I be afflicted more than I already am?" The Shape arose and answered—"O that thou hadst had pity on me as I will have pity on thee. Follow me, son of Adam! and bring thy child with thee:" and they three passed over the white sands between the rocks, silent as their shadows.

## VERSES FOR AN ALBUM.

By Charles Lamb, Esq.

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FRESH clad from heaven in robes of white,  
A young probationer of light,  
Thou wert, my soul, an Album bright.

A spotless leaf; but thought, and care—  
And friends, and foes, in foul or fair,  
Have “written strange defeature” there.

And time, with heaviest hand of all,  
Like that fierce writing on the wall,  
Hath stamp’d sad dates—he can’t recall.

And error, gilding worst designs—  
Like speckled snake that strays and shines—  
Betrays his path by crooked lines.

And vice hath left his ugly blot—  
And good resolves, a moment hot,  
Fairly began—but finish’d not.

And fruitless late remorse doth trace—  
Like Hebrew lore, a backward pace—  
Her irrecoverable race.

Disjointed numbers—sense unknit—  
Huge reams of folly—shreds of wit—  
Compose the mingled mass of it.

My scalded eyes no longer brook,  
Upon this ink-blurr'd thing to look.  
Go—shut the leaves—and clasp the book !—

---

LINES WRITTEN IN THE VALE OF ZOAR,  
COAST OF ARABIA.

---

A SCENE of Araby !—but not the blest ;—  
Behold a multitude of mountains wild  
And bare and cloudless to the skies up-piled  
In forked peaks, and shapes uncouth, possess  
Of grandeur stern indeed, but beauty none ;  
Their sterile sides, by herb, or blade undrest,  
Burning and whitening in the ardent sun.  
Amid the crags—her undisputed reign—  
Pale Desolation sits, and sadly smiles,  
And half the horror of her state beguiles,  
To see her empire spreading to the plain ;  
For there even wandering Arabs seldom stray,  
Or, coming, do but eye the drear domain,  
And haste, as from the vale of Death, away !

## AN AGED WIDOW'S OWN WORDS.

Versified by James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd.

---

O is he gane my good auld man?

And am I left forlorn?

And is that manly heart at rest,

The kindest e'er was born?

We've sojourned here through hope and fear

For fifty years and three,

And ne'er in all that happy time,

Said he harsh word to me.

And mony a braw and boardly son

And daughters in their prime,

His trembling hand laid in the grave,

Lang, lang afore the time.

I dinna greet the day to see

That he to them has gane,

But O 'tis fearfu' thus to be

Left in a world alane.

Wi' a poor worn and broken heart,  
Whose race of joy is run,  
And scarce has little opening left,  
For aught aneath the sun.

My life nor death I winna crave,  
Nor fret nor yet despond,  
But a' my hope is in the grave  
And the dear hame beyond.

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#### FROM THE ITALIAN.

---

MY Lilla gave me yester morn  
A rose methinks in Eden born,  
And as she gave it, little elf,  
Blushed like another rose herself.  
Then said I, full of tenderness,  
“ Since this sweet rose I owe to you,  
“ Dear girl, why may I not possess  
“ The lovelier rose that gave it too ?”

## WORK WITHOUT HOPE.

LINES COMPOSED ON A DAY IN FEBRUARY.

By S. T. Coleridge, Esq.

---

ALL Nature seems at work. Slugs leave their lair—  
The bees are stirring—birds are on the wing—  
And WINTER slumbering in the open air,  
Wears on his smiling face a dream of Spring !  
And I, the while, the sole unbusy thing,  
Nor honey make, nor pair, nor build, nor sing.

Yet well I ken the banks where Amaranths blow,  
Have traced the forest whence streams of nectar flow.  
Bloom, O ye Amaranths ! bloom for whom ye may—  
For me ye bloom not ! Glide, rich streams, away !  
With lips unbrightened, wreathless brow, I stroll :  
And would you learn the spells that drowse my soul ?  
WORK WITHOUT HOPE draws nectar in a sieve,  
And HOPE without an OBJECT cannot live.

## THE POET-WARRIOR.

By Allan Cunningham.

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### 1.

STAYED is the war-horse in his strength,  
Broke is the barbed arrow,  
The spell has conquered on Nithside,  
Which won of yore on Yarrow.  
O did he bear a charmed sword  
That for no mail would tarry,  
And on his youthful head a helm  
Was forged in land of fairy.  
Did Saxon shaft and war axe dint  
Fall on charm'd mail and elfin flint?

### 2.

His spell was valour, and he came  
When warrior's hearts were coldest,  
And poured his fire through peasant's souls,  
And led and ruled the boldest.  
He with flushed brow, and flashing eyes,  
And right arm bare and gory,

Rushed reeking o'er the lives of men,  
And turned our shame to glory.  
A hero's soul was his, and higher  
The minstrel's love, and poet's fire.

## 3.

Seek for a dark and downcast eye,  
A glance 'mongst men the mildest,  
Seek for a bearing haught and high  
Can daunt and awe the wildest.  
Seek one whose soul in tenderness  
Is steeped—who to the lyre  
Can pour out song as fast and bright  
As heaven can pour its fire.  
Seek him, and when thou find'st him, kneel,  
Though thou hadst gold spurs on thy heel.



## THE ROSE.

By Sir Thomas E. Croft, Bart.

---

La rose que ta main chérie  
Hier a sauvé de la mort,  
Est aujourd' hui pâle et flétrie ;—  
Tel est des fleurs le triste sort.  
Reconnaissante de ta peine,  
En mourant cette aimable fleur,  
Légue a tes joues sa rougeur,  
Son doux parfum à ton haleine.

The rose, alas! thy guardian hand  
Sav'd yesterday from dying,  
Pale, wan, and wither'd from its stem,  
Is now in ruins lying :  
But the fond flower, to shew she still  
Was grateful, e'en in death,  
Her blushes to thy cheek bequeathed,  
Her perfume to thy breath.

## TO MY CHILD.

---

CHILD of my heart ! My sweet, belov'd first-bórn !  
Thou dove, who tidings bring'st of calmer hours !  
Thou rainbow, who dost come when all the showers  
Are past,—or passing ! Rose which hath no thorn,—  
No pain, no blemish,—pure and unforlorn,  
Untouched—untainted—O, my flower of flowers !  
More welcome than to bees are summer bowers,—  
To seamen stranded life-assuring morn.  
Welcome ! a thousand welcomes ! Care, who clings  
Round all, seems loosening now her snake-like fold !  
New hope springs upwards, and the bright world  
seems  
Cast back into her youth of endless springs !—  
—Sweet mother, is it so ?—or grow I old,  
Bewildered in divine Elysian dreams ?

B. C.

November, 1825.





MRS. MATTIE STOTT BALE AND FAMILY

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

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LETTER FROM SIR WALTER SCOTT TO SIR ADAM  
FERGUSON, DESCRIPTIVE OF A PICTURE PAINTED  
AT ABEOTSFORD BY DAVID WILKIE, ESQ. R.A.,  
AND EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY IN  
1818.

MY DEAR ADAM—The picture you mention has something in it of rather a domestic character, as the personages are represented in a sort of masquerade, such being the pleasure of the accomplished painter. Nevertheless, if you, the proprietor, incline to have it engraved, I do not see that I am entitled to make any objection.

But Mr. \* \* \* mentions besides, a desire to have anecdotes of my private and domestic life, or, as he expresses himself, a portrait of the author in his night-gown and slippers;—and this from you, who, I dare say, could furnish some anecdotes of our younger days which might now seem ludicrous enough. Even as to my night gown and slippers, I believe the time has been when the articles of my wardrobe were as familiar to your memory as Poin's

to Prince Henry, but that period has been for some years past, and I cannot think it would be interesting to the public to learn that I had changed my old robe-de-chambre for a handsome douillette, when I was last at Paris.

The truth is, that a man of ordinary sense cannot be supposed delighted with the species of gossip which, in the dearth of other news, recurs to such a quiet individual as myself ; and though, like a well-behaved lion of twenty years standing, I am not inclined to vex myself about what I cannot help, I will not, in any case in which I can prevent it, be accessory to these follies. There is no man known at all in literature who may not have more to tell of his private life than I have : I have surmounted no difficulties either of birth or education, nor have I been favored by any particular advantages, and my life has been as void of incidents of importance, as that of the “ weary knife-grinder.”

“ Story ! God bless you ! I have none to tell, Sir.”

The follies of youth ought long since to have passed away ; and if the prejudices and absurdities of age have come in their place, I will keep them, as Beau Tibbs did his prospect, for the amusement of my domestic friends. A mere enumeration of the persons in the sketch is all which I can possibly permit to be published respecting myself and my

family ; and, as must be the lot of humanity when we look back seven or eight years, even what follows cannot be drawn up without some very painful recollections.

The idea which our inimitable Wilkie adopted was to represent our family group in the garb of south-country peasants, supposed to be concerting a merry-making, for which some of the preparations are seen. The place is the terrace near Kayside, commanding an extensive view towards the Eildon-hills. 1. The sitting figure, in the dress of a miller, I believe, represents Sir Walter Scott, author of a few scores of volumes, and proprietor of Abbotsford, in the County of Roxburgh. 2. In front, and presenting, we may suppose, a country wag somewhat addicted to poaching, stands Sir Adam Ferguson, Knight, Keeper of the Regalia of Scotland. 3. In the background is a very handsome old man, upwards of eighty-four years old at the time, painted in his own character of a shepherd. He also belonged to the numerous clan of Scott. He used to claim credit for three things unusual among the southland shepherds : first, that he had never been *fou* in the course of his life ; secondly, that he never had struck a man in anger ; thirdly, that though entrusted with the management of large sales of stock, he had never lost a penny for his master by a bad debt. He died soon afterwards at Abbotsford. 4, 5, 6. Of the three female figures

the elder is the late regretted mother of the family represented. 5. The young person most forward in the groupe is Miss Sophia Charlotte Scott, now Mrs. John Gibson Lockhart; and 6, her younger sister, Miss Ann Scott. Both are represented as ewe-milkers, with their *leglins*, or milk-pails. 7. On the left hand of the shepherd, the young man holding a fowling-piece is the eldest son of Sir Walter, now Captain in the King's Hussars. 8. The boy is the youngest of the family, Charles Scott, now of Brazen Nose College, Oxford. The two dogs were distinguished favorites of the family; the large one was a stag-hound of the old Highland breed, called Maida, and one of the handsomest dogs that could be found; it was a present to me from the chief of Glengary, and was highly valued, both on account of his beauty, his fidelity, and the great rarity of the breed. The other is a little Highland terrier, called *Ourisk* (goblin), of a particular kind, bred in Kintail. It was a present from the Honorable Mrs. Stuart Mackenzie, and is a valuable specimen of a race which is now also scarce. Maida, like Bran, Lerath, and other dogs of distinction, slumbers "beneath his stone," distinguished by an epitaph, which to the honour of Scottish scholarship be it spoken, has only *one* false quantity in *two* lines.

Maidæ marmorea dormis sub imagine Maida.  
Ad januam domini sit tibi terra levis.



Ourisk still survives, but like some other personages in the picture, with talents and temper rather the worse for wear. She has become what Dr. Rutty, the Quaker, records himself in his journal as having sometimes been—sinfully dogged and snappish.

If it should suit Mr. \* \* \*’s purpose to adopt the above illustrations, he is heartily welcome to them, but I make it my especial bargain that nothing more is said upon such a meagre subject.

It strikes me, however, that there is a story about old Thomas Scott, the shepherd, which is characteristic, and which I will make your friend welcome to. Tom was, both as a trusted servant, and as a rich fellow in his line, a person of considerable importance among his class in the neighbourhood, and used to stickle a good deal to keep his place in public opinion. Now, he suffered, in his own idea at least, from the consequence assumed by a country neighbour, who, though neither so well reputed for wealth or sagacity as Thomas Scott, had yet an advantage over him, from having seen the late King, and used to take precedence upon all occasions when they chanced to meet. Thomas suffered under this superiority. But after this sketch was finished, and exhibited in London, the newspapers made it known that his present Majesty had condescended to take some notice of it. Delighted with the circumstance, Thomas Scott set out on a most oppressively hot day, to walk five miles to Bowden,

where his rival resided. He had no sooner entered the cottage than he called out in his broad forest dialect—"Andro', man, did ye anes *sey* (see) the King?" "In troth did I, Tam," answered Andro'; "sit down, and I'll tell ye a' about it:—ye *sey*, I was at Lonon, in a place they ca' the park, that is, no like a hained hog-fence, or like the four-nooked parks in this country—" "Hout awa," said Thomas, "I have heard a' that before: I only came ower the Know now to tell you, that, if you have seen the king, the king has seen *mey*" (me). And so he returned with a jocund heart, assuring his friends "it had done him muckle gude to settle accounts with Andro'."

*Jocose hæc*—as the old Laird of Restalrig writes to the Earl of Gowrie—farewell my old, tried, and dear friend of forty long years. Our enjoyments must now be of a character less vivid than those we have shared together,

But still at our lot it were vain to repine,  
Youth cannot return, or the days of Lang Syne.

Your's affectionately,

WALTER SCOTT.

Abbotsford, 2d August, 1827.

# The Night before the Battle of Montiel.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH,

From the Spanish of Don Juan Algalaba.

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[The battle of Montiel was that which determined the fate of Pedro the Cruel. Just ten years before it took place he and Edward the Black Prince had utterly defeated at Nejara Henry (called of Transtamara) Pedro's natural brother, the competitor for the throne of Castile: But in the interval Pedro's cruelties had alienated the affection of his subjects, and the murder of his wife Blanche of Bourbon, sister to the king of France, had stirred up an enemy whom, being deserted by the English Prince, he had no longer any sufficient means to resist.

Pedro's famous mistress, Maria de Padilla, was in the castle of Montiel when the battle was fought, and after her lover was slain received the body and was permitted to bury it.

The French army was commanded by the illustrious Bertrand du Guesclin—in whose memoirs the highly picturesque details of the conflict, the subsequent meeting of the brothers, and the death of Pedro, may be found. Le Begue was the French knight who stabbed Pedro.]

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## SCENE I.

SCENE—*The Camp of Henry.*

ALAIN DE LA HOUSSAYE AND LE BEGUE.

HOUSSAYE.

I do remember even on such a sky  
King Pedro's banner flaunted, even so calm  
And heavy hung yon selfsame royal blazon  
Upon the air, as the slow sun went down  
The night before Nejara.

LE BEGUE. 'Twas in Paris,  
I heard the tidings of that field;—I knew not  
That my old friend rode in Prince Henry's host  
Else had I not rejoiced.

HOUSSAYE. Rejoiced?

LE BEGUE. Yes, Alain——  
I had heard many things against Don Pedro,  
Yet, truth to speak, it seemed to me foul scorn,  
That one whose mother never had been married,  
Should put his hand forth—clutching at the crown.

HOUSSAYE. I hope we'll have no thoughts like  
these to-morrow.

LE BEGUE. Not I, the fleurdelys will be i' the van.

HOUSSAYE. My thoughts shall be upon the  
Lady Blanche.

LE BEGUE. Aye, well they may——  
That bloody Jewess—is it known if she  
Be still with Pedro? Follows she the camp?

HOUSSAYE. They say she doth—but see! Lord  
Onis comes,  
And he can tell us further.

LE BEGUE. The old lord  
Walks very solemnly methinks to-night,  
His pace is sober as a hooded priest.

HOUSSAYE. Aye, and I'll warrant ye his thoughts  
more sober,  
Than oft lie hid beneath the gown and cowl.

LE BEGUE. In the hot hour

The chance is equal ! be we French or Spaniard—  
But if the day go darkly, and Don<sup>s</sup> Henry  
Find on Montiel the fortune of Nejara,—  
No ransom for a traitor.

HOUSSAYE.                      Look upon him !

There sits no selfish fear on Onis' brow ;  
He is a Spaniard, and we war in Spain.  
The rival chiefs are brothers—and the swords  
That glow even now in many a strenuous hand  
As they receive the polish and the point,  
Must gleam ere long before the eyes of kindred.  
Where'er may fall the chance of victory,  
Yon stream, amidst to-morrow's noontide brightness,  
Will be more purple with Castilian blood,  
Than now the broad sun sinking paints its face.

LE BEGUE. He passes on—he takes no note of us.

HOUSSAYE. We greet you well, Lord Onis !

ONIS.                                      Ha ! fair Sirs !

I crave your pardon. Whither be ye bound ?

HOUSSAYE. Du Guesclin's trumpet hath not  
sounded yet ?

ONIS. They are together in the royal tent.

Anon we shall be summoned.

LE BEGUE. Doth the Prince,

(I crave your grace, the king) doth he to-morrow  
Charge on the centre of his brother's battle ?

ONIS. I would it were not so ; but, if I know him,  
It would be heavy tidings for his ear,

That any sword but his had found its sheath  
Within the breast of Pedro.

HOUSSAYE. Don Pedro's cuirass hath turned  
swords ere now—

And wielded by as ready hands as Henry's.

ONIS. You speak the truth, Sir Alain de la  
Houssaye,

LE BEGUE. You look for stubborn work, my  
Lord of Onis.

ONIS. Sir Alain Houssaye has seen Pedro's plume  
Rising and falling like a falcon's wing,  
As far i' the front as e'er Plantagenet  
Shewed his black crest.

LE BEGUE. And yet the old adage  
Hangs cruelty and cowardice together.

ONIS. The man that coined the phrase had known  
no Pedro.

The old ancestral sense of dignity  
Exalts our excellence if we be good,  
And even if we be vicious, that high pride  
Is not more inborn than inalienable ;  
At least 'tis so with Pedro. 'Twas the same  
When Pedro stood no higher than this hilt,  
A most imperious boy. God he defies,  
And man he never feared.

LE HOUSSAYE. This nobleness  
Of kingly nature props e'en now a cause  
That, had he been in aught a vulgar villain

Had been as bare of man's aid as of God's;—  
But hark! the trumpet.

LE BEGUE.                    'Let us to the tent.

[*Exeunt Houssaye and Le Begue.*]

ONIS. Beautiful valley! what a golden light  
Is on thy bosom. Ha! the bells are ringing  
In the church towers along yon green hill side  
The vesper chaunt! Alas! what dreary knells  
Must shake, next sunset, their grey pinnacles!

[*Exit.*]

## SCENE II.

*The Tent of Henry of Transtamara.*

HENRY—DU GUESCLIN—BISHOP PEREZ—ONIS—

HOUSSAYE—LE BEGUE.

HENRY. Sit, gentlemen. Onis, we waited for  
thee.

DU GUESCLIN. There is no need we should be  
long together;

We may do better service in our quarters:  
My humble mind it was, most certainly,  
That you, sir king, should take the right to-morrow,  
Where, if our scouts bring true intelligence,  
Don Pedro plants his Moors——

HENRY.                    Noble Du Guesclin,  
We fight on Spanish ground, and I have here  
Three thousand true men of Castile and Leon  
Who serve me as their king—the which I am

By the free choice of the nobility  
In open Cortes, aiding right of blood,  
My brother having forfeited all title  
By bloody acts of murder and oppression  
Not to be counted—some of them ye know—  
The which dissolved all claim to our allegiance,  
And left us free (I mean the Lords of Spain)  
To choose another wearer for the crown  
Of old Pelayo ;—of Pelayo's line  
Am I, and justly now I wear that crown,  
Though once there was a baton on my shield,  
That stain being erased and nullified  
By the decree I spake of—Now their hearts  
Would scarcely brook to see the post of honour  
Filled by a stranger, howsoever noble  
In blood, and whatsoever pennon rearing,  
When I their king am present. Other reasons  
I have already to your private ear  
Sufficiently expounded. Is there need  
That I recount them also ?

DU GUESCLIN. Since his highness  
Is so resolved in this, my Lord of Onis,  
I yield the matter—for myself I speak :  
What says La Houssaye ?

HOUSSAYE. May it please the king,  
Although your courtesy, noble Du Guesclin,  
Hath brought me to the council, I am here  
Not to oppose my voice to voice of yours—



But having learned your pleasure and my part,  
To tender, if need be, humble suggestion  
Touching what falls to me—and crave your guidance—

Ride we then on the right ?

DU GUESCLIN. You and Le Begue,  
Be there with Burgundy and Picardy,  
Ye'll have the Moors to deal withal. Myself  
Will set my light-limbed Bretons on the left;  
Perchance, while that King Henry from our centre  
Bears with his Spaniards on the bridge, the old ford  
May serve our need as well. I think 'tis certain,  
Don Pedro, with his own Castilian spears,  
Will bide your highness' onset—Spain to Spain !

HENRY. Ay, and for Spain.

BISHOP. Now God protect King Henry !  
The Lord of Hosts will battle for the right.

LE BEGUE. We all shall do our best, my good  
Lord Bishop.

ONIS. [*Aside to La Houssaye.*] 'Twere vain you  
see for any one to fight  
Against the king's determination.

HOUSSAYE. 'Tis a most wild one ! Heaven defend  
the issue.

HENRY. What says La Houssaye ?

LE BEGUE. He prays heaven, my lord,  
To send fair issue of to-morrow's field.

HENRY. 'Tis well ; and now brave gentlemen of  
France  
Good e'en be with you all. Let the dawn find us  
Each at his post.

DU GUESCLIN. My word shall be—QUEEN  
BLANCHE !

HENRY. And mine—KING HENRY !

DU GUESCLIN. They'll do well together.

[*The lords rise from their seats ; a Trumpet is heard.*]

HENRY. What means this trumpet ? thrice, too ?

[*Enter a Castilian Herald in his tabard,  
attended by Officers, &c.*]

HERALD.

By my mouth

Thus to King Sancho's baseborn son, Don Henry  
Of Transtamara, speaks his rightful liege  
The King, Don Pedro of Castille. Bold bastard,  
That darest, not remembering the black curse  
Which lies upon the memory of Count Julian,  
To ape his ancient treason, and become  
The guide of foreign spears into the heart  
Of the fair Spanish land—I, born thy prince,  
The lawful son and heir of thy dead father,  
Whose erring love begot thee of a slave,  
Bearded by thee within mine heritage,  
Thee and the Bourbon's vassals whom thou guidest,  
I full of scorn and wrath, as well I may be,  
Have pity on all those their fair allegiance

Due to the Majesty of France hath led  
Thus far within my realm—albeit their swords  
Are girded on their thighs to serve the cause  
Of my most sinful rebel ; nor against  
Even those, my own born liegemen, whom thy  
cunning

Hath led astray, so that forgetting oath  
And fealty and solemn plight of homage,  
They stand with thee against their Sovereign's  
banner,

Am I entirely steeled. Therefore, in presence  
Of brave Du Guesclin and his captains and  
The Spaniards that are with them, I make offer  
Of truce from this time till to-morrow's sunset,  
Within which space—at the cool dawn 'twere best—  
Let lists be set upon the open field  
Between these camps ; and let the Lord Du Guesclin,  
Upon the part of Henry Transtamara,  
And the most noble Castro upon mine,  
Be umpires of the day—and man to man,  
And horse to horse—with lance, sword, mace, and  
knife—

Let two, whose hostile banners bear one sign,  
Appeal to the unseen eye of God for judgment  
On their conflicting titles ; let the winner  
Be undisputed king ; unfearing love  
Rest between him, whoever he may be,

And all that are this day encamped here,  
 Moor, Frenchman, Spaniard ; and let him who loses  
 Have death or exile ; so shall knightly blood  
 Keep knightly veins, and wives' and mothers' eyes  
 On either side the rugged Pyrenees  
 Retain their tears unwept ; so France in honour,  
 And Spain in peace, sweep from all memory  
 The traces of this tumult. I, the king,  
 Speak so :—Don Henry, called of Transtamara,

[*Flings down his gauntlet.*

Liftest thou King Pedro's glove ?

ONIS.

Now heaven defend !—

That voice !—

HENRY. [*stepping forward*] Right willingly——

DU GUESCLIN. [*rising, and laying his hand on  
 Henry's arm*] Forbear, rash king !

Herald ! go back in safety as thou camest,  
 And tell thy master that the King Don Henry  
 Would willingly have lifted up the glove  
 Thy hand flung down—but that Du Guesclin stayed  
 him.

HENRY. French Lord, I do command thee, let  
 me pass.

DU GUESCLIN. Nay, nay King Henry—thou art  
 not my king.

HENRY. Thou art the vassal of my brother of  
 France,

And thou art here because my quarrel's his.

DU GUESCLIN. Yes ; but his quarrel is not thine,

Lord King ———

Nor, when he kissed my baton at the Louvre  
Did he command me to entrust the vengeance,  
For which dead Blanche's blood doth cry to heaven  
And him, the royal brother of her blood,  
To any Spanish hand—prince's or king's.  
We, De la Houssaye, and Le Begue, and I,  
And ten good score of noblemen besides,  
With all the spears that love or chivalry  
Has clustered at our backs—must we stand by  
And let the murderer of the Lady Blanche,  
The sister of our king, conquer or fall,  
According as one Spaniard or another  
Couches his lance the firmest, in our sight—  
Had Henry of Transtamara ne'er been crowned—  
Aye, had he ne'er been born, thinkest thou my king  
Would have sat still upon his father's throne,  
And bid his priests sing masses for the soul  
Of unrevenged Blanche.

I lift this glove ;

I place it in the front of this my basnet,  
Which here, for lack of worthier, represents  
The coronetted helmet of King Philip.  
Do as ye will, thou, and the Lord of Onis,  
This bishop, and as many Spaniards more  
As are encamped with us—I speak for France,

And I will have a field, an open field,  
A bloody field for Blanche !

HERALD. A bloody field !

So be it—I shall know my glove again.

DU GUESCLIN. Thy glove ?

HERALD. King Pedro's glove. I speak for him.

DU GUESCLIN. Thou speakest in safety what-  
soe'er thou speakest.

HERALD. (*taking off his cap.*) I speak in safety  
since Du Guesclin says so,

I am King Pedro ! Doth King Henry know me ?  
Kneel slave !

HENRY. (*starting back, and drawing his sword,*)  
Thou murderer ! hast no sword ?

DU GUESCLIN. If he had fifty none were drawn  
to-night.

This sacred garb which God and man respect,  
And mine own words do save thee. Go in peace.

PEDRO. I came not hither to make speeches, nor  
See I fit judge to sit and hold the balance  
Between my breath and thine. Therefore, Du Gues-  
clin,

Farewell. We meet to-morrow. Ynigo Onis  
Thou hadst a playmate once. Ha ! Father Joseph,  
Who drew that bare scalp from a monkery,  
And clapped a mitre on't ? Sweet lords, good night.

[*Exit Pedro.*]

DU GUESCLIN. Le Begue, attend the Herald to  
the barrier. [Exit *Le Begue*

Bold, dark, and haughty soul. I knew him not.

ONIS. There was a something in the voice—and  
yet

I could not think but that I dreamed.—

HENRY.

Ten years

Have changed my brother much. His brow is  
wrinkled,

His hairs are grey.

LA HOUSSAYE. His fierce eye is the same.

HENRY. Once more, kind gentlemen, farewell.

[*Exeunt Du Guesclin, &c.*] Lord Bishop.

Do thou remain with me some little space.

[*Aside.*] I've seen my brother—something whispers  
me

That one more meeting, and no more shall be.

### SCENE III.

*The French Camp.*

Enter PEDRO, LE BEGUE, &c. *a crowd of soldiers.*

FIRST SOLDIER. I warrant ye he has worn both  
plate and mail,

His stuffed tabard sits like a shirt upon him.

SECOND SOLDIER.

And fifty lances !

I never heard of herald so attended.

FIRST SOLDIER. He is some noble gentleman,  
besure,

The Lord Le Begue, you see, is squiring him.

THIRD SOLDIER. Faith ! and I think he walks  
a-foot behind him.

PEDRO. Le Begue de Villaines ? Ha ! a noble  
name !

A very noble race of Burgundy ;  
I've heard of them ere now. My Lord Le Begue  
You've had a hasty march from Salamanca,  
Some fifteen days, I think. I have been near you,  
Almost as near as now within that time.

LE BEGUE. An' please your Highness, had we  
known thereof,  
We should, as now, have tendered ye our escort.

PEDRO. I doubt it not. You've chosen your  
quarters shrewdly.

I know the spot of old. There is a well  
Beside yon oak that ye might slake your thirst in,  
If ye were thrice as many as I count ye.  
A very pleasant fountain.—

LE BEGUE. I have not drunk thereof.

PEDRO. A true Burgundian !—Well, Sir, blood  
flows out

And wine flows in—such is the soldier's course.

I wish I had ye in Montiel this night.—

Your lads, I see, have lips of the same savour,  
By Jove they seem right merry underneath  
These old trees—there's no lack of skins among them.  
Well, drink to-night. If some of these red lips



Be white enough, and dry withal ere long,  
The blood ye might have kept, and the good wine  
Ye might have drunk—I shall be blamed for neither.  
Captain, are these your soldiers?

LE BEGUE.                   Some of them?

PEDRO. Yon tall black fellow, leaning on his spear,  
Is he not Spanish?

LE BEGUE. In his leathern doublet ?  
I know him not—his face is new to me.

PEDRO. But not to me—Rodrigo Perez! Look ye  
Sir knight, how the slave bends. His Spanish blood  
Is not all washed from out his veins.—

LE BEGUE.                      An' please you, Sir,  
I can permit no talk—the barrier's near,  
I'll see you safe among your followers.

PEDRO. What ? stop a Herald's mouth ! well  
well, pass on, (*throwing money to the soldiers.*)  
Drink all men's friend, the Herald, when he's gone.

[Exit Pedro.]

FIRST SOLDIER. Thanks for the largess ! Fill a cup to him. *(drinks.)*

SECOND SOLDIER. Aye, sure ; a noble generous gentleman. *(drinks.)*

OLD SPEARMAN. Why do ye not pledge the toast?  
He is your countryman.—

RODRIGO PEREZ.            If ye knew his face  
As well as I, ye would not fill so cheerily.

FIRST SOLDIER. You've seen him heretofore?—  
how runs his name?

A Don I'll warrant ye, and then some dozen  
Of fine high sounding long words after it.

You've half an ell of names yourself, I'll swear.

PEREZ. A short one serves him.—

FIRST SOLDIER. Speak it out.

PEREZ. Your pardon——

FIRST SOLDIER. Old man you stare as if this  
lordly Herald

Had been your father's ghost. Come, speak, who is he?  
He spoke to you; he called you by your name.

SECOND SOLDIER. By our Lady,

It seems as if this Pedro's coat of arms  
Painted upon a fool's coat, were enough  
To frighten some that must expect to see  
His floating banner and his dancing crest,  
Ere long—if, as they say, we fight to-morrow.

PEREZ. Talk on, young men: to-morrow's not  
far off.

THIRD SOLDIER. No, and for that cause my most  
sober comrade,  
It is my mind that we should drink to-night,  
To-morrow we'll have neither shade nor wine.

PEREZ. Nor thirst it may be— [Exit.

FIRST SOLDIER. (*sings.*)

To-morrow when the sun is high

Up in the glowing burning sky,  
When trumpets sound, and pennons fly,  
And lances gleam.

No resting on the spear  
To drain the wine cup clear :  
Of jollity and cheer

I shall not dream.

SECOND SOLDIER.

To-morrow when the sun is low,  
For some a jovial cup may flow,  
But who can tell, and who can know

For me ?—for whom ?

A cold earth bed perchance,  
Beside a broken lance,  
Far, far from merry France,

May be my doom.

THE TWO SOLDIERS.

To-night yon sun goes down in gold,  
His purple clouds around him rolled,  
What eyes his next descent behold,

May none reveal.

Fill, fill your goblets high,  
Bright as yon glorious sky,  
Wine will not make us die

On hot Montiel.

THIRD SOLDIER. Pass round the cup—I think  
our dry old Spaniard  
Has moved himself.

FOURTH SOLDIER. Now saw ye e'er a man  
Look wilder when yon Herald as he passed  
Fixed his black eye, and named him ?

FOURTH SOLDIER. Quite aghast !

#### SCENE IV.

*Another part of the Camp.*

RODRIGO PEREZ (*alone*).

It was but yesterday this King and Onis  
Stood by while I was digging here i'the ditch,  
And looked upon me for some minutes' space,  
I did not work less lustily because  
Their eyes were on me—by my troth I watered  
The clay with my best sweat—but never a word—  
“ Rodrigo Perez, hot work, old Rodrigo——”  
To say so much had been no mighty matter,  
“ The ditch will do.” “ The barrier will be good,”  
Good ! good ! good barrier ! nothing of good soldier.  
Well, 'tis all one.

*Enter GIL FRASSO.*

GIL. Perez, comrade Perez,  
Hast heard this story ?

PEREZ. Story ! I've heard none—  
What is't ?

GIL. I scarcely can believe 'tis true—  
The old king—black Don Pedro, man,—Yon Herald  
Whose trumpet we all heard—they say 'twas he—

'Twas he himself—and that he came disguised  
In those gay trappings to fling down his glove,  
And challenge Henry face-to face to the combat—  
The single combat—but Du Guesclin barred it.

PEREZ. Where hast thou heard this news ?

GIL. Why, but this moment  
I left a knot of our companions gathered  
Beneath the big oak, close beside the well,  
And this was all their talk.

PEREZ. The single combat !  
By Saint Iago, in my humble mind,  
Du Guesclin did Don Henry a good turn.

GIL. Hush ! do not say so. Dost thou then be-  
lieve it ?

PEREZ. Why not, Gil Frasso ? Pedro's worst of foes  
Will scarce deny that give them equal chance  
Of wind and sun, within a guarded ring,  
The old King mounted as we all have seen him,  
Might raise a clatter on the new King's helm  
In spite of the fair coronet that girds it.

GIL. Faith ! Pedro always had a heavy hand.  
But can ye credit it that he came here ?

PEREZ. Why *that* I scarce can doubt. I saw him  
Frasso,  
I saw him, man, with mine own eyes.

GIL. And knew him ?

PEREZ. Aye, Gil—what's stranger, may be, he  
knew me.

GIL. Nay, nay, old Perez, I can scarce go with you—

But come let's hear the story.

PEREZ.

Look'ye, Gil,

It was down yonder, where those gay French sparks  
Are drinking and carousing in the shade ;  
I stood beside them leaning on my spear,  
To see the Herald passing to the barrier ;  
Well, up he came, the Lord Le Begue came with him,  
And as they passed us, suddenly the Herald  
(We had ta'en notice of his lordly step,)  
Halted, and said " are these your soldiers, Sir ?"  
And then he pointed with his finger thus,  
" My Lord Le Begue," quoth he, " there stands a  
Spaniard,"

And then he looked more sternly yet, and waved  
His hand, and named my name " Rodrigo Perez."  
These were his words—thy're ringing in mine ears.  
Rodrigo Perez !—Well, say what they will,  
It is no shame I think, even for a King,  
To know an old man that has shed his blood  
Beneath his banner.—'Twill be just ten years  
Next Thursday (if we see it) since Nejara—

GIL. It was a noble day—a glorious day !

RODRIGO. Say that within the hearing of Lord  
Onis—

GIL. No 'faith—but yet it was a glorious field.

RODRIGO. Aye, and the morrow after, I remember

I wakened stiff enough—this arm was bandaged,  
And this leg too—I woke and sat upright,  
And looked about me, in the crowded place  
All full of comrades shattered like myself,  
Some worse, some better, and there stood the King,  
Aye there he stood himself among the leeches  
And priests (they all were busy), and he said—  
It seems as if all had passed but yestereven,—  
“ Lie down good fellow, rest a day or two,  
And ye’ll be well again.”

GIL. I would he had not slain the Lady Blanche.

RODRIGO. She was a pretty Lady—so say all—  
But French—why seek they wives from France?—I  
love not

The men—no nor the women of that land.

GIL. No more did Pedro.—He should not have  
killed her

And for a Jewess too!

RODRIGO. We hear black tales:

Who knows what may have been before she died?

GIL. In faith I know not, Perez.

RODRIGO. This I know,

That I do wish the bishop had not stirred;

I wish I slept this night at Salamanca.

GIL. No doubt we shall have bloody work to-morrow.

RODRIGO. So had we at Nejara: There Don Henry  
Was beat—aye, man, like chaff, before black Wales

And the old king. He wants those English spears,  
None better ever thrust, but as men speak,  
There are some thousands of the Moorish horse  
Within Montiel to-night. Our gay French comrades  
May find the scimitar's as good 's the sword.  
And old De Castro is with Pedro still.

GIL. God knows the issue. Would the day were  
over.

RODRIGO. Aye, would it were. If riding in the front  
Among the bishop's men it so fall out,  
That we come near the king—I mean King Pedro,—  
And I behold him charging on the French—  
I know not.—

GIL. Comrade——

RODRIGO. He's but a bastard,  
We may get easily beyond the barrier—  
Down yon Green Lane—your hand:—The true old  
king  
Will let us in, I warrant him, right kindly.  
Why, Gil, I think it would have chilled our bloods,  
And made our arms like withs, if we had seen  
King Pedro's plume at work, and heard his voice  
High above all the *mélée* as of yore,  
And we old followers, Nejara-men,  
Been there against him.

GIL. That oath to the bishop  
Sticks in my gizzard.

RODRIGO. So, man, gulp it down



While yet he was but plain old Father Joseph—

And Henry—my Lord Bastard——

I had ta'en oaths enough to serve Don Pedro.

Hark to yon Frenchmen how they boose and sing.

GIL. Come—we'll have cups of welcome from  
the king. [Exeunt.

## SCENE V.

*A Chamber in the Castle of Montiel.*

MARIA DE PADILLA, her SON, and SARAH, seated by  
a window.

MARIA. Your father will come home anon, my  
love.

SARAH. The sun's gone down, and if it please  
my lady

I'll see him to his chamber.

Boy. Let me stay

Until my father be come home again,

I will not sleep till he has said good night,

And kissed me.

MARIA. Kiss me darling—

So,—you shall stay and get the other too.

Speak truly, Sarah—they're the king's own eyes.

SARAH. In part 'tis so; the long lids are the  
same—

'Tis a sweet mixture—fair and gentle boy!

MARIA. Aye, fair and gentle now—gentle and fair!

But look beneath the shadow of the oak,  
And see how delicate the nursling plant  
Fruit of some late chance-scattered acorn shews,  
Its smooth slim stem, its tiny trembling shoots—  
Its little glossy leaves—one scarce could dream,  
That in the course of nature these must be  
Transformed into the rough wide girdled trunk  
Scornful of tempests, and the giant boughs,  
Whose massive umbrage darkens noon below them—  
And yet 'tis so—when the stout parent tree  
Has mouldered into age's dust, or yielded  
Perchance to the dread flash of heavenly fire—  
Aye, or been battered down before its day,  
By common woodman's axe—that little budling  
Shall be the pride of all the grove around.—  
One down—another rises—this smooth chin  
Will ere men think that many years have flown,  
Be rough and black enow—this ivory forehead  
Plaited with wrinkled lines, the legacy  
Of sorrows, it may be—most certainly  
Of cares—the wind, the sun, foul weather  
Will all have done their work to tan this cheek,  
And this white shoulder, (now it bath a dimple,  
The prettiest bride in all Castile might envy),  
Will be deep ploughed with trace of buckled mail,  
And clasped plate—Pedro will be a man—  
I hope a noble soldier like his father.

SARAH. Aye, and a prince as once his father was,

And in God's time a king as he is now.

MARIA. I hope my God will hear my nightly  
voice,

And let me sleep in dust before that day—  
For my fair child—come Pedro to my knee—  
My sinless child, or ere thou close thine eyes  
This night, be sure thou kneel—alone—for I  
Must not be with thee then, and pray to God  
To send down victory on thy father's sword—  
Pray strongly for thy father :—simple child,  
See, Sarah, how he stares with his black eyes !

SARAH. Now, prithee, cease my lady,  
You'll send us all a weeping to our beds  
If you look thus. I met the Lord de Castro  
But now as I was coming through the court,  
He smiled upon me courteously and gaily :  
I'm sure he thinks 'twill all go well to-morrow.

MARIA. The old soldier will not let his eye betray  
him.

His counsel and his prudence are my hope  
Next to the strong arm of my fearless king.  
As for these Moors—  
I cannot trust them——Yon old crafty Zagal,  
Although his words be of the readiest  
I doubt he'll pause before he sheds much blood  
Of faithful Mussulmen in this debate :—

SARAH. If you suspect him, speak it to the king.

MARIA. I would the king were here—he tarries  
long.

SARAH. He hath rode something further than he  
thought for

In reconnoissance—he will soon be here ;  
De Castro, Zagal, and the other lords  
Are but assembling in the hall as yet.

MARIA. Sleepy, my boy ? Well, Sarah, carry him  
Up to his chamber : when the king returns  
We both will come together—soon I hope.

SARAH. Come, darling, you have watched too  
long already. *[Exit with the boy.]*

MARIA. And now 'tis dark all over—hot and  
dark—

The heavens must be relieved from this oppression—  
We from this doubting which is worse than death.  
What matters it whether the thunder growl  
Once or a thousand times ? if it light here—  
The spirit of one must be unclad—a king  
Or nothing—I—what must I be ?—no matter—  
At least if things go darkly I can share  
His gloomier destiny—have my full half  
Of all that brings—and be at last his equal  
As well as bedfellow within the grave.  
The grave ! Dead Blanche I fear thee—  
And yet God gives to kings the arbitrement  
Of life and death—and Pedro is a king—  
She knew that I had lain on Pedro's breast,  
And yet she couched her curls there ;—my sweet boy  
On thee she had no pity, nor thy mother—

*[Scene closes.]*

## JESSY OF KIBE'S FARM.

By Miss M. R. Mitford.

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ABOUT the centre of a deep winding and woody lane, in the secluded village of Aberleigh, stands an old farm-house, whose stables, out-buildings, and ample yard, have a peculiarly forlorn and deserted appearance; they can, in fact, scarcely be said to be occupied, the person who rents the land preferring to live at a large farm about a mile distant, leaving this lonely house to the care of a labourer and his wife, who reside in one end, and have the charge of a few colts and heifers that run in the orchard and an adjoining meadow, whilst the vacant rooms are tenanted by a widow in humble circumstances and her young family.

The house is beautifully situated; deep, as I have said, in a narrow woody lane, which winds between high banks, now feathered with hazel, now thickly studded with pollards and forest trees, until opposite Kibe's farm it widens sufficiently to admit a large clear pond, round which the hedge, closely and regularly set with a row of tall elms, sweeps in a graceful curve, forming for that bright mirror, a rich leafy

frame. A little way farther on the lane again widens, and makes an abrupt winding, as it is crossed by a broad shallow stream, a branch of the Loddon, which comes meandering along from a chain of beautiful meadows; then turns in a narrower channel by the side of the road, and finally spreads itself into a large piece of water, almost a lakelet, amidst the rushes and willows of Hartly Moor. A foot-bridge is flung over the stream, where it crosses the lane, which, with a giant oak growing on the bank, and throwing its broad branches far on the opposite side, forms in every season a pretty rural picture.

Kibe's farm is as picturesque as its situation; very old, very irregular, with gable ends, clustered chimneys, casement windows, a large porch, and a sort of square wing jutting out even with the porch, and covered with a luxuriant vine, which has quite the effect, especially when seen by moonlight, of an ivy-mantled tower. On one side extend the ample but disused farm buildings; on the other the old orchard, whose trees are so wild, so hoary and so huge, as to convey the idea of a fruit forest. Behind the house is an ample kitchen-garden, and before a neat flower court, the exclusive demesne of Mrs. Lucas and her family, to whom indeed the labourer, John Miles, and his good wife Dinah, served in some sort as domestics.

Mrs. Lucas had known far better days. Her

husband had been an officer, and died fighting bravely in one of the last battles of the Peninsular war, leaving her with three children, one lovely boy and two delicate girls, to struggle through the world as best she might. She was an accomplished woman, and at first settled in a great town, and endeavoured to improve her small income by teaching music and languages. But she was country bred; her children too had been born in the country, amidst the sweetest recesses of the New Forest, and pining herself for liberty, and solitude, and green fields, and fresh air, she soon began to fancy that her children were visibly deteriorating in health and appearance and pining for them also; and finding that her old servant Dinah Miles was settled with her husband in this deserted farm-house, she applied to his master to rent for a few months the untenanted apartments, came to Aberleigh, and fixed there apparently for life.

We lived in different parishes, and she declined company, so that I seldom met Mrs. Lucas, and had lost sight of her for some years, retaining merely a general recollection of the mild, placid, elegant mother, surrounded by three rosy, romping, bright-eyed children, when the arrival of an intimate friend at Aberleigh rectory caused me frequently to pass the lonely farm-house, and threw this interesting family again under my observation.

The first time that I saw them was on a bright

summer evening, when the nightingale was yet in the coppice, the briar rose blossoming in the hedge, and the sweet scent of the bean fields perfuming the air. Mrs. Lucas, still lovely and elegant, though somewhat faded and careworn, was walking pensively up and down the grass path of the pretty flower court; her eldest daughter, a rosy bright brunette, with her dark hair floating in all directions, was darting about like a bird; now tying up the pinks, now watering the geraniums, now collecting the fallen rose leaves into the straw bonnet which dangled from her arm; and now feeding a brood of bantams from a little barley measure, which that sagacious and active colony seemed to recognise as if by instinct, coming long before she called them at their swiftest pace, between a run and a fly, to await with their usual noisy and bustling patience the showers of grain which she flung to them across the paling. It was a beautiful picture of youth, and health, and happiness; and her clear gay voice, and brilliant smile, accorded well with a shape and motion as light as a butterfly, and as wild as the wind. A beautiful picture was that rosy lass of fifteen in her unconscious loveliness, and I might have continued gazing on her longer, had I not been attracted by an object no less charming, although in a very different way.

It was a slight elegant girl, apparently about a year younger than the pretty romp of the flower



garden, not unlike her in form and feature, but totally distinct in colouring and expression.

She sate in the old porch, wreathed with jessamine and honeysuckle, with the western sun floating around her like a glory, and displaying the singular beauty of her chesnut hair, brown with a golden light, and the exceeding delicacy of her smooth and finely grained complexion, so pale, and yet so healthful. Her whole face and form had a bending and statue-like grace, encreased by the adjustment of her splendid hair, which was parted on her white forehead, and gathered up behind in a large knot—a natural coronet. Her eyebrows and long eyelashes were a few shades darker than her hair, and singularly rich and beautiful. She was plaiting straw rapidly and skilfully, and bent over her work with a mild and placid attention, a sedate pensiveness that did not belong to her age, and which contrasted strangely and sadly with the gaiety of her laughing and brilliant sister, who at this moment darted up to her with a handful of pinks and some groundsel. Jessy received them with a smile—such a smile!—spoke a few sweet words in a sweet sighing voice; put the flowers in her bosom, and the groundsel in the cage of a linnet that hung near her; and then resumed her seat and her work, imitating better than I have ever heard them imitated, the various notes of a

nightingale who was singing in the opposite hedge ; whilst I, ashamed of loitering longer, passed on.

The next time I saw her, my interest in this lovely creature was increased tenfold—for I then knew that Jessy was blind—a misfortune always so touching, especially in early youth, and in her case rendered peculiarly affecting by the personal character of the individual. We soon became acquainted, and even intimate under the benign auspices of the kind mistress of the rectory ; and every interview served to encrease the interest excited by the whole family, and most of all by the sweet blind girl.

Never was any human being more gentle generous, and grateful, or more unfeignedly resigned to her great calamity. The pensiveness that marked her character arose as I soon perceived from a different source. Her blindness had been of recent occurrence, arising from inflammation unskillfully treated, and was pronounced incurable ; but from coming on so lately, it admitted of several alleviations, of which she was accustomed to speak with a devout and tender gratitude. “ She could work,” she said, “ as well as ever ; and cut out, and write, and dress herself, and keep the keys, and run errands in the house she knew so well without making any mistake or confusion. Reading, to be sure, she had been forced to give up, and drawing ;

and some day or other she would shew me, only that it seemed so vain, some verses which her dear brother William had written upon a groupe of wild flowers, which she had begun before her misfortune. Oh, it was almost worth while to be blind to be the subject of such verse, and the object of such affection ! Her dear mamma was very good to her, and so was Emma ; but William—oh she wished that I knew William ! No one could be so kind as he ! It was impossible ! He read to her ; he talked to her ; he walked with her ; he taught her to feel confidence in walking alone ; he had made for her use the wooden steps up the high bank which led into Kibe's meadow ; he had put the hand-rail on the old bridge, so that now she could get across without danger, even when the brook was flooded. He had tamed her linnet ; he had constructed the wooden frame, by the aid of which she could write so comfortably and evenly ; could write letters to him, and say her own self all that she felt of love and gratitude. And that," she continued with a deep sigh, " was her chief comfort now ; for William was gone, and they should never meet again—never alive—that she was sure of—she knew it." " But why, Jessy ?" " Oh, because William was so much too good for this world : there was nobody like William ! And he was gone for a soldier. Old General Lucas, her father's uncle, had sent for him abroad ;

had given him a commission in his regiment; and he would never come home---at least they should never meet again---of that she was sure---she knew it."

This persuasion was evidently the master-grief of poor Jessie's life, the cause that far more than her blindness faded her cheek, and saddened her spirit. How it had arisen no one knew; partly, perhaps, from some lurking superstition, some idle word, or idler omen which had taken root in her mind, nourished by the calamity which in other respects she bore so calmly, but which left her so often in darkness and loneliness to brood over her own gloomy forebodings; partly from her trembling sensibility, and partly from the delicacy of frame and of habit which had always characterised the object of her love—a slender youth, whose ardent spirit was but too apt to overtask his body.

However it found admittance, there the presentiment was, hanging like a dark cloud over the sunshine of Jessie's young life. Reasoning was useless. They know little of the passions who seek to argue with that most intractable of them all, the fear that is born of love; so Mrs. Lucas and Emma tried to amuse away these sad thoughts, trusting to time, to William's letters, and, above all, to William's return to eradicate the evil.

The letters came punctually and gaily; letters

that might have quieted the heart of any sister in England, except the fluttering heart of Jessy Lucas. William spoke of improved health, of increased strength, of actual promotion, and expected recal. At last he even announced his return under auspices the most gratifying to his mother, and the most beneficial to her family. The regiment was ordered home, and the old and wealthy relation, under whose protection he had already risen so rapidly, had expressed his intention to accompany him to Kibe's farm, to be introduced to his nephew's widow and daughters, especially Jessy, for whom he expressed himself greatly interested. A letter from General Lucas himself, which arrived by the same post, was still more explicit: it adduced the son's admirable character and exemplary conduct as reasons for befriending the mother, and avowed his design of providing for each of his young relatives, and of making William his heir.

For half an hour after the first hearing of these letters, Jessy was happy—till the peril of a winter voyage (for it was deep January) crossed her imagination, and checked her joy. At length, long before they were expected, another epistle arrived, dated Portsmouth. They had sailed by the next vessel to that which conveyed their previous despatches, and might be expected hourly at Kibe's farm. The voyage was past, safely past, and the weight seemed

now really taken from Jessy's heart. She raised her sweet face and smiled ; yet still it was a fearful and a trembling joy, and somewhat of fear was mingled even with the very intensity of her hope. It had been a time of rain and wind ; and the Loddon, the beautiful Loddon, always so affluent of water, had overflowed its boundaries, and swelled the smaller streams which it fed into torrents. The brook which crossed Kibe's lane had washed away part of the foot-bridge, destroying poor William's railing, and was still foaming and dashing like a cataract. Now that was the nearest way ; and if William should insist on coming that way ! To be sure, the carriage road was round by Grazely Green, but to cross the brook would save half a mile ; and William, dear William, would never think of danger to get to those whom he loved. These were Jessy's thoughts : the fear seemed impossible, for no postillion would think of breasting that roaring stream ; but the fond sister's heart was fluttering like a new caught bird, and she feared she knew not what.

All day she paced the little court, and stopped and listened, and listened and stopped. About sunset, with the nice sense of sound which seemed to come with her fearful calamity, and that fine sense, quickened by anxiety, expectation, and love, she heard, she thought she heard, she was sure she heard the sound of a carriage rapidly advancing on the

other side of the stream. "It is only the noise of the rushing waters," cried Emma. "I hear a carriage, the horses, the wheels!" replied Jessy; and darted off at once, with the double purpose of meeting William, and of warning the postillion against crossing the stream. Emma and her mother followed, fast! fast! But what speed could vie with Jessy's, when the object was William? They called; but she neither heard nor answered. Before they had won to the bend in the lane she had reached the brook; and, long before either of her pursuers had gained the bridge, her foot had slipped from the wet and tottering plank, and she was borne resistlessly down the stream. Assistance was immediately procured; men, and ropes, and boats; for the sweet blind girl was beloved of all, and many a poor man perilled his life in a fruitless endeavour to save Jessy Lucas; and William, too, was there, for Jessy's quickened sense had not deceived her. William was there, struggling with all the strength of love and agony to rescue that dear and helpless creature; but every effort—although he persevered until he too was taken out senseless—every effort was vain. The fair corse was recovered, but life was extinct. Poor Jessy's prediction was verified to the letter; and the brother and his favourite sister never met again.

## SONG.

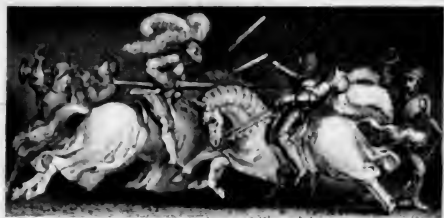
By T. K. Hervey, Esq.

---

COME, touch the harp, my gentle one !  
And let the notes be sad and low,  
Such as may breathe, in every tone,  
The soul of long ago !  
That smile of thine is all too bright  
For aching hearts, and lovely years,  
And, dearly as I love its light,  
To-day I would have tears !

Yet weep not *thus*, my gentle girl !  
No smile of thine has lost its spells ;  
By heaven ! I love thy lightest curl,  
Oh ! more than fondly well !  
Then touch the lyre, and let it wile  
All thought of grief and gloom away,  
While thou art by, with harp and smile,  
I *will* not weep, to-day !





## A Lament for the Decline of Chivalry.

By Thomas Hood, Esq.

---

Well hast thou cried, departed Burke,  
All chivalrous romantic work,  
Is ended now and past!—  
That iron age—which some have thought  
Of mettle rather overwrought—  
Is now all over-cast!

Aye,—where are those heroic knights  
Of old—those armadillo wights  
Who wore the plated vest,—  
Great Charlemagne, and all his peers  
Are cold—enjoying with their spears  
An everlasting rest!—

The bold King Arthur sleepeth sound,  
So sleep his knights who gave that Round

Old Table such éclat !  
 Oh Time has pluck'd the plummy brow !  
 And none engage at turneys now  
 But those who go to law !

Grim John o' Gaunt is quite gone by,  
 And Guy is nothing but a Guy,  
 Orlando lies forlorn !—  
 Bold Sidney, and his kidney—nay,  
 Those “ early champions”—what are they  
 But “ *Knights* without a morn !”

No Percy branch now perseveres  
 Like those of old in breaking spears—  
 The name is now a lie !—  
 Surgeons, alone, by any chance,  
 Are all that ever couch a lance  
 To couch a body's eye !

Alas ! for Lion-Hearted Dick,  
 That cut the Moslems to the quick,  
 His weapon lies in peace,—  
 Oh, it would warm them in a trice,  
 If they could only have a spice  
 Of his old mace in Greece !

The fam'd Rinaldo lies a-cold,  
 And Tancred too, and Godfrey bold,

That scal'd the holy wall !  
No Saracen meets Paladin,  
We hear of no great *Saladin*,  
But only grow the small !

Our Cressy's too have dwindled since  
To penny things—at our Black Prince  
Historic pens would scoff—  
The only one we moderns had  
Was nothing but a Sandwich lad,  
And measles took him off !—

Where are those old and feudal clans,  
Their pikes, and bills, and partizans !  
Their hauberks—jerkens—buffs ?  
A battle was a battle then,  
A breathing piece of work—but men  
Fight now—with powder puffs !

The curtal-axe is out of date !  
The good old cross-bow bends—to Fate,  
'Tis gone—the archer's craft !  
No tough arm bends the springing yew,  
And jolly draymen ride, in lieu  
Of Death, upon the shaft.—

The spear—the gallant tilter's pride  
The rusty spear is laid aside,

Oh spits now domineer !—  
The coat of mail is left alone,—  
And where is all chain-armour gone ?  
Go ask at Brighton Pier.

We fight in ropes and not in lists,  
Bestowing hand-cuffs with our fists,  
A low and vulgar art !—  
No mounted man is overthrown—  
A tilt !—It is a thing unknown—  
Except upon a cart.

Methinks I see the bounding barb,  
Clad like his Chief in steely garb,  
For warding steel's appliance !—  
Methinks I hear the trumpet stir !  
'Tis but the guard to Exeter,  
That bugles the " Defiance !"

In cavils when will cavaliers  
Set ringing helmets by the ears,  
And scatter plumes about ?  
Or blood—if they are in the vein ?  
That tap will never run again—  
Alas the *Casque* is out !

No iron-crackling now is scor'd  
By dint of battle-axe or sword,

To find a vital place—  
Though certain Doctors still pretend  
Awhile, before they kill a friend,  
To labour through his case.

Farewell, then, ancient men of might !  
Crusader ! errant squire, and knight !  
Our coats and customs soften,—  
To rise would only make ye weep—  
Sleep on, in rusty iron sleep,  
As in a safety-coffin !

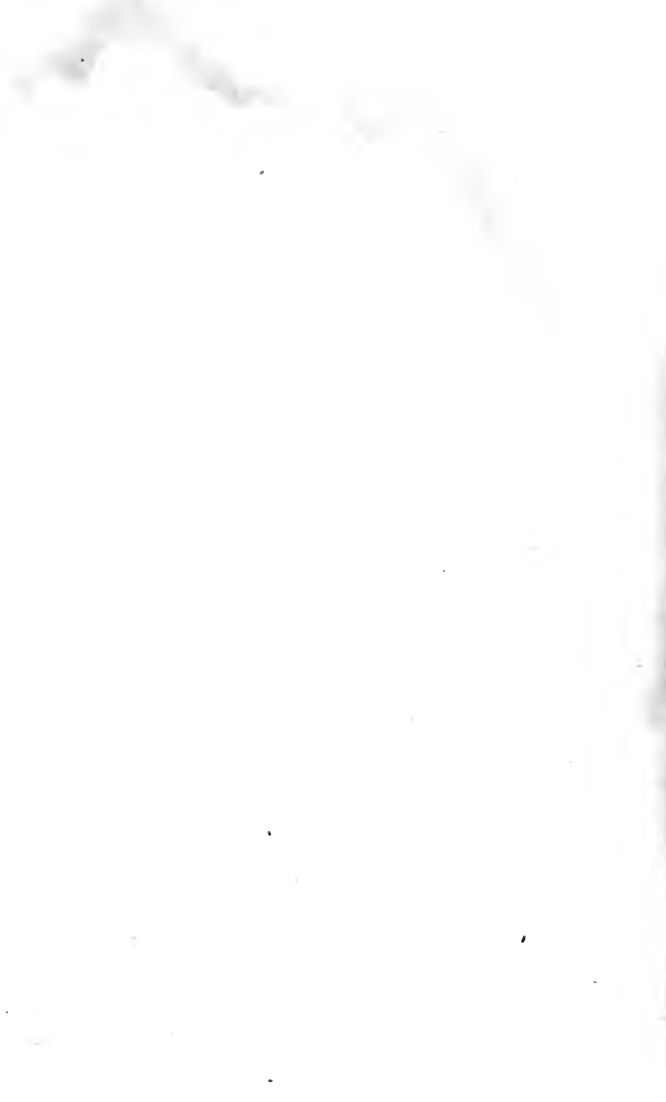
## THE PURPLE EVENING.

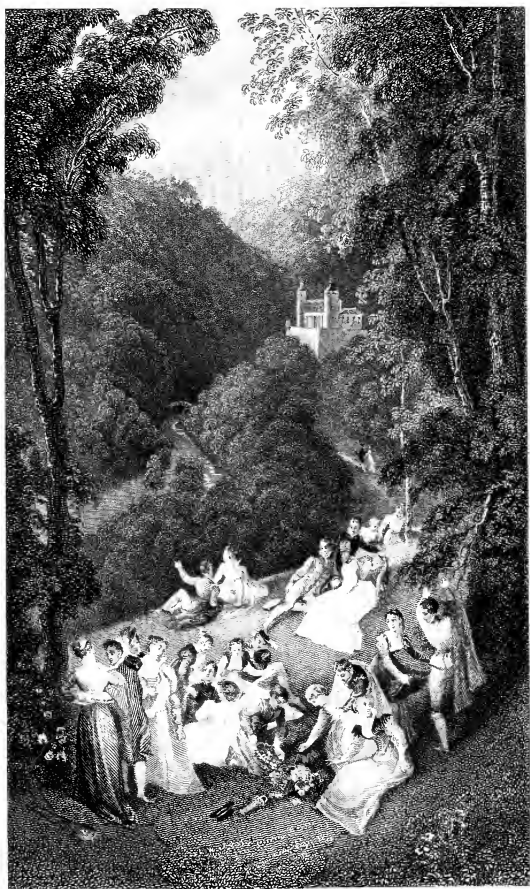
IMITATED FROM THE GERMAN.

By the Author of 'Stray Leaves.'

---

THOU lovely, smiling, evening ray,  
How calm thou sink'st in peace away !  
So martyrs smile amid the fire,  
So thus in extasy expire !  
How glow the hills, so softly bright !  
The woods reflect a dewy light ;  
The day-star smiles on evening's grave—  
The swan glides o'er the purple wave.  
O Sun, fair image of our God !  
Far onwards, to our last abode,  
Thou lov'st to guide the wanderer's course  
Till rapt he greet thy golden source,  
How brighter then, at thy departing,  
Than when o'er hill and valley starting !







## SANS SOUCI,

By L. E. L.

---

COME ye forth to our revel by moonlight,  
With your lutes and your spirits in tune;  
The dew falls to-night like an odour,  
Stars weep e'er our last day in June.  
Come maids leave the loom and its purple,  
Though the robe of a monarch were there;  
Seek your mirror, I know 'tis your dearest,  
And be it to-night your sole care.

Braid ye your curls in their thousands,  
Whether dark as the raven's dark wing,  
Or bright as that clear summer colour,  
When sunshine lights every ring.  
On each snow ankle lace silken sandal,  
Don the robes like the neck they hide white;  
Then come forth like planets from darkness,  
Or like lilies at day-break's first light.

Is there one who half regal in beauty,  
Would be regal in pearl and in gem;  
Let her wreath her a crown of red roses,  
No rubies are equal to them.  
Is there one who sits languid and lonely,  
With her fair face bowed down on her hand,  
With a pale cheek and glittering eyelash,  
And careless locks 'scaped from their band.

For a lover not worth that eye's tear-drop,  
Not worth that sweet mouth's rosy kiss,  
Nor that cheek though 'tis faded to paleness;  
I know not the lover that is.  
Let her bind up her beautiful tresses;  
Call her wandering rose back again;  
And for one prisoner 'scaping her bondage,  
A hundred shall carry her chain.

Come, gallants, the gay and the graceful,  
With hearts like the light plumes ye wear;  
Eyes all but divine light our revel,  
Like the stars in whose beauty they share.  
Come ye, for the wine cups are mantling,  
Some clear as the morning's first light;  
Others touched with the evening's last crimson,  
Or the blush that may meet ye to night.

There are plenty of sorrows to chill us,  
And troubles last on to the grave ;  
But the coldest glacier has its rose-tint,  
And froth rides the stormiest wave.  
Oh ! Hope will spring up from its ashes,  
With plumage as bright as before ;  
And pleasures like lamps in a palace,  
If extinct, you need only light more.

When one vein of silver's exhausted,  
'Tis easy another to try ;  
There are fountains enough in the desert,  
Though that by your palm-tree be dry :  
When an India of gems is around you,  
Why ask for the one you have not ?  
Though the roc in your hall may be wanting,  
Be contented with what you have got.

Come to-night, for the white blossomed myrtle  
Is flinging its love-sighs around ;  
And beneath like the veiled eastern beauties,  
The violets peep from the ground.  
Seek ye for gold and for silver,  
There are both on these bright orange-trees ;  
And never in Persia the moonlight  
Wept o'er roses more blushing than these.

There are fireflies sparkling by myriads,  
The fountain wave dances in light ;  
Hark ! the mandolin's first notes are waking,  
And soft steps break the sleeping of night.  
Then come all the young and the graceful,  
Come gay as the lovely should be,  
'Tis much in this world's toil and trouble,  
To let one midnight pass *Sans Souci*,

S C O T L A N D,

AN ODE,

WRITTEN AFTER THE KING'S VISIT TO THAT  
COUNTRY.

By Robert Southey, Esq. Poet Laureat.

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1.

At length hath Scotland seen  
The presence long desired ;  
The pomp of royalty  
Hath gladdened once again  
Her ancient palace, desolate how long !  
From all parts far and near,  
Highland and lowland, glen and fertile carse,  
The silent mountain lake, the busy port,  
Her populous cities and her pastoral hills,  
In generous joy convened  
By the free impulse of the loyal heart  
Her sons have gathered, and beheld their King.

2.

Land of the loyal, as in happy hour  
Revisited, so was thy regal seat  
In happy hour for thee  
Forsaken, under favouring stars, when James

His valediction gave,  
And great Eliza's throne  
Received its rightful heir,  
The Peaceful and the Just.

## 3.

A more auspicious union never Earth  
From eldest days had seen,  
Than when, their mutual wrongs forgiven,  
And gallant enmity renounced  
With honour, as in honour fostered long,  
The ancient kingdoms formed  
Their everlasting league.

## 4.

Slowly by time matured  
A happier order then for Scotland rose ;  
And where inhuman force,  
And rapine unrestrained  
Had lorded o'er the land,  
Peace came, and polity,  
And quiet industry, and frugal wealth ;  
And there the household virtues fixed  
Their sojourn undisturbed.

## 5.

Such blessings for her dowry Scotland drew  
From that benignant union ; nor less large  
The portion that she brought.

-

She brought security and strength,  
True hearts, and strenuous hands, and noble minds.  
Say Ocean, from the shores of Camperdown,  
What Caledonia brought ! Say thou,  
Egypt ! Let India tell !  
And let tell Victory  
From her Brabantine field,  
The proudest field of fame !

## 6.

Speak ye too, works of peace;  
For ye too have a voice  
Which shall be heard by ages ! The proud bridge,  
Through whose broad arches, worthy of their name  
And place, his rising and his reflux tide  
Majestic Thames, the royal river rolls !  
And that which high in air,  
A bending line suspended, shall o'erhang  
Menai's straits, as if  
By Merlin's mighty magic there sustain'd !  
And Pont-Cyssylté, not less wondrous work ;  
Where on gigantic columns raised  
Aloft, a dizzying height,  
The laden barge pursues its even way,  
While o'er his rocky channel the dark Dee  
Hurries below, a raging stream, scarce heard !  
And that huge mole, whose deep foundations, firm  
As if by Nature laid,

Repel the assailing billows, and protect  
The British fleet, securely riding there,  
Though southern storms possess the sea and sky,  
And from its depths commoved,  
Infuriate ocean raves.  
Ye stately monuments of Britain's power,  
Bear record ye what Scottish minds  
Have planned and perfected!  
With grateful wonder shall posterity  
See the stupendous works, and Rennie's name,  
And Telford's shall survive, till time  
Leave not a wreck of sublunary things.

## 7.

Him too may I attest for Scotland's praise,  
Who seized and wielded first  
The mightiest element  
That lies within the scope of man's controul;  
Of evil and of good,  
Prolific spring, and dimly yet discern'd  
The immeasurable results.  
The mariner no longer seeks  
Wings from the wind; creating now the power  
Wherewith he wins his way,  
Right on, across the ocean-flood, he steers  
Against opposing skies;  
And reaching now the inmost continent,  
Up rapid streams, innavigable else,  
Ascends with steady progress, self-propell'd.



## 8.

Ner hath the sister kingdom borne  
In science and in arms  
Alone, her noble part;  
There is an empire which survives  
The wreck of thrones, the overthrow of realms,  
The downfall, and decay, and death  
Of nations. Such an empire in the mind  
Of intellectual man  
Rome yet maintains, and elder Greece; and such  
By indefeasable right  
Hath Britain made her own.  
How fair a part doth Caledonia claim  
In that fair conquest! Whereso'er  
The British tongue may spread,  
(A goodly tree, whose leaf  
No winter e'er shall nip;)   
Earthly immortals, there, her sons of fame,  
Will have their heritage;  
In eastern and in occidental Ind;  
The new antarctic world, where sable swans  
Glide upon waters, call'd by British names,  
And plough'd by British keels;  
In vast America, through all its length  
And breadth, from Massachusetts's populous coast  
To western Oregon;

And from the southern gulph,  
Where the great river with his turbid flood  
Stains the green ocean, to the polar sea.

## 9.

There nations yet unborn shall trace  
In Hume's perspicuous page,  
How Britain rose, and through what storms attain'd  
Her eminence of power.  
In other climates, youths and maidens there  
Shall learn from Thomson's verse in what attire  
The various seasons, bringing in their change  
Variety of good,  
Revisit their beloved English ground.  
There Beattie! in thy sweet and soothing strain  
Shall youthful poets read  
Their own emotions. There too, old and young,  
Gentle and simple, by Sir Walter's tales  
Spell-bound, shall feel  
Imaginary hopes and fears  
Strong as realities,  
And waking from the dream, regret its close.

## 10.

These Scotland are thy glories; and thy praise  
Is England's, even as her power  
And opulence of fame are thine.

So hath our happy union made  
Each in the other's weal participant,  
Enriching, strengthening, glorifying both.

## 11.

O House of Stuart, to thy memory still  
For this best benefit  
Should British hearts in gratitude be bound!

A deeper tragedy  
Than thine unhappy tale hath never fill'd  
The historic page, nor given  
Poet or moralist his mournful theme!

O House severely tried,  
And in prosperity alone  
Found wanting, Time hath closed  
Thy tragic story now!  
Errors and virtues fatally betrayed,  
Magnanimous suffering, vice,  
Weakness, and head-strong zeal, sincere tho' blind,  
Wrongs, calumnies, heart-wounds,  
Religious resignation, earthly hopes  
Fears and affections, these have had their course,  
And over them in peace  
The all-engulphing stream of years hath closed.  
But this good work endures,  
'Stablish'd and perfected by length of days,  
The indissoluble union stands.

## 12.

Nor hath the sceptre from that line  
Departed, though the name hath lost  
Its regal honours. Trunk and root have failed :

A scion from the stock  
Liveth and flourisheth. It is the Tree  
Beneath whose sacred shade,  
In majesty and peaceful power serene,  
The Island Queen of Ocean hath her seat;  
Whose branches far and near  
Extend their sure protection; whose strong roots  
Are with the isle's foundations interknit;  
Whose stately summit when the storm careers  
Below, abides unmoved,  
Safe in the sunshine and the peace of Heaven!

TO A FRIEND,  
ON SENDING A FANCY DRAWING, AFTER PROMISING  
HER OWN PICTURE IN THE CHARACTER OF  
A GYPSEY.

By Lady Caroline Lamb.

---

THE glowing tints beneath thy care  
Have traced a form divinely fair,  
Have given it charms and beauties rare,  
And shown the power of art;  
But in the ideal head I trace,  
No features of the gypsey's face,  
The living smile, the nameless grace,  
That nature doth impart.

Here roving looks, and eyes of fire,  
Awake the soul of young desire ;—  
The spells—which Beauty may inspire,  
By thee are well exprest.  
But soon the varying tints will fade,  
And time with leaden hand shall shade,  
The colours that once vivid played  
In thy bright eye and breast !

So hope that paints our morning sky,  
When viewed with youth's unclouded eye ;  
So pleasures airy dreams must fly  
    O'erpowered with care and gloom.  
For life's a fearful passing dream,  
And those that gay and thoughtless seem,  
Alike sail down its swelling stream  
    To meet the general doom.

ON HIS MAJESTY'S RETURN TO WINDSOR  
CASTLE.

By the Rev. W. Lisle Bowles.

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NOT that thy name, illustrious dome, recalls  
The pomp of chivalry in banner'd halls,  
The blaze of beauty, and the gorgeous sights  
Of heralds, trophies, steeds, and crested knights;  
Not that young Surrey there beguil'd the hour  
With "eyes upturn'd unto the maiden's tower;"  
Oh! not for these, the muse officious brings  
Her gratulations to the best of Kings;  
But that from cities and from crowds withdrawn,  
Calm peace may meet him on the twilight lawn—  
That here, among these grey primeval trees,  
He may inhale health's animating breeze——  
That these old oaks, which far their shadow cast,  
May sooth him, while they whisper of the past;  
And when from that proud Terrace he surveys  
Slow Thames devolving his majestic maze,  
(Now lost on the horizon's verge, now seen  
Winding through lawns, and woods, and pastures green)

May he reflect upon the waves that roll,  
Bearing a nation's wealth from pole to pole,  
And own (ambition's proudest boast above)  
A King's best glory is his country's Love.

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### THE HELLWEATHERS.

By N. T. Carrington, Author of "Dartmoor."

[Sir Cloudesley Shovel's ship, the Association, struck upon the Gilstone, off Scilly, with so much violence, that in about two minutes the vessel went down, and every soul on board, but one, perished. This man saved himself on a piece of timber, which floated to a rock called the Hellweathers, where he was compelled to remain some days before he could receive any assistance. Besides the Association, the Eagle, of 70, and the Romney, of 50 guns, perished, with all their crews. The Firebrand, fireship, was also lost, but most of her men were saved. Many persons of rank, and about 2000 seamen perished on this occasion.

DREW'S HISTORY OF CORNWALL.]

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THE blue wave roll'd away before the breeze  
Of evening, and that gallant fleet was seen  
Darting across the waters; ship on ship  
Following in eager rivalry, for home  
Lay on the welcome lee. The sun went down  
Amid a thousand glorious hues that liv'd  
But in his presence; and the giant clouds  
Mov'd on in beauty and in power before  
The day-god's burning throne. But soon was o'er  
The pomp celestial, and the gold-fring'd cloud



Grew dark and darker, and the Elysian tints  
Evanish'd swift; the clear, bright azure chang'd  
To blackness, and with twilight came the shriek  
Of the pursuing winds. Anon on high,  
Seen dimly through the shadowy eve, the Chief  
Threw out the wary signal, and they paus'd  
Awhile upon the deep.\* Again they gave  
Their sails to the fresh gale—again the surge  
Swept foaming by, and every daring prow  
Pointed to England;—England! that should greet  
With her green hills, and long-lost vales, their eyes  
On the sweet morrow. Beautiful is morn,  
But, oh, how beautiful the morn that breaks  
On the returning wanderer, doom'd no more  
To live on fancy's visions of that spot  
Beyond all others lov'd;—that very spot  
Now rising from the broad, blue waters, dear  
To him as Heav'n.

With fatal speed they flew  
Through the wide-parting foam. Again the deck  
Slop'd to the billow, and the groaning mast  
Bent to the rising gale; yet on that night  
The voice of the loud ocean rose to them  
In music, for the winds that hurry'd by

\* A few hours before the ships struck, Sir Cloudesley Shovel hove out the signal to lie to, in order to ascertain the situation of the fleet.

So fierce and swift, but heralded the way  
To the lov'd island-strand. The jaws of death  
Were round them, and they knew it not, until  
Chilling the life-blood of the bravest, burst  
The everlasting cry of waves and rocks  
From stern Cornubia's isles. Alas, to them—  
The lost, there blaz'd no friendly Pharos' fire,  
No star gleam'd from the heav'n. The sailor heard  
The roar of the huge cliff, and on his brow  
Fell the cold dew of horror. On they came—  
Those gallant barks, fate driv'n—on they came—  
Borne on the wings of the wild wind, to rush  
In darkness on the black and bellowing reef  
Where human help avails not. There they struck  
And sank;—the hopes, the fears, the wishes all  
Of myriads o'er, at once. Each fated ship  
One moment sat in all her pride, and pomp,  
And beauty, on the main;—the next, she plung'd  
Into the "hell" of waves, and from her deck  
Thrill'd the loud death scream—stifled as it rose  
By the dark sea;—one blow—one shriek—the grave!

And all was silent—save the startling voice  
Of the Atlantic, rising from that shore  
In anger ever! Terribly its surge  
Clos'd o'er them, and they perish'd in that gulf  
Where the dead lie innumerable, and the depths  
Are rife with monstrous shapes, and rest is none

Amid the infuriate war of waters hurl'd  
In endless, horrible commotion. Heard  
Alone, between the pausings of the gale,  
Was *one* faint, human wail. Where thousands sank  
*One* rode the vengeful wave, preserv'd to be,  
As seem'd, the sport of the mad billows: now  
Upflung upon the mountain ridges—now  
Swift sinking in abysses vast that yawn'd  
Almost to Ocean's bed. Yet life fled not,  
Nor hope, though in the tempest's giant coil  
He gasp'd for breath, and often writhed beneath  
The suffocating waters!

Morning came

In vain, though on the island rock the sea  
Had flung the hapless mariner. Around  
Howl'd the remorseless surge;—above, the cloud  
Swept, terror-wing'd;—the lightning o'er the day  
Shed an unnatural glare, and near him broke  
The thunder with its peal of doom. No aid  
Came through the long, long day, yet on the cliffs  
Floated the cheering signal;—from the strand  
Came voices animating;—men were there  
Impatient as the bounding greyhound held  
Within the straining leash—a gallant band  
Nurs'd in the western storm, familiar long  
With danger, and with—death, but might not brave  
The monster, now. And thus the victim hung  
Upon eternity's dread verge, and gaz'd

Appall'd upon its gulf;—then backwards shrunk  
Convulsively to life, and hope renew'd  
Unfroze his blood, and o'er his features threw  
A light that could not last. For evening came,  
And the great sun descended to the main,  
While oft the beautiful, beloved orb  
The seaman watch'd, and sigh'd to see it sink  
Beneath the wave; but as the twilight grew  
Deeper and deeper, and the darkness clos'd  
Upon him, and the hungry, howling surge  
Was heard below, loud clamouring for its prey,  
He wept—the lone man wept!

Again it came,  
The unchang'd, unchanging morning, rising wild  
Upon a joyless world; yet did his eye  
Glisten to see the dawn, though it awoke  
In tempest; and that day flew by, and night  
Once more fell on him, and another morn  
Broke, and the sufferer liv'd! The hand of death  
Was on him, yet delay'd the fatal grasp;  
And round the agonized victim look'd,  
But succour came not! On the rugged rock  
Crash'd the torn wreck in thunder, and the sea  
Disgorg'd the dead—within the black recoil  
Of waters dash'd the dead; and on the brave,  
The lov'd, he gaz'd, and at his side Despair  
Now sat, and pointed to the abyss!

\* \* \* \* \*

## A shout

Comes from the cliffs—a shout of joy ! Awake,  
Thou lonely one from death's fast-coming sleep !—  
Arise, the strand is thronging with brave men—  
A thousand eyes are on thee, and a bark  
Bursts o'er the breaching foam ! The shifting cloud  
Flies westward, and away the storm, repell'd  
Reluctant sails ; the winds have backward flung  
The billows of the Atlantic ! See,—they come,—  
They come—a dauntless island-band—and now  
A cheer is heard—and hark the dash of oars  
Among the reefs ! His eye with instant hope  
Brightens, and all the ebbing tides of life  
Rush with returning vigour ! Now the spray  
Flies o'er the advancing pinnace, for the wave  
Though half subdued is mighty ; yet her prow  
Victorious parts the surges,—nearer roll  
The cheers of that bold crew—the welcome sounds  
Thrill on his ear—the deep'ning plunge of oars  
Foams round the desert rock—'tis won ! 'tis won !  
And—he is sav'd !

## IMITATION FROM THE PERSIAN.

By Dr. Southey.

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LORD ! who art merciful as well as just,  
Incline thine ear to me, a child of dust !  
Not what I would, O Lord ! I offer thee,

Alas ! but what I can.

Father Almighty, who hast made me man,  
And bade me look to Heaven, for thou art there,  
Accept my sacrifice and humble prayer.

Four things which are not in thy treasury,  
I lay before thee, Lord, with this petition :—

My nothingness, my wants,

My sins, and my contrition !





Engraved by J. A. Kneller

Designed by W. H. Worthington

THE SALTERS' GARDEN



## THE SUITORS REJECTED.

By Miss Emma Roberts, Author of "The History of the  
Red and White Roses."

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"UPON what knave's errand art thou sent, my dainty page thus early?" exclaimed Leonora, "had I not been afoot with the lark to gather May-dew before the sun had drank the moisture from these flowers, thou mightest have gone bootless home again, for my lady the countess, and Victorine and Eugenie still press their pillows: dreaming perchance of thy master and his gallant esquire; dost think boy, that sallow-visaged melancholy baron, sighing after the wreck of the fortune which he lacks the wit to mend, or the doughty hero, Roland, who would fain prompt him, if his dull brain could compass the matter, to some dexterous shift or stirring enterprise; or those goodly trencher men, Dugarde and Montresor, are like to haunt a lady's slumbers?"

"Faith, Leonora," replied the page, "it passes my poor judgment to decide what it may please the fancy of thy lady and her maids to dream about; the place is solitary thou knowest—there are no other cavaliers of any mark or likelihood within a dozen

miles, they wear feathers in their caps and deck their legs in silken hose, things which women wondrously affect to look upon, and perchance in default of more ruffling gallants, they may be endured."

"Now out upon thee, for a saucy varlet," cried Leonora, "hie thee hence, sir page, or thou shalt taste the discipline of the scullion's broom, and be sent roaring home again."

"An' thou dost not bid me stay, fair mistress, I'll get me gone, and speedily, but I'll carry that away which to possess thou wouldst give—aye, the love-lock Roland begged so earnestly last night, which thou sworest should go with thee to thy grave—a secret, Leonora."

"A secret—nay, purse not up thy pretty mouth, thou paragon of pages, but tell it quickly; come, thou art a sprightly lad, and wilt make a better knight than thy master."

"And dost thou think to beguile me with sugared words; no, no, something better, lady, or I'm gone."

"Thou shalt have an eyas, one that the master falconer engages shall prove a tarsel gentle; I'll broider thee thy glove myself, and its jesses shall be of silver: methinks thou only wantest a bird upon thy fist to brave it with the best."

"Wilt thou give me a kiss, Madonna?"

"Aye, mannikin, twenty; dost think that I should blush to press the smooth lip of such a beard-

less urchin? go to, I'll give thee something better than a kiss, take this fair chain of gold, a metal wondrous scant at yonder castle, if report speak true; every link will buy thee some rich gawd; thou shalt have horse to ride, a good sword girded at thy side, and still wear half its length about thy neck."

"Methinks I could carry a hawk as fair, and manage a steed, and wield a rapier as well as the favourite page of King Charles himself, but though I prize a horse and a falcon, and thy massy chain, and thy sweet kisses, pretty Leonora, I'll not sell my secret for aught a-kin to lucre; thou shalt have it without fee or guerdon, because I desire to merit the gilded spurs I mean to win, and I deem it to be rank cowardice for men to set their wit against the weaker sex."

"Aye, marry, these are dainty scruples, malapert conceited minion, keep thy council to aid thy master and his sapient friends, and leave us to countervail their plots. This must needs be some device of Roland's, for the baron has thought of nothing better than to sigh under the garden wall, while his trusty squire clears his hoarse throat and trolls some dismal ditty; and Dugarde and Montresor being kept fasting, groan in concert, and cast tender glances at Victorine and Eugenie, or at the shields of brawn which the servitors carry into the buttery, it were hard to say which."

“ Farewell, mistress Leonora, I meant to do thy lady a service ; for not to speak it disparagingly, her broad lands rather than her beauty have tempted my master, whose revenues are, as thou sayest, somewhat slack, to play false to his plighted bride ; and thy glittering carkanets, Leonora, and the pearl studs, and the diamond bodkins in which the silly hearts of thy fair companions so much delight, are the grand attraction with his needy followers. I dare not hint that Roland is drawn hither by any brighter object than thine eyes, but Montresor and Dugarde see butts of malvoisin, haunches of the red deer, hawks, Damascus blades, and Barbary coursers in every gem.”

“ I guessed as much,” exclaimed Leonora, “ an’ thy secret be upon a par with thy news, ’twere scarcely worth while to rise so early with it, but for once, though thou deserv’st it not, I’ll humour thee ; I see thou art burning to tell this marvellous tale, so out with it—from sheer compassion I’ll lend thee mine ear.”

“ Take me then to thy bower, Leonora,” replied the page, “ for we have idled the time until the morning solitude is broken, and stragglers haunt the glade.”

“ Willingly, my fair boy, and I’ll break thy fast with a manchet of wheaten bread, and a platter of potted lampreys, cates I trow not common in the

baron's hall, and thou shalt wash down both with a cup of sack."

The page and the lady passed into the fair chateau of the young Countess de Normanville, laughing as they threw the dew-besprinkled flowers in sport at each other, but the frolic mood of the maiden was changed, as after the lapse of an hour she shewed the boy out of a little postern gate, and charged him to be faithful. Flying round to the mew, where, as he was wont, Bertram de Lille was stationed overlooking the falconers and whistling to the hawks, Leonora seized the youth by the arm, exclaiming, "To horse! to horse! sweet servant, away to the lady of Beaujeu, there is mischief brewing, the thick sculls of the baron's followers have hatched a plot which will cost thee some hard riding, and me all the jewels in my casket to defeat. Here are twenty broad pieces for the lacquey who keeps the door, and this rich chain for the scneschal that you may have speech of the lady; and stay, here is a ruby ring as some small token of our mistress's affection for her royal kinswoman, and these clasps and brooches are for her waiting gentlewomen, that they may speed thy errand; and as I learn that money is not over plenty in the king's camp, for the jewels of the Duchess of Savoy and the Marchioness of Montserrat, which he has borrowed, lie in pawn for his necessities, stint not to say that so there be a fa-

vourable answer to this missive, plate to the value of a thousand marks shall be dispatched to Lombardy. Now it is well, thou art mounted, fly with the speed of the wind, and linger not in making those gambados—thy skill in horsemanship has not been cast away on careless eyes.”

De Lille obeyed the commands of the sprightly Leonora with so much zeal and diligence that his foaming steed clattered into the court-yard an hour before even her impatient spirit expected to see the dust which the charger's hoofs would raise upon the adjacent hill; and exchanging his travel-soiled garments for the silken vest which displayed his figure to the best advantage, he was ready to join the seneschal in his attendance on the ladies in their evening walk through the parks and pleasure ground. Passing down a broad flower-bespangled glade they encountered the baron, who attired in black garments, and accompanied by his page, and his three trusty esquires, advanced to pay his respects to the countess.

“Fair lady,” he exclaimed, “attribute to the ardour of my passion my apparent disrespect in approaching you clad in this dolorous habit.”

“What is't, a penance?” interrupted Leonora; “and by the wing of Cupid for some heavy offence, for it suits your complexion marvellously ill, and of that the malicious priest was aware. A penance it

must be ; the jovial countenances of your merry men declare that no evil hap can have betided in your household."

" Alas, madam," replied the baron, " I wear this raven-tinted garb as a tribute of respect to the memory of one whose death, in sooth, I lament not, since it promises to remove one barrier to the suit I have so long and so hopelessly pressed, with the lovely but too disdainful mistress of my soul. I am released from my betrothment with the Lady Adela, by her decease."

" What, ho ! Master Bertram," exclaimed Leonora, " thou mayest restore the baron to the hues of the popinjay, in which he does so much execution in the hearts of simple damsels. This gentleman, my lord, is fresh from the court of the lady of Beaujeu, where he has seen and conversed with the Lady Adela, who moreover has sent thee a token that she liveth still to demand the fulfilment of an engagement made before her broken fortune caused her to be slighted."

" And," said the Countess de Normanville, " I marvel that a gentleman and a knight should shame his high lineage and chivalric oath by such a paltry device. Know, sir, I am also acquainted with the base means with which you have tampered with the avarice of my kinsman—an honorable bargain, forsooth—half the estate when you lost all hope of

clutching the whole : but, beware sir, neither fraud or force can avail you now ; the Lady of Beaujeu, in behalf of my sovereign King Charles, has taken my wardship into her own hand, and has alone the power to dispose of me in marriage."

" And my lord," cried Bertram, " there is news from the camp of Charles ; he marches from triumph to triumph, and he has 'gaged the hands of his wards to the knights, who shall add the conquered states of Italy to the crown of France. What sayst thou ? my poor sword is at the service of my king ; I post to the army to-morrow. Wilt thou quit thy sylvan warfare in these woods to strive in martial exploits with the gallant Lusignan, who it is rumoured wears the Countess de Normanville's glove upon his basnet ?"

" Peace, Bertram," cried the seneschal, " the baron loves to court far more dangerous perils than the Lombard wars present, to tilt with ladies' eyes instead of spears."

" Tarry for me, Master Bertram," exclaimed the page, " if it be but for the space of a single day, and thou shalt not ride alone an there be a broad sword and a steel jerkin left in the armoury."

" Farewell, friend Roland," said Leonora, " thou, too, hast to win thy spurs, and line thy purse with bezants ; say, wilt thou take thy chance with an uncrested helm to gain the land which calls me heir



in Bertram's absence? He leaves me, thou seest, to combat as best I may against thy wit and valour; or wilt thou, too, speed to these Lombard wars, and delegate to yon sad browed knight and Messieurs Dugarde and Montresor, who look wondrous wise, though unhandsomely chary of their words, the task of consoling me and my fellow damsels, when these vales shall be deprived of the sunshine of thy presence."

"No, sweet mistress," returned Roland, "though thy sharp tongue and scornful eye drive Master Bertram to the tented field, though thy humour were ten times more petulant, and thy jests more keen, thou shalt not wear the willow branch for me, or hang or drown for lack of one poor servant to bear with thy impertinencies: 'twere pity to have them wasted on thy monkey or thy tire woman, send forth thy warrior youth to gather laurels, we will pluck them from their brows when they return,

And thou shalt call him brave who bears away  
At once, the trophies of each toilsome day."

## ANE WAEFU' SCOTS PASTORAL.\*

By James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd.

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### 1.

O MOOR-COCK, moor-cock, dinna craw  
Sae crouse on wing of mottled feather,  
Nor spread that boardly breast sae braw  
Upon thy height of Highland heather ;  
For that's a brewing on the sea  
Will mar thy pride afore the even,  
And hap thy teemfu' mate and thee  
Deep frae the glowing light o' heaven.

### 2.

Thy voice gars a' the echos blair  
From viewless dens of rock and river ;  
Like some wild spirit of the air  
Thou mak'st its billows quake and quiver,

\* These verses were written on the evening of the 23rd of April, 1827, about the time the great storm of snow was at the height. Next morning many of the snow wreathes on the hills of Ettrick Forest were from twelve to twenty feet deep, and many thousands of lambs, singing birds, and moor game perished. All those of the latter that had begun incubation were literally destroyed.

Proud of the mate thou lovest best ;  
But o'er her hame nae mair thou'lt craw,  
Her grave maun be her lowly nest,  
Her winding-sheet the wreath o' snaw.

## 3.

Thou lawless black-cock dinna spread  
That speckled fan so bright of hue,  
Why all that pride of evil deed  
Pruning thy wing of glossy blue,  
In wooing of a silly dame,  
Who knows full well thy love's a flam,  
And that for her 'tis much the same,  
As raven's for the sickly lamb ?

## 4.

Begone thou heartless libertine,  
And locker in thy sheltered glade ;  
For soon that motely love of thine,  
And thou shall both be lowly laid ;  
Yet I will miss thee in the glen  
When August winds breathe o'er the fell,  
As mounting from thy braken den,  
Or skimming o'er the heather bell.

## 5.

The laverock lilt within the lift,  
The mavis touts upon the tree ;

The blackbird hardly makes a shift  
To strain one note of melody;  
For ay he cowers his sooty wing  
An' points his yellow bill on high,  
And fears he has foreflown the spring  
Misled by winter's courtesy.

## 6.

For the sand-lark I needs must wail  
Sae ruefully he pours his pain,  
And as he sits and wags his tail,  
And whews upon his cauldrie stane;  
He sees the lapper on the stream,  
And Yarrow's banks sae sternly piled,  
That Sandy \* thinks he's in a dream,  
Or landed in some polar wild.

## 7.

The curlew's neb's a weary length,  
The pease-weep's crest is like a tree,  
The chirping wagtail scarce has strength  
To turn his white cheek to the lee,  
Their necks are lang, their shanks are sma'  
Through perfect downright consternation,  
An' ay they cower by holt an' ha'  
Like thriftless weavers in starvation.

\* SANDY or SANDY-LAVEROCK is the local name in Et-trick for the sand piper.

## 8.

The shilfu clars amang the firs,  
The yellow yorline in the thorn,  
But a' the simmer's harbingers  
Are buried ere the break of morn,  
The lambs lie smothered in the dean,  
The ewes stand bleating loud an' lang,  
While the poor shepherd dights his een,  
And thinks the world is a' gane wrang.

Mount Eenger, April 24th, 1887.

## ANACREONTIC.

By T. K. Hervey, Esq.

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THE moon is forth!—and while the cars  
Of night are out, we will not sleep,  
Send round the bowl, and shew the stars  
The vigils *earthly* spirits keep!—  
And if the vines, in yonder sky,  
Drop for their train such purple tears,  
The poet's tale should be no lie,  
Which paints them singing in their spheres!

Shall we, because Hope's fount is dry,  
Shun every fount that soothes the soul?—  
The pang that blights the heart and eye  
Was never gathered from the bowl!  
If looks be dim, that once were bright,  
To weep will hardly make them brighter,  
And if our hearts be far from light,  
At least, we'll strive to make them lighter!

Fill high the glass!—to-night, we'll try,  
For once, to make a truce with sorrow,  
And they who think it wise to sigh,  
May smile to-night—and sigh to-morrow;—  
But we, who love the better mood,  
To gather gladness where we may,  
Will hail, across this purple flood,  
The dawning of a brighter day.

## THE RITTER VON REICHENSTEIN.\*

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THE great hall in the royal castle of Linz resounded with kettle-drums and trumpets, while King Ferdinand and his Queen sat at the banquet table, rejoicing that the siege was now raised, and Austria once more victorious. The banquet was given in honour of the young Baron von Reichenstein, who then, for the first time, appeared as the King's guest. He had the good fortune to bring the welcome tidings that Solymán, after beleaguering the city for many weeks, and being repulsed in every attack, had at last suddenly desisted from his undertaking, and retreated by quick marches. Of the distinction now conferred on Reichenstein his own noble conduct during the siege rendered him eminently worthy, nor could the favour have been bestowed on any one who would have valued it more highly, for pride and ambition were indeed his leading characteristics.

\* This Austrian story has its foundation in fact. The ruins of Reichenstein Castle are still visible in the district of Mühl, on the river Ens ; and in the chapel is the Baron's monument, finely executed by an Italian master.



The lively monarch banished for the time all political cares, and gave himself up to the festivity of the moment, heightened by the consideration that the good news came unexpectedly, as Vienna was then, in truth, but ill provided with the means of defence, and the Sultan, at the head of three thousand men, had vowed never to return till he had conquered both Hungary and Austria, where the Christian sway should be terminated for ever. Merrily coursed the brimming goblets round the table, and in the joy of his heart the King proposed the health of his country's brave defender, the heroic youth, Philip Palsgraf of the Rhine, and of the veteran warrior, Count Nicholas of Salm, whose locks had now grown grey under arms. The mirth became louder, and the applause more vehement, till the Queen commanded silence and attention, for she too had prepared a little entertainment to celebrate the termination of that campaign which had threatened so much misfortune; well knowing that on such occasions her illustrious consort did not disdain to exchange the homage to Bacchus for a sacrifice to the Muses. Of this Monarch, indeed, it is recorded that when a certain Colonel of his Life Guards once ventured to hint that he bestowed too many favours on the learned, to the neglect of the ancient nobility, the Colonel next day received a great packet of old and important parchments, with an order that he

should read them through, and in a few hours return a written abstract of their contents; the Colonel, of course, brought them back, declaring his incapacity for the task. "Good friend," said the King, smiling ironically, "you will for the future spare your animadversions on our patronage of the learned, for you perceive that if noblemen and warriors only were to be raised to office, the duties of the state would be fulfilled yet worse than heretofore."

On a signal from the queen a red silk curtain at the bottom of the hall was suddenly drawn up, and revealed an altar from which a clear flame rose flickering, and illuminated the arms of Austria wreathed with laurel and gorgeously emblazoned. Before the altar sat a female form, beaming in such luxuriance of beauty, that she might well indeed have been deemed one of the muses descended from Mount Olympus. Her long white robes though rich in folds could not conceal the exquisite symmetry of her form; round her waist she wore a gold embroidered girdle, while from her shoulders waved a short mantle of blue velvet studded with golden stars. Her features were of the noblest Grecian mould; round her temples was bound a laurel wreath, and her glossy chesnut hair flowed in profuse curls round her blushing cheeks, down into her snow-white neck and bosom. In her arms she supported a harp, and accompanying her voice with powerful chords, sung

a fervent hymn in praise of the brave men by whose courage the threatening danger had been averted, and the proud plans of the Pagan invader defeated. Impassioned eloquence or music alone is enough to move irresistibly every feeling heart,—but how much is that effect increased, when the tones flow from lips so beautiful, when such eyes beam with the sacred fire of inspiration!—A watchful silence prevailed in the hall that was before so loud with voices; the guests had eyes and ears only for the seraphic musician, who exercised her power like an enchantress even over the roughest veteran warriors “albeit unused to the melting mood,” for she recalled to them and presented as if in a magic mirror the fairy dreams of their youth. How vivid then must have been the impression on younger auditors! Involuntarily all hearts were attracted and won by the lovely performer—every eye glistened with pleasure, and when she had finished her triumphant song, every tongue was busy in her praise—even the proud and haughty Baron Reichenstein was deeply moved. ’Till now, the attention which had often been bestowed on the young warrior by susceptible beauties of the capital had failed to excite any other sensation but that of gratified vanity. Now, however, when the songstress in her chaunt alluded to him as the announcing messenger of that that victory which he had assisted to gain, he could

no longer look proudly around, as he had been wont to do. On the contrary a deep blush came over his features ; his proud heart beat anxiously, and his fiery eagle eyes were humbly fixed on the ground.

So the festivities of the banquet were closed, and the evening of that happy day was spent in dancing and games of chance. For neither of these amusements was Baron Reichenstein disposed. Leaning against a pillar of the Gothic Hall, he followed with watchful eyes every movement of the Demoiselle Appollonia von Santi,—for so the beautiful songstress was named. Descended from a noble Greek house, and left in early youth an orphan, she had been brought to the Court of King Ferdinand, and there educated as one of the queen's maids of honour. Her beauty,—her eminent talents for music, and but still more the unpretending modesty of her demeanour excited universal attention, and every one spoke with respect of the beautiful Lady Appollonia. No sooner had she made her appearance in the ball-room than Reichenstein saw that the young and old crowded around her, to express their thanks for the delight which her music had afforded, and afterwards as she whirled past him in the walk, supported by some gay and brilliant courtier, he was racked by a feeling of the bitterest envy ; yet he who had before known fear scarcely by name, had

not the courage to approach her. With rapture he remarked, that even during the dance, his eyes often encountered hers, and when she seated herself for refreshment and rest, her looks again followed him as if she would say—"Are you alone determined not to share in the pleasures of these fleeting hours?" So at last he mustered resolution, humbly approached the victorious enchantress, and in a faltering half audible voice begged that he might have the honour of her hand for the next dance. Appollonia blushed and courtesied her consent; the warlike hero made an awkward bow, and retreated, not daring to say more, 'till the music recommencing called them to their places. Reichenstein, who was usually a good waltzer could now scarcely keep in time, while his lovely partner seemed to partake of his embarrassment, yet this was but for a few minutes; her sparkling eyes and approving smiles soon roused him to self-possession. Even the musicians seemed inspired; they played louder, and with more precision. Envied by many a youth in the numerous assemblage, he flew down the ranks, with the peerless Grecian on his arm, and all allowed that there never was seen a more beautiful couple. On returning to their seats, Appollonia challenged her partner to give her some account of the Blockade. Reichenstein had now recovered from his awkward timidity, and contrived to tell his story with un-

wonted eloquence, enlivened and rewarded all the while by the approbation which he read unequivocally in the bright eyes of his auditress. Appollonia's attention was indeed so absorbed that she forgot the dance, and the presence of the court, so that the marshal was obliged to remind her of her duty, for the queen had already proposed to break up the party.

Henceforward Reichenstein saw the young lady almost every day, and continued always to discover new charms and fresh virtues,—and this at length drew from him a confession of his love, and a request for her hand in marriage. Appollonia in answer explained to him that her fate depended on the king, who had hitherto acted towards her as a father, and who therefore possessed the full parental authority. Reichenstein heard this with fear and trembling; for he suspected that Ferdinand might have other views for his fair adopted daughter. He knew how much the king delighted in Appollonia's talents, by which his mind was often exhilarated after the cares of public business, and with which amusement it could not be supposed that he would willingly dispense. It was necessary therefore to watch for some favourable opportunity, when the king should appear in especial good humour, before the subject could be broached, and, ere long, such a fitting occasion presented itself to the anxious lover.

The disaffected Bohemians, whom Ferdinand had a few years ago severely chastised, happened to lose by an accidental fire great part of the national archives, and their most important charters or deeds of immunity. Conscience-stricken, and fearful that advantage might be taken of this event, whereby they might be deprived of many valuable privileges, they sent a deputation to Linz, in order to treat with their monarch on the subject. Scarcely had Ferdinand heard their preamble, when he exclaimed angrily—"Your charters may be destroyed, but our imperial promise, and principles of integrity, are not destroyed along with them. All the rights and privileges of which this fire has robbed you, we shall renew; and, where there is doubt, rather than give you less, we shall make your advantages greater than before." Of that scene Reichenstein was a witness. "No," said he to himself, "it is impossible that a sovereign, who is thus so mild and equitable, should be harsh to me alone." And no sooner had the ashamed representatives left the audience-hall, than he threw himself at Ferdinand's feet, and stammered out his request. For a few moments he was, indeed, kept in agonising suspense, while the king looked at him silently and with a very grave aspect. At length he made a sign for the suppliant to rise, and said, "I cannot conceal that I shall be very unwilling to part with Mademoiselle de Santi. In

her delightful music I must lose one of the best enjoyments of my life ;—yet far be it from me to interfere on any selfish principles, with her future prospects or yours ;—take her then, and be happy.”

What language could adequately describe the rapture of the lovers ! Soon after, their marriage was solemnized with princely magnificence, and Reichenstein took his young bride to the family castle, from which he derived his title, and which was situated in Upper Austria, in one of the most attractive districts of that beautiful country. Then, from far and near, flocked visitors to pay their homage at the festal mansion, more attracted, however, by the wondrous musical talents of the bride, than by the hospitable manners of the castle's lord. The young noblemen of the neighbourhood, especially, were numerous and unwearied in their attentions ; and their admiration of the Lady von Reichenstein's improvvisatore songs was beyond measure fervent. The baron's pride was at first flattered by such universal applause ; but that feeling soon yielded to another very different emotion. He began to fear that it was not merely the delight they experienced from her music, but much more their admiration of Appollonia's personal charms, which shone in the eyes of these gay and idle youths, so that by degrees jealousy more and more deeply fixed her serpent stings into his very



heart. Yet far too proud to confess that he had become the prey of a passion so despicable, and sensible that her conduct was too scrupulously correct to warrant his avowal of any suspicions, he concealed his irritability as much as possible, though many times, by gloomy silence, or short monosyllabic answers, did he betray his inward discontent. Appollonia, conscious of her own innocence, was completely at a loss to fix on any cause for this change, and enquired anxiously the reason of his distress,—whereupon the proud baron, instead of imparting at once the source of his grief, and thus, for ever banishing the demon that haunted his house, was either moodily silent as before, or ascribed his depression to a transient attack of illness.

Love is sharp-sighted. Appollonia thought that she had at last found out the real cause of his displeasure; and under the pretext that their present mode of life was far too fatiguing, she begged him to dismiss their guests, in order that they might henceforth live in retirement: but how could Reichenstein's haughty spirit submit to the idea of having appeared as a jealous husband? He insisted that the castle of his ancestors must remain open to every guest; and when Appollonia, under various pretences withdrew to the solitude of her own apartments, and the visitors with regret commented on

the absence of their beautiful hostess—but especially when ironical hints and conjectures were whispered round the festal board, regarding the reasons for her disappearance, his pride was more than ever wounded. He therefore entreated Appollonia, nay, commanded her, to appear as formerly at every banquet, and to enliven his guests by the exercise of her magic art. Under these circumstances, concluding that her former suppositions had been altogether erroneous, she obeyed him willingly, without disguising that the incense of praise lavishly bestowed was welcome and acceptable to her female heart. Reichenstein's gloomy discontent now increased visibly from day to day, and it was only in the presence of strangers that his jealousy was overcome or concealed by the determination to appear gay and unembarrassed. In vain did his affectionate wife enquire into the cause of such inexplicable conduct. Two whole years thus passed away, during which that abode of his ancestors, where the spirit of domestic happiness should have woven for him the richest and brightest wreaths, was changed by his own imperious temper, and haughty and foolish reserve, into a cell of torment and ceaseless disquietude.

Meanwhile Solyman, in order to revenge himself for the loss and disgrace which he had encountered

tered, prepared to renew the war more formidably than ever, and made such an attack on Styria and Austria, that the Emperor Charles, in person, at the head of a considerable army, came to the assistance of the king, his illustrious brother. Ferdinand at the same time hastened to collect around him his faithful troops, and the rumour of these proceedings having reached the secluded castle of Reichenstein, the baron determined that he would immediately resume the duties of his station in the army. He had not yet been summoned ; but, alas ! in his home there was no longer any domestic happiness that could induce him to remain there. In his wayward self-delusions he had cast it away ; and in the tumult of the battle-field he best hoped to forget his vexations.

The news of this approaching separation struck fearfully on the already wounded heart of Appollonia. When the dreadful hour of parting arrived, her anguish was indeed most sincere and overpowering, yet her foolish husband imagined that her tears and complaints were but a mask under which she concealed her joy at the prospect of being able in future to follow her inclinations without restraint. Unmoved, therefore, and sternly, he tore himself from her affectionate embraces, and galloped away, spurring his foaming charger, even as the

demons of jealousy and distrust goaded him on in his insane career.

Now the once gay castle of Reichenstein became silent as a hermitage ;—and like a widow mourning the death of a beloved husband, Appollonia withdrew from all society, living only for the care of his property, and ceaseless prayers for his welfare and preservation. Often at the midnight hour her attendants found her still at her earnest devotions, or listened with respectful sympathy as she touched her harp, and with tearful eyes expressed her grief, and even her prayers, in low faltering melody.

Day after day, week after week dragged on, but no news arrived of Reichenstein, though she had earnestly requested that he would write to her. At length she found herself quite unable any longer to bear the racking pains of suspense, and dispatched her Castellan, a man of years and experience, with orders that he should make his way to the royal army, and by no means to return without some intelligence of her beloved husband. The interval of her messenger's absence she spent in continued prayer, and in acts of charity and benevolence.

When the Castellan's return was announced, he was summoned immediately to her presence, but alas! his features wore an expression of deep grief

and disappointment. "Merciful God!" cried she, "my worst fears are then realized—and I shall never see him more!" She fainted, and not without great care and skill could her attendants restore her to self-possession—then it seemed that by direful and heroic exertion she had resolved to conquer her emotion, yet her bosom heaved convulsively, and her lips and eyelids quivered. "Speak on," said she in a hollow voice—"relate all that thou know'st." "Forgive me," noble lady, said the messenger—"but I fear you are not well enough now to hear such tidings." "I know already that which is most appalling," answered she, "thou canst not tell me aught that could wound more deeply—say then, how and where did he die?" "Die!" exclaimed the Castellan—"God forbid that he should die—no, of this much be assured, your noble husband lives." "Lives!" exclaimed Appollonia, in a voice like that of the condemned victim on the scaffold, in whose ears for the first time sounds the voice of pardon, and who fears he may yet be deluded.—"Lives—saidst thou—lives?" "Aye indeed," said the Castellan, "but the Baron von Reichenstein is now a Turkish prisoner." "Oh, heaven be praised!" cried the enraptured wife, "his life then is yet spared;" and she fell on her knees, uplifting her clasped hands in fervent gratitude to the Giver of all Good for his

mercy. Thereafter she listened with calm attention to the Castellan's narrative. Reichenstein had been placed with a corps which was destined to oppose that of Michael Oglu, who was forcing his way with the van of the Turkish army over the Sömmering mountains. In the heat of battle the Baron had advanced too far ; he was quickly surrounded, and after a brave resistance, taken prisoner, and dragged away by the repulsed and fugitive Turks. Intelligence had been subsequently received by means of deserters, that he had fallen into the power of the Bassa of Belgrade, who, in consequence of his severe wounds, had obtained permission to return home, and had taken with him to his own country all his prisoners. " So then he lives—he is at Belgrade," cried Appollonia, " and there is hope that I may yet again call him mine !" With these words her tears flowed more freely than ever, but they were now tears of joy.

For the rest of that day she remained shut up in her chamber, she would not speak with any one, nor accept of refreshment, but in the evening the castle chaplain was summoned to her presence. To him she explained that some affairs of great urgency and importance obliged her to go forthwith to the Queen's Court at Linz, and as the Castellan must attend her on the journey, the chaplain should, in their absence,

use every means in his power for the due guardianship of the castle. The grey-headed priest not knowing the purpose of her journey, did not venture to remonstrate, and only implored that as her affectionate servants and vassals would deeply grieve for her absence, she would not long defer her return. With visible emotion she then took leave of her domestics, and at the earliest dawn of the next day, followed by the old castellan, and the blessing of all the Baron's vassals, she departed, taking with her only her harp, and wearing apparel.

Meanwhile, the Ritter von Reichenstein was obliged to fulfil menial drudgery as a slave in the gardens of Ibrahim, Bassa of Belgrade. At that time it happened that in his Harem there prevailed great affliction; Fatima, the most beautiful and beloved of his wives, had been driven to distraction by the death of her first-born infant child, and the violence of her sorrow had given way to an apathy and indifference which amounted to insanity. The unhappy Ibrahim offered the largest rewards for assistance, and tried every method to save his favourite from that untimely death to which the continuance of her malady would certainly lead. The most skilful physicians had recourse to all expedients of their art, but in vain; so that with an almost broken heart, Ibrahim saw that she was rapidly sinking into the grave.

One evening when he was under the dominion of these painful reflections, it was announced that a Grecian youth had made his appearance at Belgrade as a harp player and singer, with whose music every listener had been enraptured, and who had begged permission to prove his talents before the Bassa. Ibrahim gladly availed himself of the opportunity to obtain some diversion from his own gloomy thoughts; he desired that the stranger should be admitted forthwith, and was so much delighted with the youth's performance that as long as the music continued he quite forgot his usual sufferings. Thereafter the question occurred to him whether that magic art which had such influence over his emotions might not also alleviate the malady of his beloved Fatima. He imparted this idea to the stranger, who encouraged his hopes, and assured him that many instances were on record of insane persons being altogether restored to health by the power of music. "Should'st thou succeed in this attempt," cried the rejoiced Bassa, "then demand what thou wilt—no reward is too great, when the service performed is the preservation of my dearest Fatima."

The Greek youth was duly instructed in the cause and symptoms of the malady, and undertook its cure. The attempt succeeded even beyond expectation. At first he was concealed behind a veranda, and ventured only to sing the most melan-



choly lays in soft and long protracted notes, to which for some time Fatima seemed, as usual, indifferent, but by degrees her attention was roused, and she listened with visibly increasing interest. While the music continued, her beautiful features were once more animated, a slight tinge of colour rose into her cheeks, and a lambent fire shone in her eyes, but as the tones died away into silence she declined again into her wonted mournful apathy. By degrees she began to watch every word of the youth's songs, which like the music were plaintive and desponding, till her bosom heaved, and she wept unconsciously. Thus the trial was repeated for several successive days, and as often as the hour drew near which was appointed for the musician's attendance, she expressed anxiety and impatience; nay, once when by some accident he had been detained, she enquired if they intended to deprive her of her only remaining consolation. These words were the first that she had been heard to utter for many weeks, and from henceforward the Greek, at her request, came earlier, and remained longer. By degrees, too, he ventured to introduce songs that were less mournful, and the listener seemed even more gratified than before, till at length she begged to see the wonderful musician by whom she had been thus delighted; and even requested that he would give her instructions in his divine art. He obeyed

willingly, and Fatima had soon learned a few simple ballads, which she practised passionately night and day, thus forgetting her misfortunes, so that she was ere long restored to perfect health.

The Bassa, rejoiced beyond measure at this result, did not fail to send for the musician. "Thou hast fulfilled thy promise," said he, "now demand thy reward, in order that I also may behave honourably. Be not afraid to ask too much, for Allah has made me rich by his exceeding bounties, but for the preservation of my best and dearest treasure I am indebted to thee." "Sir," answered the youth, "there is in the gardens of your Harem a noble German soldier, the Ritter von Reichenstein, a captive who now labours there as a slave. It so happens that I have been deeply indebted to his house, and therefore if you are pleased to give up to me the liberty of this man, I shall be amply and richly rewarded." "Take him hence then," said the Bassa, "and along with him, if thou wilt, ten of his fellow soldiers, who have hitherto shared his fate. Moreover, it shall not be said that the Bassa Ibrahim sent any man out into the wide world to find his way home as a mendicant; he shall therefore be amply provided for; and thou, too, modest youth, shalt not leave my palace unrewarded." Hereupon Ibrahim summoned the overseer of his slaves, commanding him to lead the Greek youth into the prison of the Christians, to

inform the Baron and his companions that they were free, and present to them the noble Greek youth as their deliverer. In vain did the humble minstrel strive against this—the Bassa's resolution was inexorable, "for it is no more than justice," said he, "that these Christian dogs should learn to know their benefactor, and offer him due thanks for his disinterested benevolence."

Miserably embarrassed, the young Greek followed the overseer, and entered a gloomy prison, where the captives were seated on the damp ground, strewn with rushes. No sooner had the overseer announced the purpose of his message than the overjoyed exiles threw themselves at their deliverer's feet, even kissed the hem of his garment, and wept in their excess of gratitude. "Be thankful to God," said the youth, in a faltering, scarce audible tone, "and may Providence guide you on your homeward journey!" "Stay, noble stranger," cried Reichenstein, as the minstrel would have hastily retired—"if you will not listen to our humble protestations of gratitude, yet at least accept from my hands this insignificant ring. Should you, or any of your friends ever come to Germany, and pass near the castle of Reichenstein, this little token will open for the traveller a new home, and make him an acknowledged inmate of a noble family, whose last remaining chief you

have thus contributed to uphold." "We shall meet again," stammered the youth, with obvious emotion, and taking the ring, rushed from the prison as though he dared not trust himself in any farther colloquy.

The Bassa's promises were faithfully fulfilled. Enriched by valuable presents, and attended by a secure escort, Reichenstein, along with his companions, left Belgrade. They arrived in safety at the Christian camp, and were all most kindly received by King Ferdinand, especially Reichenstein, who still expressed his wish and resolution to remain with the army. "In the first place," answered the King, "it is our will and pleasure that you should appear before her Majesty at Linz. Should your inclinations alter when there, which I hope may be the case, you shall have free leave of absence from your military duties, for after the oppressions you have undergone, this indulgence is but just and necessary. If however your determination should remain unshaken, the presence of so brave a soldier as the Baron von Reichenstein will always be welcome to our army."

In the royal palace of Linz, after an interval of three years, the baron once more sat in the great hall at the banquet table, though now the party was less numerous, consisting only of the queen, her maids of honour, and some old courtiers. He

again beheld the same golden framework of the folding doors, and the same red curtain which had formerly risen at the queen's signal, and afforded the first view of that peerless beauty, whom afterwards he was so fortunate as to call his own. With bitter regret he thought of that happy day, and all the fairy visions that had shone so brightly, and were now fled for ever. He sighed deeply, and the queen observing his distress, interrupted his contemplations with the words—"If I interpret your looks aright, that curtain revives recollections of the good fortune, which was here unexpectedly prepared for you, and I can well explain that sigh with which your longing heart has reverted to home and a beloved wife." A cloud came over Reichenstein's expressive features, and a yet deeper sigh was his only answer.

"Nay, then, perhaps you have received some disquieting letters," said the queen, "and I doubt not that Appollonia's grief at your long absence ——"

"Appollonia's grief, indeed!" interrupted the baron with bitter irony; "your majesty must forgive me if I venture to doubt that any such cause ——"

"Nay, nay," answered the queen, "we must hear no more of this. I shall not allow myself to believe that unworthy suspicions could ever find harbour in your bosom. For the present, let us hear

minutely how you contrived to escape from the Turkish prison?"

The Ritter went through his narrative accordingly.

"But your deliverer," observed the queen; "that noble-hearted Greek—have you then never seen him since your meeting in prison?"

"Alas, no!" answered the baron; "and the manner in which he then took leave obliges me to fear that I shall never in this world be so happy as to see my generous benefactor again, in order to prove how deep and sincere is my gratitude."

"While there is life there is hope," said the queen; "could you have believed, three years ago, that yonder curtain, which you no doubt looked on with contempt, concealed the beautiful songstress, who was destined to be your loving wife? What should you think, if its mystic folds should once more expand, and reveal the person of your kind deliverer?"

"Your majesty is pleased to jest," said the baron with a melancholy smile.

"Let us try," said the queen, "whether it is impossible to convert this infidel;" and at her signal the curtain was again drawn up. Again he saw the altar from which a bright flame rose and illuminated, not the Austrian arms, but those of the noble house

of Reichenstein; while beneath stood the Grecian youth, his large hat slouched over his features, and leaning on his harp.

“Is it possible? my deliverer! my benefactor!” cried Reichenstein, and then rushed up to the apparition. At that moment the pilgrim’s hat fell off; the grey-coloured dress was thrown aside; and Appollonia smiling in all her wonted loveliness, while tears of joy shone in her eyes, presented to him the ring which he had given as a token to the wandering minstrel. He stood silent and confounded.

“Yes,” said the queen in a solemn voice, “she it was—your affectionate and faithful wife, whom not all the fatigues and dangers of so long a journey could deter from her undertaking, to redeem out of wretched thralldom that still beloved husband, who, too haughty to confess the injustice of which he had been guilty, had destroyed her happiness and his own.”

Reichenstein meanwhile throwing himself prostrate on the ground, and forgetting all his wonted pride, had hidden his face in the folds of her garment. Appollonia would have raised him up, but he exclaimed vehemently, though in a voice broken by his emotion—“Never more dare I lift up mine eyes to her whom I have thus injured! No penance no humiliation can atone for that guilt which now

cleaves to my conscience and of which the stain will never be effaced."

"Nay," said Appollonia, "knowst thou not that of all duties in this world, there is none more easy for true love than to forgive,—that the fond heart may indeed be wounded and broken by faults, mistrust and injuries, yet will never thus be alienated from its idol?"

So the happy couple rushed into each others embrace, forgetful of the spectators and all the world—nor was there one individual present, who did not sympathize in their emotion; even the queen herself burst into tears. Henceforward, Reichenstein cherished no other pride but that founded on possession of the most beautiful and faithful of wives. The Bassa of Belgrade's gifts might increase his worldly wealth, but not his happiness, for in the tried attachment of Appollonia, he had secured the richest of all earthly treasures; mutually placing unbounded confidence in each other, their path of life was evermore cheered by sunshine and strown with flowers.







Painted by J. M. W. Turner

Engraved by W. Simpson

THE END OF THE DAY

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO SIR THOMAS  
LAWRENCE.

By Barry Cornwall.

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LAWRENCE !—although the Muse and I have parted,  
(She to her airy heights, and I to toil,  
Not discontent, nor wroth, nor gloomy-hearted,  
Because I now must till a rugged soil,)—  
Although self-banished from the peerless Muse,  
Banish'd from Art's gay groups and blending hues,  
I still gaze on *thy* lines, where Beauty reigns,  
With pleasure which rewards mine errant pains.  
Thus, though I can no more the common page,  
With learned Milton still and Shakespeare sage  
I commune, when the labouring day is over,  
Filled with a deep delight ; like some true lover,  
Whom frowning fate may not entirely sever  
From her whose *love*, perhaps, is lost for ever !

Even now thy potent art witches my sight.  
I see thee again, (with all my old delight,)—  
With rainbows o'er thy beaming figures flung,  
Still bright, and, like Lyæus, “ ever young.”  
For thou, as Raffaele and Correggio smiled  
On beauty in the bud, and made the child  
Immortal as the man of thoughtful brow,  
By dint of their sweet power,—so dost thou.

And who, whilst those fair matchless children\* are,  
Which, with thy radiant pencil, like a star,  
Thou broughtest into light and pictured grace,  
Shall dare assign to thee a *second* place ?  
Yet,—thou so lov'st the art thou dost profess,  
(I know,) that thou would'st rather be deemed less  
Than thine own stature, so that they who first  
Gave art nobility, and burst  
Like dawn upon the world to shine and reign,  
Sole homage of mens' souls may still retain.

—With whom dost thou now commune,—night by  
night,  
When Nature, lady thine, withdraws her light,  
And even *thou* must cease to charm all time ?  
Is it with Michael and his stern-sublime ?  
With Rembrandt's riddles dark,—a “ mighty maze ? ”  
Caracci's learned lines ?—or Rubens' blaze ?  
With hoary Leonardo, great and wise ?  
With Parma's painters and their angel eyes ?  
Or Raffaëlle sent us down from out the sunny skies ?

Or, leav'st thou *these* to their immortal rest,  
Turning unto some youthful artist guest ?  
Or with some high mind or accomplished friend  
Dost thou delight the evening hours to spend  
By thine own fire, where proud shapes stand around,  
Deathless and eloquent, though without sound,—

\* The children of Mr. Calmeady.

All in the poet's dreams and fancies born,  
But wrought by *sculptor-poets* like the morn?  
Dost thou with Ottley talk, a spirit learn'd,  
In whom so long the smother'd fire has burned,—  
Who *should* have been what many hope to be,  
A painter stamp'd with immortality?  
Speak!—or is't all enough that thou canst dream  
Of ages when thyself must be the theme  
Of praise unmixed, from rival envy free,  
(If rival envy *ever* aimed at thee—)?  
—Not that all these around thee (thou the sun)  
Shall perish when their beauteous toil is done:  
For some there are whose works are wrought for time,  
For future wonder, and eternal rhyme ;—  
Good Stothard,—old, but in his youth of fame ;  
Who is, and *must* survive—a potent name !  
Chantrey,—and Flemish Wilkie,—Landseer young,  
(Whose skill hath given the very beast a tongue—  
Life—motion—till it chains the admiring eyes;)  
And Turner, famous for his Claudian skies ;  
Hilton, Dewint, (rare brothers) formed to last ;  
And Collins, with his landscapes unsurpassed ;  
Callcott, whom river gods should all adore ;  
Westall,—and Leslie,—perhaps many more,  
Who now expand their wings, and strive and hope to  
soar.

—The Great live free from envy, free from hate,  
Born or self-raised beyond that puny state

Where warfare frets the heart, and shrinks the soul,  
Which else all grandly might itself unroll  
Like morning in the east, when summer skies  
Grow bright with beauty as the darkness dies.  
Though near them wars and tempests shake the  
clime,

*They* live unvanquished through the storms of Time,  
Like the centurion oak, whose tower of grey  
Endureth age, but scarcely owns decay!  
Thus free dost *thou* live, Lawrence!—and thus free  
From hate, from wrong, envy and calumny,  
Free from the pain thou giv'st not—may thy life  
Glide onwards without taint of care, or strife!  
Meantime, with every grace, and many a friend,  
Continue still thy evening time to spend,  
Feeding on lovely scenes and lofty shapes,—  
Pondering on thoughts, while not a charm escapes,—  
Sitting 'midst all the gods whom painters own,  
Each standing on his pale and sculptured throne;—  
Sitting and sharing all:—No miser thou,  
Who hoard'st the wealth which may be useful now,  
But to the artist young and yet refined,  
Unbaring thoughts of many a master mind,—  
Tracing the learned lines,—and sweetening all  
With graceful converse, never known to pall.  
Even I, deserter from the Muse's bowers,  
Have shared with thee some pleasant, pleasant hours!  
Since when—(those winter evenings fair and few!)  
I see thy spells have raised sweet shadows new.

\*                    \*                    \*

—How long is't Lawrence, since *this*\* creature young,  
Out of thy sportive mood so bravely sprung  
Into bright life, and took his stand in joy  
With things that Time shall never dare destroy?—  
—What matter?—he is *here*, and here shall be,  
A shape to speak, in far futurity,  
Of thy rare merits to the Muse of Song,  
When I and all these rhymes have vanished long!

\* See the accompanying Engraving.

## YOUTH AND AGE.

By S. T. Coleridge, Esq.

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VERSE, a breeze mid blossoms straying,  
Where Hope clings feeding like a bee,  
Both were mine ! Life went a maying  
With Nature Hope and Poesy.

When I was young !  
When I was young ?—Ah, woful when !  
Ah, for the change 'twixt now and then !  
This house of clay not built with hands,  
This body that does me grievous wrong,  
O'er hill and dale and sounding sands,  
How lightly then it flashed along :—  
Like those trim boats, unknown of yore,  
On winding lakes and rivers wide,  
That ask no aid of sail or oar,  
That fear no spite of wind or tide !  
Nought cared this body for wind or weather,  
When youth and I lived in't together.

Flowers are lovely ; Love is flower-like,  
Friendship is a sheltering tree ;  
O the joys that come down shower like  
Of Beauty, Truth and Liberty.



Ere I was old !

Ere I was old ? Ah woful ere,  
Which tells me youth's no longer here !  
O youth for years so merry and sweet,  
'Tis known that thou and I were one,  
I'll think it but a false conceit,  
It cannot be that thou art gone !  
Thy vesper bell hath not yet toll'd,  
And thou wert, aye a masker bold.  
What strange disguise hast now put on,  
To make believe that thou art gone ?  
I see these locks in silvery slips,  
This dragging gait, this altered size ;—  
But spring tide blossoms on thy lips,  
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes !  
Life is but thought, so think I will  
That youth and I are house-mates still.

## A DAY DREAM.

By S. T. Coleridge, Esq.

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MY eyes make pictures, when they are shut :—  
I see a fountain, large and fair,  
A willow and a ruined hut,  
And thee, and me and Mary there :—  
O Mary ! make thy gentle lap our pillow !  
Bend o'er us, like a bower, my beautiful green  
willow !

A wild-rose roofs the ruined shed,  
And that and summer will agree :  
And, lo ! where Mary leans her head,  
Two dear names carved upon the tree !—  
And Mary's tears—they are not tears of sorrow,—  
Our sister and our friend will both be here to-  
morrow.

'Twas day ; but now few, large, and bright,  
The stars are round the crescent moon ;—  
And now it is a dark warm night,  
The balmiest of the month of June !

A glow-worm fall'n, and in the marge remounting  
Shines and its shadow shines, fit stars for our sweet  
fountain.

O ever—ever be thou blest !

O Asra ! dearly love I thee

This brooding warmth across my breast ;

This depth of tranquil bliss—ah, me !

Fount, tree and shed are gone, I know not whither,  
But in one quiet room we three are still together.

The shadows dance upon the wall

By the still dancing fire-flames made ;

And now they slumber moveless all !

And now they make to me deep shade !

But not from me shall this mild darkness steal thee,  
I dream thee with mine eyes, and at my heart I  
feel thee !

Thine eyelash on my cheek doth play —

'Tis Mary's hand upon my brow !

But let me check this tender lay

Which none may hear but she and thou,

Like the still hive at quiet midnight humming,

Murmur it to yourselves, ye two beloved women.



## MARIE'S GRAVE.

A TALE OF THE LANDES.

By the Author of "The Subaltern."

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It is hardly necessary to remind the reader that at the close of the Peninsular war orders were issued for the formation of an encampment in the neighbourhood of Bourdeaux, where the regiments which had been selected to reinforce Sir George Prevost in Canada, as well as to carry on hostilities along the shores of the United States, might assemble. It fell to the lot of the —— regiment of light infantry to form one of the corps appointed for the last-mentioned of these services. Having been attached to the left column of Lord Wellington's army we were stationed, when the above intelligence reached us, under the walls of Bayonne, at the distance of ten long days' march from the point of rendezvous; but we welcomed the communication with not less alacrity on that account, and

made ready, on the 14th May, 1814, to act in accordance with its tenor.

Of the particulars of our journey I am not at present called upon to give any account, farther than that in all its stages, and in every circumstance connected with it, it was most delightful. The weather chanced to be peculiarly favourable. Not a shower of rain, or a blast of wind, overtook us during the whole of our progress; and though towards noon the heat usually became more oppressive than agreeable, we managed by starting every day an hour or two before sun-rise, to escape most of the inconveniences which might have otherwise affected us. Every thing moreover, animate and inanimate which came in our way, had about it an air of exquisite novelty. The costume and personal appearance of the people, the arrangement of their houses, fields, vineyards and gardens, the order of their domestic life, were to us perfectly new, and interesting. We struck into the Landes, on the morning of the third day, and if any of my readers have happened to visit that wild district, he will doubtless attest that one more singular, or more prolific in extraordinary spectacles, has seldom been pressed by the foot of a traveller.

Amidst the huge forests of pine which overspread the whole face of this region, there are scattered at wide intervals from one another, a few villages, or rather hamlets, remarkable for their extreme beauty'

and for the air of primitive simplicity and contentment which hangs over them. They consist, for the most part, of from ten to twenty cottages, the walls of which are composed entirely of wood, and the roofs uniformly covered with straw. Each stands apart in the centre of its own neat garden and enclosure, whilst to the distance of perhaps a quarter of a mile in every direction, a circle of cultivated fields encompasses the whole. It rarely happens that a stream of limpid and excellent water is wanting in the vicinity, and a church, suited to the humble character of its simple worshippers, was a conspicuous feature in every one of the hamlets that lay along the line of our march.

The quarter-master-general had so arranged our route that we were every day enabled, after compassing a sufficient extent of ground, to encamp in the neighbourhood of one or other of these delightful villages. The inhabitants proved in all instances, as obliging, as their poverty and secluded course of existence authorised us to expect; and if the women were not always remarkable for personal beauty they were, at all events, invariably goodnatured, and lively. It happened that on one occasion I had my feelings wrought upon to a degree beyond my anticipations; and as the affair appeared at the moment worthy of being noted down, perhaps even now it may be deemed not undeserving of mention.

The night of Saturday the 21st of May, having been spent in the village of St. Muret, at two o'clock on Sunday morning, our tents were struck and we were in motion. Our route lay, as usual during the preceding week over a deep sandy track, cut through the heart of a dreary pine-wood, and our journey, on account of the absence of a convenient spot for halting, proved to be particularly tedious and fatiguing. We had traversed something more than six leagues; the hour of noon was past, and the heat had become intense, when a sort of shout uttered at the head of the column gave notice, that a resting place was in view. The shout did not deceive us. The leading files had already emerged from the wood into the customary range of open country; and in little more than half an hour afterwards our camp was pitched in one the loveliest situations which it had occupied since the commencement of our progress.

Unlike its fellow-hamlets, La Barbp the village, beside which we now halted did not stand in the midst of an extensive area of bare meadows, and low corn-fields. Meadows and corn-fields there doubtless were but their surfaces were beautifully diversified by the frequent interspersion of clumps of oaks and chesnuts; whilst numerous undulations in the ground produced a species of tasteful irregularity, which gave to the little landscape the

appearance, rather of a park, or gentleman's enclosure, than of lands portioned out into fourteen or fifteen different farms. A rivulet of the purest water issued from the forest upon the right, and flowing gently onwards, wound round the base of a green hill, upon which, about a stone's throw apart from the other buildings, was erected the village church. In the village itself I saw nothing to distinguish it from the others. It consisted as usual of wooden cottages, not one of which, in point of architecture or decorations could claim a superiority over the others. And even the very cure or vicarage, if such it deserved to be called, was nothing more than a cabin, clean and neat, indeed, but presenting the lowliest aspect.

Every body knows, that Sunday is observed in a French village as a day, not of relaxation only, but of jubilee. We therefore found the villagers in their best attire, assembled on the green or common, round which their cottages stood; and as they came forward in a body to bid us welcome, they presented upon the whole, a very striking and picturesque appearance. The men were conspicuous for their jackets of coarse brown cloth, their grey or brown breeches, blue stockings and large wooden shoes, but it was in the garb of the women that the distinction paid to Sunday might be most readily



noted. The boddice laced up with blue or scarlet ribbon; the bright scarlet petticoat, made so scanty as to display the scarlet clock which ornamented the blue stocking, these, with the handkerchief tied round the head with more than ordinary care and neatness, gave intimation that the toilette for that day always occupied much time, and particular attention. All, however, seemed to enjoy the same excellent flow of spirits, and not a few of the younger had gladly availed themselves of our band, to continue the dancing which our approach had interrupted.

As soon as the bustle of encamping came to a close, I directed my steps towards the church, with the design of joining in the devotions of these simple people, or at least, of offering up my own orisons, from within consecrated walls. In this, however, I was disappointed; the priest, it appeared, officiated at another village besides La Barbp, taking the one in the morning, and the other in the evening, alternately; and as on this day, divine service had been performed here in the morning, it would not be repeated. Though a little chagrined at this circumstance I nevertheless followed up my original design so far, as to take a hasty survey of the interior of the pile; and then proceeded to indulge a favourite whim, by strolling leisurely

through the humble cemetery by which it was surrounded.

I found the churchyard moderately studded with green mounds, but wholly devoid of head-stones or columns to tell the names of the persons who slept beneath. Wooden crosses seemed to be the only species of monument erected by the people of La Barbp to the memory of their deceased relatives, and of these, though they were almost as numerous as the graves themselves, not one bore a word or letter of inscription. Even the garlands, which throughout most parts of France it is customary for the survivors to twine over the tombs of those whom they loved, were all, with a solitary exception, wanting here. Upon one cross, and one only, hung a wreath of flowers; and though the blackened hue of the wood told a tale of exposure to more than one summer and winter, the garland was fresh and fragrant, as if gathered and arranged this very morning. I was much struck with the contrast which the condition of this grave, as compared with the others, presented, and, sitting down, was beginning to give free vent to fancy, when the noise of approaching footsteps disturbed my reverie. I looked round, and beheld, advancing towards me, a man in the common garb of the country. His age seemed to be about three or four and thirty; but in his general appearance there

was nothing at all remarkable except that an upright carriage, one empty sleeve, and a pair of monstrous mustachios, indicated that he had been a soldier, and had served in the memorable wars of his country. As he drew nearer, however, I examined him more closely, and observed, or fancied so, a peculiarly mild and even melancholy expression in his eye. Whether or not I was correct, little time was granted to consider, for he raised his hand to his hat and coming forward at once, with the freedom and frankness of his country entered with me into conversation.

"I perceive, Monsieur," said he, "that the garland upon the cross which distinguishes this grave from those around it, has attracted your attention." I assented to his remark, and proceeded to inquire whether he could give me any information respecting the individual who had suspended it there, and the person to whose memory it was consecrated. "I can indeed, sir," answered he; "I can satisfy you fully on both these heads; it was I that gathered it, it was I that wove it, and it was I that hung it here; it is a task which I religiously perform on the return of every Sunday morning, and she to whom I dedicate my weekly offerings, was the best, as she was the loveliest maiden of the province. Perhaps you may desire to learn something of her history. If you will allow me to take the privilege of a brother soldier I

can sit down beside you; and God help me, I shall derive as much satisfaction, though it be a melancholy one from relating the brief detail, as you can have from listening to it." I immediately, and with the utmost readiness, accepted his proposal, upon which the villager seated himself by my side, and began as follows :

" I am a native of this place, as from my address and dialect you have doubtless already guessed. My name is Jean Baptiste, and my father, whose only child I am, is accounted the wealthiest and most skilful cultivator in all the department. You may perceive that bating the loss of this arm (and that occurred six years ago, ought not to tell against me), I am neither worse made, nor less personally attractive than my neighbours; whilst I can appeal to all that know me, whether my temper be not as mild, and my disposition as amiable, as those of any lad in these parts."

I could not suppress a smile at this most characteristic display of French egotism. " Why Jean," said I, laughing, " I thought you were going to tell me a tale connected with the fair tenant of this grave; but you seem more disposed to instruct me concerning your own good qualities and fortunes." " Ah! Monsieur," replied he, " you may smile if you please, and say on that point what you will; but

believe me I speak the truth. Yet what availed all these advantages. Marie, the beautiful and gentle Marie, whom I loved with my whole heart, and to promote whose happiness I could have willingly sacrificed my life, would not listen to my suit. It is a fact, indeed it is, she slighted my accomplishments, undervalued my wealth, and preferred to me a poor neighbour, who had nothing to recommend him, that I, at least, could discover, except that he was of a less fair complexion, and possessed a tolerable share of bodily strength and activity. Well, well, I could not quarrel with the girl for that, nor yet forsake my friend because he supplanted me, for Lewis Charmont was my friend, and dear to me as my own soul.

“It is hardly necessary to inform you, that La Barbp has been inhabited by the ancestors of those families which inhabit it now, since the day when the good saint first planted these forests, and stayed the sands from moving. Under these circumstances you will not be surprised to learn, that we are all accustomed to regard one another as brothers and sisters, and that the poorest man amongst us is not despised or treated as an inferior, by the richest. But though this be, and has ever been the case, it is still only natural that even in our small community particular friendship should bind individuals more closely to each other, than the tie of common regard which

binds the same individuals to the whole body. Such has long been the case with the Charmonts, the Clausels, and the Baptistes. Our ancestors loved one another from the remotest period; no change in worldly circumstances ever interfered with their feelings; our parents were as if they had descended from the same stock; and we—I mean Lewis, Marie and myself—inherited their attachment.

“ Lewis Charmont was by one year only, my junior; Marie Clausel was two years younger than he. From the very cradle we were companions and playmates; nay were more,—Lewis was the brother of my adoption, and Marie was our sister. Ah! Monsieur, those were blessed days, when each holding a hand, we led the sweet girl forth towards the river, and seating her on the bank the one plied his rod and line, whilst the other chased the butterfly which she admired, or wove a wreath of wild flowers for her fair brow. But childhood passed away, and youth came, to make us acquainted with the true state of our feelings, and to teach us that we were rivals. We both loved Marie, loved her to absolute idolatry; yet we loved each other at the same time, and never, no not for an instant did a pang of angry jealousy rankle in our hearts.

“ As we approached to manhood, Lewis and I, differing widely in our propensities and pursuits became by degrees not less truly friends, but less fre-

quently companions. Lewis was agile, daring and adventurous; field sports, violent bodily exertions, especially where danger was to be surmounted or difficulties overcome, carried him away from his home, and the operations of agriculture; whereas my habits and tastes were all quiet and domestic. I cultivated my father's fields, contentedly and cheerfully, and was never so happy, as when I found leisure to dress Marie's garden, and stock it with the rarest and choicest plants within my reach. Yet for all this, she rejected my addresses: she withdrew not, indeed, from my society, but she refused to listen to my vows, and her refusal was so mildly and so affectionately pronounced that I only loved her the more because I felt my suit was hopeless. The truth is, Monsieur, that her affections were already engaged. She preferred to me, (who was continually at her side,) him who bestowed but a small portion of his time or attention upon her; but spent whole days, and sometimes nights in the woods, only that he might bring home and present to her the head of a wolf or the skin of a bear.

"In this condition affairs continued for some time. We never dreamed of concealing from each other how our affections were disposed of; on the contrary Lewis was all along aware that I loved Marie tenderly, and I was equally aware that Lewis loved her also; yet that either was preferred by her to the

other we both continued ignorant, till an accident drew forth the secret.

“ Early in the year 1808, there arrived in our village a sub-officer's party of Gendarmerie, bearing an order from the prefect of the department, to enrol four young men from the division of La Barbp, for the service of the army. Such an order, coming from such a quarter, could neither be disputed nor evaded; the names of all the villagers capable of bearing arms, were put into a cap, and that of Lewis Charmont came up. Lewis himself, naturally brave and enterprising, uttered no complaint against his fortune, but rather rejoiced, in the prospect of honor and advancement. Lewis continued as yet ignorant of the possession of Marie's affections, for though repeatedly urged, she had hitherto refused to acknowledge it, though now, however, concealment was at an end. A threatened separation effected that which years of intimacy and familiar intercourse had failed to effect; and in the bitterness of her agony she yielded a full confession. I was present when she assured him, that she lived for him and him alone; that his departure would be to her a blow which she could not survive; that she would not even desire to exist, did he abandon her. What could I do. I saw indeed that my own hopes were blighted, and that Marie's coldness sprang not from indifference, but from a positive predilec-



tion for another. But that other was my friend; Marie I still loved as before; could I be contented to behold this misery! No, Monsieur, though naturally averse to a life of bustle and contention I determined on the instant, to volunteer in Lewis's room, I did so without so much as consulting him, and was accepted.

“Not all the misery which in my quieter hours has followed up the reflection that Marie was lost to me for ever; not all the grief which was my lot when I committed her delicate form to the earth, have been able to efface the blessed recollection of the moment when with flushed cheek, and glittering eye I told her that her lover was free, and that they might thenceforth be happy together. Ah! Monsieur, that was indeed a moment of rapture, of rapture such as I shall never again experience when I heard her address me as her brother and preserver; when I felt her arms around my neck, and her warm tears upon my cheek, and received the sweetest and most rapturous kiss that the lip of woman ever bestowed! Oh! whole years of agony could not suffice to blot out the recollection of those moments; a life of pain were but a poor price to offer for their repossession! But they passed away; and I marched off, if not happy, at all events, satisfied that I had done my duty, and that there were two kind hearts which

beat in gratitude for me, whose own was little better than a blank.

“My satisfaction was, however, but of short duration. I had sojourned but a few weeks at the dépôt, when the arrival of Lewis, as one of a fresh batch of conscripts, gave proof that the sacrifice which I had made had been to no purpose. A second call for recruits, it appeared, produced a second ballot ; and the name of Lewis, as if heaven had decreed that he should not elude his destiny, was again among the number of the drawn. You may well believe that my friend for some time after his enlistment was melancholy enough, when I inform you that the very day was named which ought to have made Marie his own ; yet he recovered his spirits by degrees, applied steadily to his drill and his duty, and bore himself as proudly, and was as much admired as any man in the ranks, when the detachment began its march to join the army in Spain.

“Lewis and I were fortunate enough to be appointed to the same corps, and the same company, indeed we were comrades. We were fortunate too in being commanded by a brave and good officer ; and to fill up our measure of good luck, were sent off to serve under one of the ablest and most humane generals whom France has produced. We were ordered to Catalonia, at that time the province of the gallant and

generous St. Cyr. This happy combination of events naturally tended to make us look to the future with a less desponding gaze, and upon the past with greater resignation; we acknowledged that our lot might have been far less desirable, and we were contented.

“No particular events befel us on our journey towards the frontier. On the whole, we were treated with sufficient consideration by the inhabitants, who bestowed on us a thousand wishes for our success and safe return, and we came up with the army just as it had taken its ground, and begun to make preparations for the siege of Rosas. You are, doubtless, aware, that the defence made by the garrison of that fortress was exceedingly obstinate and gallant. Though our trenches were gradually drawn to the very crest of the glacis, and our saps penetrated the escarpment, the governor refused to surrender; nothing therefore remained but to try the fortune of an assault, and for this perilous service volunteers were invited to offer.

“The first man who presented himself on that occasion was Lewis Charmont. It was in vain that I reminded him of Marie, and of the necessity under which he lay of guarding his life, as far as circumstances would allow, for her sake. He only smiled at my remonstrance, and squeezing my hand, replied, that if he fell, Marie would honor his memory, and if he survived, he should be the more worthy of her, as

he would have acted like a brave man, and earned a medal.

“ The assault took place, and was successful. The carnage on both sides was terrible, but the town fell, and Lewis escaped unhurt. That I rejoiced at his escape you will, I am sure, believe ; yet let me be candid, I did envy him, for the first and only time in my life, when I beheld him next morning upon parade with the medal already suspended from his button. Bitterly did I upbraid myself that I had not volunteered also ; and I resolved that he should never again earn a distinction to which I should not be equally entitled ; nor was I without hope that even Rosas might be to me, as it had been to him, a theatre of renown. The citadel still held out, principally, I believe, through the exertions of your countryman, Lord Cochrane, and a few of his sailors ; and it continued for many days to withstand all our efforts. I was one of those who thrice endeavoured to storm it, and were thrice repulsed ; but the works were demolished at last by cannon shot, the English were compelled to abandon them, and we took possession of the ruins.

“ Worn out with the labours of a tedious and harassing siege, we fondly looked forward, now that the place had fallen, to the enjoyment of at least a few days of repose, but we were disappointed. The critical situation of Barcelona, at that period blockaded by the

enemy, called upon the general to make every effort for its preservation. It was by far the most important of all our possessions on that coast, for the loss of which hardly any success would have compensated ; so St. Cyr having determined that it should not change masters through any negligence on his part, made ready, without a moment's delay, to succour it. On the evening of the day which saw our flag hoisted upon the ramparts of Rosas, the order to prepare was issued, and at an early hour next morning the whole army was in motion.

“ The direct road from Rosas to Barcelona leads, you must know, under the very guns of Hostalrech, a fortified town, which was then held by a numerous Spanish garrison. Conscious that any effort to force a passage must be attended with heavy loss, and unwilling to waste time by reducing the fort, St. Cyr resolved to penetrate, as he best could, through the mountain; and having found a shepherd who professed to be acquainted with the different tracks, he took him for his guide. The man was no traitor. He conducted the column, by a difficult and circuitous route, round the hill upon which Hostalrech is built, and brought it in safety, after a perilous and fatiguing march, once more into the high road.

“ On this occasion Lewis Charmont and myself were both attached to the rear-guard. It was not very efficient in point of numbers, though the general was

pleased to say that we were all brave men, on whom he could perfectly depend; and it came not off so well as the column which it was appointed to protect. During the earlier part of the day, indeed, we, like those in front of us, went on without beholding an enemy; but about four o'clock in the afternoon we suddenly found ourselves watched by a very superior force; which, in spite of our most strenuous efforts to prevent it, succeeded in throwing itself between us and the rear of the column. For an instant we fell back, as if uncertain what course to pursue; the main body, we were well aware, would not, and could not halt to succour us, they could not even spare reinforcements to bring us off, for the defile of Trientepasos was before them, which must be passed that night or never; there was, therefore, no help to be expected from that quarter. The idea of surrendering, whilst we had arms in our hands, could not be borne for a moment; more especially as we were not ignorant that he who became a prisoner to the Spaniards was less to be envied than his comrade who fell in battle. Though they exceeded us in numbers by four to one, we resolved to fight our way through them, and either to make good our passage, or perish in the attempt.

“The Spaniards were advantageously posted on the brow of a wooded height, and galled us dreadfully, as we rushed on, with their fire, but our charge

was decisive ; for one instant they stood the shock, in the next we had pierced them. And now all was hurry and confusion ; it was our business to escape, each man as he was best able, and we were not very scrupulous as to the means. We ran as fast as weariness would permit, preserving, however, for a time an irregular line, and stopping occasionally, as a convenient space offered, to check the pursuit by our fire ; but at last even our skirmishing order was lost, and we fled and fought in files or singly, as chance or circumstances directed.

“ In this manner the tirailading continued till hardly light enough remained for us to point our muskets, when Lewis, who throughout the whole affair had kept by my side, fell to the ground. You will wonder when I tell you, that notwithstanding the situation in which we were placed, it never once occurred to me that my friend could be wounded ; I imagined that he had merely lost his footing, and I stooped down, in the careless turn of mind which such a belief was calculated to create, in order to assist him in rising. What then were my sensations when I found that he made no reply to my inquiries, and on examining him more closely, discovered that a musket ball had struck him just where the shoulder joins the neck, and passed into his vitals. My very brain swam round, yet I retained self-command sufficient to raise him in my arms, and to entreat that he

would exert his utmost strength, as the fire was fast slackening. He did so, and I led him to the rear ; but we had not proceeded a dozen paces before he exclaimed in a feeble voice, ‘ It is useless, Baptiste, I cannot proceed farther. Go, go you, save yourself for poor Marie, and leave me to die.’ I could not act thus, Monsieur ; it was not in my nature to abandon any one, more especially the friend of my heart, under these circumstances ; so partly carrying, and partly dragging, I contrived to hurry him along, till a cottage opportunely offering, I conveyed him into it. It was deserted and in ruins ; yet with a winter’s night closing rapidly in upon us, I was too thankful even for such a shelter to pass it by.

“ The firing had now ceased ; our people having made good their retreat, and the enemy fallen back to Hostalrech ; but that was a matter about which I was perfectly regardless. I thought only of my friend, for whom the plundered hut afforded no comforts, and but a very partial shelter. I laid him upon the mud floor, and tearing my handkerchief into shreds, attempted to staunch the blood which welled from his broken limb ; but all my efforts were fruitless, it flowed on in spite of them. When I looked at his countenance, too, that told me plainly enough that there was no hope ; the half-closed eye and fallen jaw, not less than the pale lip and livid cheek, warned me that Lewis was departing. Wild with my own



fears, I called upon him in the name of Marie, and of all the tender associations connected with his native village, to rally himself, and take courage; and at last, finding that he paid no heed to my adjurations, I sat down beside him in despair, buried my face in my hands, and wept aloud. The sound of my lamentation reached him even in his last moments; he looked up, and in a tone scarcely audible, exclaimed, 'Do not weep, Baptiste, do not weep, it must be thus, we must all die. Tell Marie that I fell as became me; and give her my medal, that she may occasionally look upon it, and remember me when I am gone. Tell her, likewise, that with my last breath I consigned her to you; you love her, Baptiste, that I know; and I need not add be kind to her, for to whom was my friend ever unkind? May you be happy together, and the thought that you are so——' He could not finish the sentence; no doubt he meant to say, that his spirit would look down upon our happiness with delight, but the word died upon his lips, the lips themselves ceased to move, and he was a corpse.

"Ah, Monsieur, if you have ever known what it is to witness the dissolution of a friend who was dear to you as the air which you breathed, then, and then only, will you be able to imagine what my feelings were at this moment. Alas! I could not even pay to him the last tribute of friendship; I could not lay him in a grave; but I did what I could; I took his

medal from his breast, and fetching a quantity of straw from an adjoining chamber, I spread it over him; I knelt down, too, and breathed a fervent prayer for his soul's repose; and then with swollen eyes, and a heavy heart, set out to overtake my regiment.

"I need not pursue the remainder of my story with any particular minuteness. I came up with the corps at the farther mouth of the defile, for the Spaniards, contrary to all expectation, had permitted us to thread it unmolested; and I partook of the bivouac which they had formed on the plain of Llenas. But our repose was of short continuance; the dawn had just begun to break when a heavy column showed itself in full march towards the pass; no doubt could exist as to the force which composed the column; so the drums beat to arms, and in five minutes after the army was in line.

"Of the action which ensued, and which ended in the total defeat of the Spaniards, I cannot pretend to give any account, for the cannonade had scarcely begun when a round shot struck me in the left arm, and took it off. I was carried from the field along with hundreds besides, and having suffered amputation, was removed to a crowded hospital, where, during many weeks I endured all the misery attendant upon inadequate accommodation, imperfect nursing, and scanty provisions. At last, however,

thanks to a naturally good constitution, I recovered ; and being no longer serviceable, I received my discharge, but no pension was allowed me ; I had not served long enough, it appeared, to merit one ; indeed I was left to make my way, as I best might, through the whole breadth of France, without receiving any other assistance than that which private benevolence afforded. Thus mutilated, and a beggar, I reached my home exactly ten months from the day on which I quitted it.

“ And now, Monsieur, it only remains for me to repeat the saddest portion of my story. Poor Marie had received no account of her lover since he departed, and had pined and languished after him, like a bird robbed of her young. Her health, naturally delicate, was already impaired by suspense ; how then could it be expected that she would bear up against the terrible reality ; she did not, Monsieur. I broke the matter to her as delicately as I could, but even thus she was unable to bear it ; the intelligence that Lewis was no more came upon her like a thunderbolt upon a bruised reed—it crushed her. When I strove to cheer her by making mention of her lover’s valour, her tears only flowed the faster ; and when I pulled out his medal, and gave it to her as his last bequest, it seemed as if her heart would have broken. She took it, laid it upon her bosom, and to her dying day kept it there ; nay, it was not removed from her even

in death, it is buried in her grave. No, no, Monsieur, I could not speak to one, thus afflicted, of new ties; I never told her that Lewis had bequeathed her to me. The poor stricken doe had no pasture to fly to; she lingered on for a while, and died.

“Six years and a half have passed since we laid her in the dust; she had then barely completed her twenty-first year, and the merciful God never took to himself a purer or a chaster spirit. For me, it has ever since been my chief delight to deck her grave, as you see it even now. Every Sunday I gather a fresh garland for the purpose; and as long as life remains, I will continue the practice.”

Though there was something French in this poor fellow's story, I was, upon the whole, a good deal affected by it; and deeming it not unworthy of a place in my scrap-book, I noted it down.

## THE NATIONAL NORWEGIAN SONG.

FROM S. P. WOLFF.

By W. H. Leeds.

---

LAND of our fathers thou art fair,  
To us thy sea-zoned coast is dear ;  
And dear thy rocks up-piled on high,  
Which storms and years alike defy !—  
Remains of a primeval land,  
That midst the raging tempests stand  
As mailed giants on whose brow  
Wide gleams the helmet's silver glow.

When Thor first Norway's shores beheld,  
His throne he stationed there, and dwelled  
Amidst the spirits who delight  
With cloud and storm to wage the fight.  
As through the welkin rolled his car,  
He heard them chaunt his praise afar ;  
With boding voice of awe they hailed  
The power that o'er thy foes prevailed.

'Twas here that roamed the North's brave child,  
Undaunted through the troublous wild;  
Not death could e'er his soul appal,  
But beckoned him to Odin's hall,  
Like a fair maid with Freia's face,  
Full rushing to his fond embrace,  
Whilst in his life's last throb of pain  
His lips would breathe the victor strain.

Dear to our hearts the legend lore  
Of which is thine so rich a store:  
When howls the storm the plain along,  
It seems some ancient warrior's song;  
When foams the dashing water fall,  
We hear a voice to battle call—  
The clang of arms—the glorious fray—  
The Skald's bold, courage stirring lay.

Still in thy manly sons we trace  
Old Norway's former hero-race;  
The spirit flashes from their eye,  
While toil they brave, and death defy;  
And in thy maiden's eye of blue  
Beneath young Siofna's virgin hue,  
While Ydun's ever-youthful spring  
Doth o'er their cheek its rose-tints fling.

Hail ! thou our glorious father-land !  
With pride we view thy lofty strand—  
Its summer vales and winter woods,  
Its crystal lakes, and torrent-floods.  
Unshaken by the storms that rage  
Around, it stands from age to age ;  
And rears its giant crest sublime,  
Unchanging to the end of time !

## An Address to the lost Wig of John Bell, Esquire.

By a Tyro.

---

BEFORE I yet assume the band,  
Or dare to tread on lawyer-land,  
(A rich champaign that's never bleak  
Nor bare to those who *boldly* speak ;  
Where neither cold, nor rain, nor drought  
Can ever turn the crops to nought :)—  
Before I venture on a brief,—  
Before I hang a single thief,—  
Or plunge my goose-quill into ink,—  
Or purse my mouth and *seem* to think,  
While clients stare, and rustics wonder,  
Like young pigs when they shrink from thunder,—  
I'll call on *thee*, renowned wig !  
(In self-importance justly big)  
Beneath whose ample curls men sit,  
Disfigured by thy weight of wit :—  
(For thou *still* dost the lawyer fire,  
As Phœbus' rays bards' brains inspire ;  
Making mere man thrice vast and learn'd,  
Like water into vapour turned.)—



—Spirit of wisdom, cramped and curled !  
Type of the thoughts that fill the world !  
(Tortured to every quirk and shift  
That lawyers into fortune lift :)  
What garland, wrought of barren bays ?—  
What “ order,” rich with martial rays ?—  
What knightly cross, or riband red ?  
What key,—what collar ever shed  
Such honours on man’s honoured head ?  
Vittoria’s splendours !—what are *they*  
To Eldon’s powder waxing grey ?  
What black King Charles’s black peruke ?  
What Villiers’ locks, ‘ though twice a duke’ ?  
What Malborough’s waggon-load of hair ?  
Or Lely’s loves all frizz’d and fair ?—

And thou—*Great wig* !—white—powdered—flowing  
O’er eyebrows knit and foreheads knowing,  
Upon what skull, on law intent,  
Did’st perch,—*thou*, King of wigs !—content,  
When wisest BELL, (so keen and kind)  
Left law but left no peer behind,—  
Not one so sage, and yet so meek,  
Of all the tribes that love to speak ?  
Before what jaded judge, (who sits,  
And sighs, and nods, and yawns by fits,)  
Dost thou *now* shake thy Gorgon terrors,  
Doubling some damned defendant’s errors ?

Or,—after P——'s judicial fury,  
Dost smooth some forty-shilling jury ?  
Casting thy perfumes in their noses  
The more thy brother wig opposes ?  
Or dost thou on the bench inhabit,  
Where L—— looks smug and —— says ' D—n it ?'  
From little snarling ——'s crown  
Fling'st thou thy odours half-way down  
His pigmy shape ?—From Pr—st—n's head,  
Where deep black-lettered law was bred,  
And nursed through many a patient night  
Till Lincolns Inn was filled with light ?  
Dwell'st thou with elder S—nd—rs, (well  
Mayst thou with *him* contented dwell,—  
A lawyer sound as ever saw  
When sense should sway the doubtful law) ?  
Hang'st thou on L—nd—st's lordly cheek ?  
Dost thou abide with W—lde, or P—ke,  
Both serjeants firm and fit to battle  
A cause through four old women's tattle ?  
Or hidest thou S——t's pompous air ?  
Or M——t's visage hard and square ?  
Or A——t's look 'tween scowl and smile ?  
Or ——'s face all drenched in guile ?  
Or H—ld's bold brow ? or B—s—l's grace,  
Handsomest of the lawyer race ?—  
Speak !—if thou still canst teach the tongue  
(That thing on golden hinges hung)

To speak—I'll secret be—Declare,  
 From all thy thousand mouths of hair  
 If any barrister or bencher  
*Still* from thy bounty fills his trencher?

If, on some huge block's head and shoulders,  
 Thou hang'st, the laugh of all beholders,  
 Forc'd, when thou canst inspire no more,  
 To hear the trash thou scorn'dst before,  
 Quick! leave the block (the head)—whose hum  
 Comes out as from some empty drum,  
 Which one who should be beaten beats,—  
 Where noisy nonsense, nonsense meets,—  
 Where blunders bump 'midst lawyer's quirks,—  
 And not one ounce of wisdom lurks :  
 Quick, leave the lackwit's skull all free,  
 And send the rogue to—Coventry.\*

Or,—art thou still, by human head,  
 O peerless wig! *untenanted*?  
 Hanging somewhere 'tween sea and sky,  
 Like prophets' coffin lone and high?—  
 If so, and there's a curl of hair,  
 A bunch—a look—a lock to spare,  
 Yield it to me,—to *me*, who left  
 (Like widow of her son bereft)

\* Not the town, (which would be of little service to a dunce)  
 but a learned and ingenious conveyancer of that name.

For aye, the sweet muse Poesy,  
And gave my life to law and thee !

And must I see the poet's pages  
No more ?—*ne'er* dream of bright bright-ages,  
When inspiration, like a sun,  
Came down and deathless deeds were done ?  
Farewell, then—(in Sir Blackstone's vein,  
I'll bid the muse farewell again)—  
Farewell, then, to the dangerous muse,  
Whom lawyers love yet aye abuse !  
Farewell unto the poets crowned !  
Farewell, where laurel leaves abound,—  
Thessalian Pindus !—Tempe's plains !—  
Parnassus, where Apollo reigns !  
And farewell O Castalian river !  
Upon whose fringed banks for ever  
Lie clustering still the dark-eyed daughters,  
Singing to all thy running waters  
Strange music like the Sybil's spell,—  
Farewell,—to all and each—*Farewell !*





Portrait of Mrs. J. B. B. B. B.

Engraved by J. B. B. B.

## A SIMILE, ON A LADY'S PORTRAIT.

By James Montgomery, Esq.

---

A FOUNTAIN issuing into light,  
Before a marble palace, threw  
To heaven its column, pure and bright,  
Returning thence in showers of dew ;—  
But soon a humbler course it took,  
And glid away—a nameless brook.

Flowers on its grassy margin sprang,  
Flies o'er its eddying surface play'd,  
Birds 'midst the waving branches sang,  
Flocks through the verdant meadows stray'd ;  
The weary there lay down to rest,  
And there the halcyon built her nest.

'Twas beautiful—to stand and watch  
The fountain's crystal turn to gems,  
And such resplendent colours catch,  
As though 'twere raining diadems ;  
Yet all was cold and curious art,  
That charm'd the eye, but miss'd the heart !—

Dearer to me the little stream,  
Whose unimprison'd waters run,  
Wild as the changes of a dream,  
By rock and glen, through shade and sun ;  
Its lovely links have power to bind,  
And whirl away my willing mind.

So thought I, when I saw the face,  
By happy portraiture reveal'd,  
Of one, adorn'd with every grace ;  
Her name and date from me conceal'd,  
But not her story ;—she had been  
The pride of many a splendid scene.

She cast her glory round a court,  
And frolick'd in the gayest ring,  
Where Fashion's high-born minions sport,  
Like gilded insects on the wing ;  
But thence, when love had touch'd her soul,  
To nature and to truth she stole.

From din, and pageantry, and strife,  
'Midst woods and mountains, vales and plains,  
She treads the paths of lowly life,  
Yet in affection's bosom reigns ;  
No fountain scattering diamond-showers,  
But the sweet streamlet, edged with flowers !



THE EPISTLE  
OF SERVIUS SULPICIUS TO MARCUS TULLIUS  
CICERO.

Translated by HIS MAJESTY.

---

As soon as I heard your daughter Tullia was dead, I confess I was extremely concerned, as it became me to be, at a loss which I regarded as common to us both; and if I had been with you, I should not have been wanting to you, but should have openly testified the bitterness of my grief. 'Tis true this is but a poor and miserable consolation, because those who ought to administer it, I mean our nearest friends and relations, are almost equally affected with ourselves, nor can they attempt it without shedding many a tear: so that they appear to be more in want of comfort themselves than to perform that duty to others. I resolved, however, to set down in a short letter to you such considerations as occurred to my mind, not because they can have escaped you, but because I think that your grief has hindered your attending to them. What reason is there why you should be transported by so immoderate a grief: consider how fortune has

hitherto dealt with us; consider that we have lost what ought to be dearer to us than our own offspring, our country, our credit, dignity, and all our honours. This one misfortune more, how can it increase our misery? Or what mind is there that has been subject to such distress, but must have now grown callous, and regard every thing else as of little consequence? Is it for her sake that you grieve? But how often must you have fallen into that train of thinking into which I often fall, which suggests to me that those persons are not the most unfortunate at this time who are permitted to exchange life for death? What is there now which could make her so much regret the loss of life? What affairs? what hopes? what prospects of comfort? Was it that she might pass her life with some Nobleman of high rank and qualification? And can you really think that it was in your power, deservedly honored as you are, to choose out of our present youth, a son-in-law, to whom you might safely commit a child so dear to you? Or, was it that she might bear children from whose flourishing condition she might have drawn much pleasure? Who might have enjoyed a large fortune, transmitted to them from their parents? Who might have been candidates in turn for the honors of the state; and who might have employed their liberty in the service of your friends! Alas! which of these blessings was not taken

away before she was in a condition to bestow them on others? But it is a most shocking thing to lose one's children. True, if it were not much more so to suffer and undergo what we now do. Give me leave to relate to you, what on a certain occasion afforded me some little comfort, and allow me to hope that it may have the same effect upon you. Upon my return from Asia, as I sailed from Ægina to Megara, I began attentively to view the countries that lay around me. Behind me was Ægina, before me Megara, on my right hand Piræus, on my left Corinth. These cities were at one time flourishing beyond imagination, but are now desolate and in ruins. Thus I began to ruminate with myself; alas! do we poor mortals resent it so much, if one of us dies, or is killed, whose life is of so short a date, when we see in one spot the many carcasses of so great cities lying before us? Will you not, Servius, check your grief by recollecting that you are born a man? Believe me I was not a little comforted by that thought. If you please, therefore, try the power of it on yourself. It was but lately we saw many famous men perish, a great empire declining and all the provinces in the utmost distress. And shall the death of one little woman so grievously afflict you! Who if she had not died now, must in a few years have done so; for she was born a mortal. Let me beg of you therefore, as much as is in your power, to call off your

mind from brooding over these subjects, and to turn it rather on such as are worthy of your character; consider, that she lived as long as it was desirable for her to live; that her fate was joined to that of her country, that she lived to see her father, Prætor, Consul, and Augur; had been married to youths of the greatest distinction; had enjoyed all manner of happiness: and fell at last with the republic. Upon what account can you or she complain of fortune? Above all, do not forget that you are Cicero, one who is accustomed to advise and direct others; and do not imitate bad physicians, who in the disorders of others profess that they are conversant in the art of physic, and are not able to cure themselves; but rather follow what you recommend to others and keep it constantly before your eyes. There is no grief which length of time will not diminish and soften, it is beneath you to wait for that moment, and not to master your grief, beforehand by your wisdom. But if there be any feeling in the dead, I am certain that she is very desirous that you should not wear yourself out so with grief for her sake, on account of her filial piety and affection for you. Grant this favor to her, who is now dead and to the rest of your friends and relations, who sympathise with you in your grief, grant it also to your country, that, if she be in want of your assistance, she may be able to make use of your counsel and advice. And last of all, since we are fallen into such a situation, that we

must submit to the present state of things, do not put it in the power of any one to say, that you grieve less for your daughter, than you do for the misfortunes of the country and for the victories of her enemies. It does not become me to write to you any more concerning this affair lest I should appear to distrust your prudence. Wherefore, when I have mentioned this one piece of advice, I will conclude my letter. We have seen you bear prosperity in a manner that became you, and acquire great glory from it; now let us perceive that you can bear adversity with equal fortitude, and that you are no more oppressed by it than you ought to be: lest this should appear to be the only virtue you want among so many. But as to what belongs to me, when I understand that you are a little more composed, I will inform you concerning what passes here and in what state this province is. Adieu.

*George I. 1779.*

THE EPISTLE  
OF MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO TO SERVIUS  
SULPICIUS.

Translated by his late Royal Highness THE DUKE OF  
YORK.

---

I WISH, indeed, Servius, as you write, that you had been here when this misfortune befel me; for I easily understand from the quiet the reading of your letters administered to me, how much if you had been present, you might have assisted in consoling me, and almost equally sharing in my grief; for you have not only written such things as have alleviated my grief, but have very kindly sympathized with me. However your son Servius has testified by all those services which could be rendered to me, not only how much he esteems me, but how much he thinks you will be pleased with his kindness towards me—whose good offices, though often upon pleasanter occasions, have never been more welcome to me than at this time. But it is not what you say in your letter, and the share you take in my affliction, but your authority also which has consoled me; for I think it unworthy of me not to bear my mis-

fortune, as you who are endowed with so much wisdom, think I ought to do. But I am sometimes oppressed, and can hardly resist my grief; because those comforts are wanting which were not wanting to these, whom I have proposed to myself as patterns. For both Q. Maximus, who lost his son after he had been consul, and rendered himself famous by great actions; and L. Paulus, who was deprived of two sons in the compass of seven days, as well as your Gallus and Marcus; Cato who left a son of the greatest genius and virtue, all these lived at a time when their own dignity, which they had received at the hands of the republic, was alone able to alleviate their grief. But after I had lost those ornaments which you have mentioned, and which I had with much labour obtained, this was the only comfort left me, which I am now deprived of.

My thoughts were not employed on the affairs of friends, or in the affairs of the republic. It was irksome to me to do any thing in the Forum, and I could not even bear the sight of the Senate House. I thought what was very true, that I had lost all the fruits of my industry and fortune. Yet when I reflected that these things were common to me with you and many others; and when I was forcing myself to bear these things tolerably, I had a person to whom I could fly, with whom I could be at ease, and in whose conversation and sweetness of manners I could lose all my cares and vexations. But this has opened

again all my former wounds, which appeared to be healing. For it is not now as it was then, when my family relieved my concern for the affairs of the republic; neither can I fly for consolation under my private misfortunes to the prosperity of the republic. Therefore I absent myself as well from my own house as from the forum; because my own house is not able now to console me under the grief which I receive from the republic, nor the republic under the grief which I receive from my own private affairs. Wherefore I anxiously wait for you, and am very desirous of seeing you. No greater pleasure can I now receive, than in your conversation and friendship; and I hope, and indeed have heard, that your return will soon afford me this consolation. I am desirous in truth of seeing you as soon as possible for many reasons, but particularly that we may settle together our plan of life in this conjuncture, which must be arranged according to the will of one man, who is prudent and liberal, a great friend as I conceive of yours, and no enemy of mine. Still it demands no small deliberation what measures we must take; I do not mean for acting, but for remaining quiet, with his permission and good will. Farewell.

*L. Frederick*



## THE LOVER'S INVOCATION.

IMITATED FROM AN UNPUBLISHED FRENCH POEM.

By Miss Mitford.

---

COME night, and spread thy shadowy veil

Across the still too glorious sky !

Come night, dark, silent, misty, pale,—

As best befits a lover's sigh !

Suspend the course of yonder rill

That murmurs o'er the mossy ground ;

My Julia comes—be still ! be still !

For love will fly the lightest sound.

Come night, and wrap in heaviest sleep

The guardian harsh who caused me woe,

His senses in sweet visions steep,

And laughing lies around him throw !

Oh ! be he cradled in such dreams

As poets view with waking eyes !

Prolong the soul enchanting themes,

And charm the doubt that never dies !

Come night!—For see across the green,  
Hies with quick step the timid maid—  
Hush the soft breeze that lulled the scene,  
And bid the silvery moon-beam fade!  
For she, that timorous maid, would start  
E'en at thy stars' mild lustre, night!  
List trembling to her beating heart,  
And fly the glow-worm's emerald light.



## INSCRIPTION FOR A GROTTTO.

By Horace Smith, Esq.

---

HITHER to my Grotto fly,  
To its cold and mossy seats,  
Ye who dread the summer sky,  
And the sun's meridian heats.

Here's a fount that moistly breathes  
Freshness through the vaulted gloom,  
Eglantine whose hidden wreaths  
The dim cooling air perfume.

Harboured from the care and noise  
Which have still your steps pursued,  
Here may you taste the purer joys  
Of sweet soothing solitude.

Here may maid with love untold,  
In echo's ear her tale effuse,  
Here may raptured poet hold  
Communion with the willing muse.  
Hither—hither—hither fly,  
To silence to serenity!—





Engraved by R. Smith.

## THE INFANT SHAKSPEARE.

---

By the living waterspring,  
By the grass-green fairy ring,  
Pillowed on the rathe primrose,  
Lies a boy in rich repose.  
Yet, though honey-dews of sleep  
All his crimson beauty steep—  
Though like languid lily-bands,  
Fall on earth his infant hands;  
And the veiling eyelids win  
From us all the light within;  
And, but for a passing glow,  
Sculptured stone might seem his brow.  
Yet that marble brow beneath,  
Dreams are born too strong for death;  
Thoughts, as with the stroke of lightning,  
Soul-pervading, smiting, brightning.  
Mighty visions are awake,  
That shall yet the nations shake;

In that sleeping form enshrined,  
Powers, and mysteries of mind ;  
That shall utter more than spell  
Of a more than Oracle !

Now, on his enchanted sleep,  
See the rich creations sweep ;  
Mark the lifting of his hand,  
It has grasped a fancied wand ;  
Spirits, to its waving bowed,  
Spring from earth, and fire and cloud.

Now he smiles ! a kingly pomp  
Comes with shout and silver tromp ;  
Or along the burnished waters  
Float some fairy island's daughters—  
Or, as day's empurpled smile,  
Fades on the cathedral pile ;  
Incense-winged the evening prayer,  
Rises on the dewy air.

See, the sudden writhing brow !  
See, the stealing tear below !  
From his lip has gone the word,  
Darkness from its depths is stirred ;  
And on fiery blasts are borne,  
Howling terrors, shapes forlorn.



But again the laughing lip  
Quivers with the matchless quip ;  
Wit, with diamond point and play,  
Bright for ever and for aye :  
Boy, to witch the world—arise !  
On that rose bank—SHAKSPEARE lies !

## ON A LITTLE GIRL.

By William Fraser.

---

THAT beautiful and starry brow,  
With youth and joy all splendent now—

Can it be marred by years ?

That passionless and stainless breast,  
Where innocence hath raised her nest—

Must it be racked by fears ?

That glowing cheek and sun-bright eye  
Whence laughter wings its archery—

Will it be stained with tears ?

Such is, alas ! the bitter doom  
That waits each tenant of the tomb ;—  
And how canst thou, young bud of beauty be,  
Excluded from the pale of destiny !

But years will pass nor leave behind  
One stain upon thy scraph mind—

Then, come, thou fearful age !

And fears that rack thy breast may prove  
The token sure of passionate love—

Such is love's heritage !

And tears from pity's fount will flow,  
And on the cheek full sunny glow,  
    Of joy the fond presage !  
Thy days shall onward wing their way,  
Like the month of fragrance-breathing May ;  
Or should Grief come thy beauties to enshroud  
It shall pass o'er thee like an April cloud.

## CANZONET.

By John Bird, Esq.

---

LOVE farewell!—

Fickle as fair,

Hope's fond spell

Fades into air—

Like pale leaves of autumn sighing,

All our joys are drooping,—dying!—

Love farewell!—

Fickle as fair,

Hope's fond spell

Fades into air!

Love farewell!—

Moments are dear,

When eyes tell

Parting is near—

Kindred heart to heart appealing—

Kindred glances love-vows sealing!—

Love farewell!—

Moments are dear,

When eyes tell

Parting is near!—

Love farewell!—

After soft showers,

Spring-buds swell,

Into fair flowers—

Bright o'er passing storm-clouds bending,

Rainbow hues are richly blending!—

Love farewell!

After soft showers,

Spring-buds swell,

Into fair flowers.—

## THE TWO FOUNTS.

STANZAS ADDRESSED TO A LADY ON HER RECOVERY,  
WITH UNBLEMISHED LOOKS, FROM A SEVERE  
ATTACK OF PAIN.

By S. T. Coleridge, Esq.

---

'Twas my last waking thought, How can it be,  
That thou, sweet friend, such anguish should'st  
endure?

When strait from Dreamland came a Dwarf, and he  
Could tell the cause, forsooth, and knew the cure.

Methought he fronted me with peering look,  
Fix'd on my heart; and read aloud in game,  
The loves and griefs therein, as from a book;  
And utter'd praise like one who wish'd to blame.

In every heart (quoth he) since Adam's sin,  
Two FOUNTS there are, of SUFFERING and of CHEER,  
*That* to let forth, and *this* to keep within!  
But she, whose aspect I find imaged here,

Of pleasure only will to all dispense,  
That Fount alone unlock, by no distress  
Choked or turn'd inward ; but still issue thence  
Unconquer'd cheer, persistent loveliness.

As on the driving cloud the shiny bow,  
That gracious thing made up of tears and light,  
Mid the wild rack, and rain that slants below,  
Stands smiling forth unmov'd, and freshly bright :

As though the spirits of all lovely flowers,  
Inweaving each its wreath and dewy crown,  
Or ere they sank to earth in vernal showers,  
Had built a bridge to tempt the angels down.

Ev'n so, Eliza ! on that face of thine,  
On that benignant face, whose look alone  
(The soul's translucence through her chrystal shrine !)  
Has power to soothe all anguish but thine own.

A Beauty hovers still, and ne'er takes wing  
But with a silent charm compels the stern,  
And fost'ring genius of the BITTER SPRING,  
To shrink aback, and cower upon his urn.

Who then needs wonder, if (no outlet found  
In passion, spleen, or strife,) the FOUNT OF PAIN,  
O'erflowing beats against its lovely mound,  
And in wild flashes shoots from heart to brain ?

Sleep, and the Dwarf with that unsteady gleam,  
On his rais'd lip, that aped a critic smile,  
Had pass'd: yet I, my sad thoughts to beguile,  
Lay weaving on the tissue of my dream.

Till audibly at length I cried, as though  
Thou hadst indeed been present to my eyes,  
O sweet, sweet sufferer ! if the case be so,  
I pray thee be *less* good, *less* sweet, *less* wise !

In every look a barbed arrow send,  
On those soft lips let scorn and anger live !  
Do *any* thing, rather than thus, sweet friend !  
Hoard for thyself the pain thou wilt not give !



## HALLORAN THE PEDLAR.

### AN IRISH STORY.

By the writer of the "Diary of an Ennuyée."

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"It grieves me," said an eminent poet once to me, "it grieves and humbles me to reflect how much our moral nature is in the power of circumstances. Our best faculties would remain unknown even to ourselves did not the influences of external excitement call them forth like animalculæ, which lie torpid till wakened into life by the transient sunbeam."

This is generally true. How many walk through the beaten paths of every day life, who but for the novelist's page would never weep or wonder; and who would know nothing of the passions but as they are represented in some tragedy or stage piece? not that they are incapable of high resolve and energy; but because the finer qualities have never been called forth by imperious circumstances; for while the wheels of existence roll smoothly along, the soul will continue to slumber in her vehicle like a lazy traveller.

But for the French revolution, how many hundreds—*thousands*—whose courage, fortitude and devotedness have sanctified their names, would have frittered away a frivolous, useless, or vicious life in the saloons of Paris ! We have heard of death in its most revolting forms braved by delicate females, who would have screamed at the sight of the most insignificant reptile or insect ; and men cheerfully toiling at mechanic trades for bread who had lounged away the best years of their lives at the toilettes of their mistresses. We know not of what we are capable till the trial comes ;—till it comes, perhaps, in a form which makes the strong man quail, and turns the gentler woman into a heroine.

The power of outward circumstances suddenly to awaken dormant faculties—the extraordinary influence which the mere instinct of self-preservation can exert over the mind, and the triumph of *mind* thus excited over physical weakness, were never more truly exemplified than in the story of HALLORAN THE PEDLAR.

The real circumstances of this singular case, differing essentially from the garbled and incorrect account which appeared in the newspapers some years ago, came to my knowledge in the following simple manner. My cousin George C \* \* \*, an Irish barrister of some standing, lately succeeded to his family estates by the death of a near relative ; and no sooner

did he find himself in possession of independence than, abjuring the bar, where, after twenty years of hard struggling, he was just beginning to make a figure, he set off on a tour through Italy and Greece, to forget the wrangling of courts, the contumely of attornies, and the impatience of clients. He left in my hands a mass of papers, to burn or not, as I might feel inclined: and truly the contents of his desk were no bad illustration of the character and pursuits of its owner. Here I found abstracts of cases, and on their backs copies of verses, sketches of scenery, and numerous caricatures of judges, jurymen, witnesses, and his brethren of the bar—a bundle of old briefs, and the beginnings of two tragedies; with a long list of Lord N——’s best jokes to serve his purposes as occasion might best offer. Among these heterogeneous and confused articles were a number of scraps carefully pinned together, containing notes on a certain trial, the first in which he had been retained as counsel for the crown. The intense interest with which I perused these documents, suggested the plan of throwing the whole into a connected form, and here it is for the reader’s benefit.

In the south part of the county of Kilkenny lived a poor peasant named Michael, or, as it was elegantly pronounced Mickle Reilly. He was a labourer renting a cabin and a little potatoe-ground; and

on the strength of these possessions, a robust frame which feared no fatigue, and a sanguine mind which dreaded no reverse, Reilly paid his addresses to Cathleen Bray, a young girl of his own parish, and they were married. Reilly was able, skilful, and industrious; Cathleen was the best spinner in the county, and had constant sale for her work at Kilkenny: they wanted nothing; and for the first year, as Cathleen said, "There wasn't upon the blessed earth two happier souls than themselves, for Mick was the best boy in the world, and hadn't a fault to *spake* of—barring he took the drop now and then; an' why wouldn't he?" But as it happened, poor Reilly's love of "*the drop*" was the beginning of all their misfortunes. In an evil hour he went to the Fair of Kilkenny to sell a dozen hanks of yarn of his wife's spinning, and a fat pig, the produce of which was to pay half a year's rent, and add to their little comforts. Here he met with a jovial companion, who took him into a booth, and treated him to sundry potations of whiskey; and while in his company, his pocket was picked of the money he had just received, and something more; in short, of all he possessed in the world. At that luckless moment, while maddened by his loss and heated with liquor, he fell into the company of a recruiting serjeant. The many-colored and gaily fluttering cockade in the soldier's cap shone like a rainbow of hope and promise before the

drunken eyes of Mickle Reilly, and ere morning he was enlisted into a regiment under orders for embarkation, and instantly sent off to Cork.

Distracted by the ruin he had brought upon himself, and his wife (whom he loved a thousand times better than himself) poor Reilly sent a friend to inform Cathleen of his mischance, and to assure her that on a certain day, in a week from that time, a letter would await her at the Kilkenny post-office: the same friend was commissioned to deliver her his silver watch, and a guinea out of his bounty-money. Poor Cathleen turned from the gold with horror, as the price of her husband's blood, and vowed that nothing on earth should induce her to touch it. She was not a good calculator of time and distance, and therefore rather surprised that so long a time must elapse before his letter arrived. On the appointed day she was too impatient to wait the arrival of the carrier, but set off to Kilkenny herself, a distance of ten miles: there, at the post-office, she duly found the promised letter; but it was not till she had it in her possession that she remembered she could not read: she had therefore to hasten back to consult her friend Nancy, the schoolmaster's daughter, and the best scholar in the village. Reilly's letter, on being deciphered with some difficulty even by the learned Nancy, was found to contain much of sorrow, much of repentance, and yet more

of affection: he assured her that he was far better off than he had expected or deserved; that the embarkation of the regiment to which he belonged was delayed for three weeks, and entreated her, if she could forgive him, to follow him to Cork without delay, that they might “part in love and kindness, and then come what might, he would demane himself like a man, and die asy,” which he assured her he could not do without embracing her once more.

Cathleen listened to her husband’s letter with clasped hands and drawn breath, but quiet in her nature, she gave no other signs of emotion than a few large tears which trickled slowly down her cheeks. “And will I see him again?” she exclaimed, “poor fellow! poor boy! I knew the heart of him was sore for me! and who knows Nancy dear, but they’ll let me go out with him to the foreign parts? Oh! sure they wouldn’t be so hard-hearted as to part man and wife that way!”

After a hurried consultation with her neighbours, who sympathised with her as only the poor sympathise with the poor, a letter was indited by Nancy and sent by the Kilkenny carrier that night, to inform her husband that she purposed setting off for Cork the next blessed morning, being Tuesday, and as the distance was about forty-eight miles English, she reckoned on reaching that city by Wednesday afternoon; for as she had walked to Kil-

kenny and back (about twenty miles) that same day, without feeling fatigued at all, "*to signify*," Cathleen thought there would be no doubt that she could walk to Cork in less than two days. In this sanguine calculation she was however over-ruled by her more experienced neighbours, and by their advice appointed Thursday as the day on which her husband was to expect her, "God willing."

Cathleen spent the rest of the day in making preparations for her journey: she set her cabin in order, and made a small bundle of a few articles of clothing belonging to herself and her husband. The watch and the guinea she wrapped up together and crammed into the toe of an old shoe which she deposited in the said bundle, and the next morning, at "sparrow chirp," she arose, locked her cabin door, carefully hid the key in the thatch, and with a light expecting heart commenced her long journey.

It is worthy of remark that this poor woman who was called upon to play the heroine in such a strange tragedy and under such appalling circumstances, had nothing heroic in her exterior: nothing that in the slightest degree indicated strength of nerve or superiority of intellect. Cathleen was twenty-three years of age, of a low stature, and in her form rather delicate than robust: she was of ordinary appearance; her eyes mild and dove-

like, and her whole countenance, though not absolutely deficient in intelligence, was more particularly expressive of simplicity, good temper and kindness of heart.

It was summer, about the end of June: the days were long, the weather fine, and some gentle showers rendered travelling easy and pleasant. Cathleen walked on stoutly towards Cork, and by the evening she had accomplished with occasional pauses of rest, nearly twenty-one miles. She lodged at a little inn by the road side, and the following day set forward again, but soon felt stiff with the travel of two previous days: the sun became hotter, the ways dustier; and she could not with all her endeavours get farther than Kathery, eighteen miles from Cork. The next day, unfortunately for poor Cathleen, proved hotter and more fatiguing than the preceding. The cross road lay over a wild country, consisting of low bogs and bare hills. About noon she turned aside to a rivulet bordered by a few trees, and sitting down in the shade, she bathed her swollen feet in the stream and overcome by heat, weakness, and excessive weariness she put her little bundle under her head for a pillow and sunk into a deep sleep.

On waking she perceived with dismay that the sun was declining: and on looking about, her fears were increased by the discovery that her bundle was gone. Her first thought was that the good people, (i. e.



*the fairies*) had been there and stolen it away ; but on examining farther she plainly perceived large foot-prints in the soft bank and was convinced it was the work of no unearthly marauder. Bitterly reproaching herself for her carelessness, she again set forward ; and still hoping to reach Cork that night, she toiled on and on with increasing difficulty and distress, till as the evening closed her spirits failed, she became faint, foot-sore and hungry, not having tasted any thing since the morning but a cold potatoe and a draught of buttermilk. She then looked round her in hopes of discovering some habitation, but there was none in sight except a lofty castle on a distant hill, which raising its proud turrets from amidst the plantations which surrounded it, glimmered faintly through the gathering gloom, and held out no temptation for the poor wanderer to turn in there and rest. In her despair she sat her down on a bank by the road side, and wept as she thought of her husband.

Several horsemen rode by, and one carriage and four attended by servants, who took no farther notice of her than by a passing look ; while they went on their way like the priest and the Levite in the parable, poor Cathleen dropped her head despairingly on her bosom. A faintness and torpor seemed to be stealing like a dark cloud over her senses, when the fast approaching sound of footsteps roused her attention, and turning, she saw at her side a man

whose figure though singular, she recognised immediately : it was Halloran the Pedlar.

Halloran had been known for thirty years past in all the towns and villages between Waterford and Kerry. He was very old, he himself did not know his own age ; he only remembered that he was a " tall slip of a boy " when he was one of the —— regiment of foot, and fought in America in 1778. His dress was strange, it consisted of a woollen cap, beneath which strayed a few white hairs, this was surmounted by an old military cocked hat, adorned with a few fragments of tarnished gold lace : a frieze great coat with the sleeves dangling behind, was fastened at his throat, and served to protect his box of wares which was slung at his back ; and he always carried a thick oak stick or *kippeen* in his hand. There was nothing of the infirmity of age in his appearance : his cheek though wrinkled and weather-beaten was still ruddy : his step still firm, his eyes still bright ; his jovial disposition made him a welcome guest in every cottage, and his jokes, though not equal to my Lord Norbury's, were repeated and applauded through the whole country. Halloran was returning from the fair of Kilkenny, where apparently his commercial speculations had been attended with success, as his pack was considerably diminished in size. Though he did not appear to recollect Cathleen, he addressed her in Irish, and asked her what

she did there: she related in a few words her miserable situation.

"In troth, then, my heart is sorry for ye, poor woman," he replied, compassionately; "and what will ye do?"

"An' what *can* I do?" replied Cathleen, disconsolately; "and how will I even find the ford of Ahnamoe and get across to Cork, when I don't know where I am this blessed moment?"

"Musha, then, its little ye'll get there this night," said the pedlar, shaking his head.

"Then I'll lie down here and die," said Cathleen, bursting into fresh tears.

"Die! ye wouldn't!" he exclaimed, approaching nearer; "is it to me, Peter Halloran, ye spake that word; and am I the man that would lave a faymale at this dark hour by the way side, let alone one that has the face of a friend, though I cannot remember me of your name either, for the soul of me. But what matter for that?"

"Sure, I'm Katty Reilly, of Castle Conn."

"Katty Reilly, sure enough! and so no more talk of dying; cheer up, and see, a mile farther on, isn't there Biddy Hogan's? *Was*, I mane, if the house and all isn't gone: and its there we'll get a bite and a sup, and a bed, too, please God. So lean upon my arm, ma vourneen, its strong enough yet."

So saying, the old man with an air of gallantry, half rustic, half military, assisted her in rising; and upporting her on one arm, with the other he flourished his kippeen over his head, and they trudged on together, he singing Cruiskeen lawn at the top of his voice, "just," as he said, "to put the heart into her."

After about half an hour's walking, they came to two crossways, diverging from the high road: down one of these the Pedlar turned, and in a few minutes they came in sight of a lonely house, situated at a little distance from the way-side. Above the door was a long stick projecting from the wall, at the end of which dangled a truss of straw, signifying that within there was entertainment (good or bad) for man and beast. By this time it was nearly dark, and the pedlar going up to the door, lifted the latch, expecting it to yield to his hand; but it was fastened within: he then knocked and called, but there was no answer. The building which was many times larger than an ordinary cabin had once been a manufactory, and afterwards a farm-house. One end of it was deserted, and nearly in ruins; the other end bore signs of having been at least recently inhabited. But such a dull hollow echo rung through the edifice at every knock, that it seemed the whole place was now deserted.

Cathleen began to be alarmed, and crossed her-

self, ejaculating, "O God preserve us!" But the Pedlar, who appeared well acquainted with the premises, led her round to the back part of the house, where there were some ruined out-buildings, and another low entrance. Here, raising his stout stick, he let fall such a heavy thump on the door that it cracked again; and a shrill voice from the other side demanded who was there? After a satisfactory answer, the door was slowly and cautiously opened, and the figure of a wrinkled, half famished and half naked beldam appeared, shading a rush candle with one hand. Halloran, who was of a fiery and hasty temper, began angrily: "Why, then, in the name of the great devil himself, didn't you open to us?" But he stopped suddenly, as if struck with surprise at the miserable object before him.

"Is it Biddy Hogan herself, I see!" he exclaimed, snatching the candle from her hand, and throwing the light full on her face. A moment's scrutiny seemed enough, and too much; for, giving it back hastily, he supported Cathleen into the kitchen, the old woman leading the way, and placed her on an old settle, the first seat which presented itself. When she was sufficiently recovered to look about her, Cathleen could not help feeling some alarm at finding herself in so gloomy and dreary a place. It had once been a large kitchen, or hall: at one

end was an ample chimney, such as are yet to be seen in some old country houses. The rafters were black with smoke or rottenness: the walls had been wainscoated with oak, but the greatest part had been torn down for firing. A table with three legs, a large stool, a bench in the chimney propped up with turf sods, and the seat Cathleen occupied, formed the only furniture. Every thing spoke utter misery, filth, and famine—the very “abomination of desolation.”

“And what have ye in the house, Biddy, honey?” was the Pedlar’s first question, as the old woman set down the light.

“Little enough, I’m thinking.”

“Little! Its nothing then.”

“No, not so much as a midge would eat have I in the house this blessed night, and nobody to send down to Balgowna.”

“No need of that, as our good luck would have it,” said Halloran, and pulling a wallet from under his loose coat, he drew from it a bone of cold meat, a piece of bacon, a lump of bread, and some cold potatoes. The old woman, roused by the sight of so much good cheer, began to blow up the dying embers on the hearth; put down among them the few potatoes to warm, and busied herself in making some little preparations to entertain her guests. Meantime the old Pedlar, casting from time to time an anxious

glance towards Cathleen, and now and then an encouraging word, sat down on the low stool, resting his arms on his knees.

"Times are sadly changed with ye, Biddy Hogan," said he at length, after a long silence.

"Troth, ye may say so;" she replied with a sort of groan. "Bitter bad luck have we had in this world, any how."

"And where's the man of the house? And where's the lad, Barny?"

"Where are they, is it? Where should they be? may be gone down to Ahnamoe."

"But what's come of Barny? The boy was a stout workman, and a good son, though a devil-may-care fellow, too. I remember teaching him the soldier's exercise with this very blessed stick now in my hand; and by the same token, him doubling his fist at me when he wasn't bigger than the turf-kish yonder; aye, and as long as Barney Hogan could turn a sod of turf on my lord's land, I thought his father and mother would never have wanted the bit and sup while the life was in him."

At the mention of her son, the old woman looked up a moment, but immediately hung her head again.

"Barny doesn't work for my lord now," said she.

"And what for, then?"

The old woman seemed reluctant to answer—she hesitated.

“ Ye didn’t hear, then, how he got into trouble with my lord ; and how—myself doesn’t know the rights of it—but Barny had always a bit of wild blood about him ; and since that day he’s taken to bad ways, and the ould man’s ruled by him quite entirely ; and the one’s glum and fierce like—and t’other’s bothered ; and, oh ! bitter’s the time I have twixt ’em both ! ”

While the old woman was uttering these broken complaints, she placed the eatables on the table ; and Cathleen, who was yet more faint from hunger than subdued by fatigue, was first helped by the good-natured Pedlar to the best of what was there : but, just as she was about to taste the food set before her, she chanced to see the eyes of the old woman fixed upon the morsel in her hand with such an envious and famished look, that from a sudden impulse of benevolent feeling, she instantly held it out to her. The woman started, drew back her extended hand, and gazed at her wildly.

“ What is it then ails ye ? ” said Cathleen, looking at her with wonder ; then to herself, “ hunger’s turned the wits of her, poor soul ! Take it—take it, mother,” added she aloud : “ eat, good mother ; sure there’s plenty for us all, and to spare,” and she pressed it upon her with all the kindness of her nature. The old woman eagerly seized it.

“ God reward ye,” said she, grasping Cathleen’s



hand, convulsively, and retiring to a corner, she devoured the food with almost wolfish voracity.

While they were eating, the two Hogans, father and son, came in. They had been setting snares for rabbits and game on the neighbouring hills; and evidently were both startled and displeased to find the house occupied; which, since Barney Hogan's disgrace with "my lord," had been entirely shunned by the people round about. The old man gave the pedlar a sulky welcome. The son, with a muttered curse, went and took his seat in the chimney, where, turning his back, he set himself to chop a billet of wood. The father was a lean stooping figure, "bony, and gaunt, and grim:" he was either deaf, or affected deafness. The son was a short, brawny, thickset man, with features not naturally ugly, but rendered worse than ugly by an expression of louring ferocity disgustingly blended with a sort of stupid drunken leer, the effect of habitual intoxication.

Halloran stared at them awhile with visible astonishment and indignation, but pity and sorrow for a change so lamentable, smothered the old man's wrath; and as the eatables were by this time demolished, he took from his side pocket a tin flask of whiskey, calling to the old woman to boil some water "screeching hot," that he might make what he termed "a jug of stiff punch—enough to make a cat *spake*." He offered to share it with his hosts, who did not decline drinking;

and the noggin went round to all but Cathleen, who, feverish with travelling, and, besides, disliking spirits, would not taste it. The old Pedlar, reconciled to his old acquaintances by this shew of good fellowship, began to grow merry under the influence of his whiskey-punch : he boasted of his late success in trade, shewed with exultation his almost empty pack, and taking out the only two handkerchiefs left in it, threw one to Cathleen, and the other to the old woman of the house ; then slapping his pocket in which a quantity of loose money was heard to jingle, he swore he would treat Cathleen to a good breakfast next morning ; and threw a shilling on the table, desiring the old woman would provide “ stirabout for a dozen,” and have it ready by the first light.

Cathleen listened to this rhodomontade in some alarm ; she fancied to detect certain suspicious glances between the father and son, and began to feel an indescribable dread of her company. She arose from the table, urging the Pedlar good-humouredly to retire to rest, as they intended to be up and away so early next morning : then concealing her apprehensions under an affectation of extreme fatigue and drowsiness, she desired to be shewn where she was to sleep. The old woman lighted a lanthorn, and led the way up some broken steps into a sort of loft, where she shewed her two beds standing close together ; one of these

she intimated was for the Pedlar, and the other for herself. Now Cathleen had been born and bred in an Irish cabin, where the inmates are usually lodged after a very promiscuous fashion ; our readers, therefore, will not wonder at the arrangement. Cathleen, however, required that, if possible some kind of skreen should be placed between the beds. The old hag at first replied to this request with the most disgusting impudence ; but Cathleen insisting, the beds were moved asunder, leaving a space of about two feet between them ; and after a long search a piece of old frieze was dragged out from among some rubbish, and hung up to the low rafters, so as to form a curtain or partition half way across the room. Having completed this arrangement, and wished her "a sweet sleep and a sound, and lucky dreams," the old woman put the lanthorn on the floor, for there was neither chair nor table, and left her guest to repose.

Cathleen said her prayers, only partly undressed herself, and lifting up the worn out coverlet, lay down upon the bed. In a quarter of an hour afterwards the Pedlar staggered into the room, and as he passed the foot of her bed, bid God bless her, in a low voice. He then threw himself down on his bed, and in a few minutes, as she judged by his hard and equal breathing, the old man was in a deep sleep.

All was now still in the house, but Cathleen

could not sleep. She was feverish and restless : her limbs ached, her head throbbed and burned, undefinable fears beset her fancy ; and whenever she tried to compose herself to slumber the faces of the two men she had left below flitted and glared before her eyes. A sense of heat and suffocation, accompanied by a parching thirst, came over her, caused, perhaps, by the unusual closeness of the room. This feeling of oppression increased till the very walls and rafters seemed to approach nearer and close upon her all around. Unable any longer to endure this intolerable smothering sensation, she was just about to rise and open the door or window, when she heard the whispering of voices. She lay still and listened. The latch was raised cautiously,—the door opened, and the two Hogans entered: they trod so softly that, though she saw them move before her, she heard no foot-fall. They approached the bed of Halloran, and presently she heard a dull heavy blow, and then sounds—appalling sickening sounds—as of subdued struggles and smothered agony, which convinced her that they were murdering the unfortunate Pedlar.

Cathleen listened, almost congealed with horror, but she did not swoon: her turn, she thought, must come next, though in the same instant she felt instinctively that her only chance of preservation was to counterfeit profound sleep. The murderers,

having done their work on the poor Pedlar, approached her bed, and threw the gleam of their lanthorn full on her face; she lay quite still, breathing calmly and regularly. They brought the light to her eye-lids, but they did not wink or move;—there was a pause, a terrible pause, and then a whispering;—and presently Cathleen thought she could distinguish a third voice, as of expostulation, but all in so very low a tone that though the voices were close to her she could not hear a word that was uttered. After some moments, which appeared an age of agonising suspense, the wretches withdrew, and Cathleen was left alone, and in darkness. Then, indeed, she felt as one ready to die: to use her own affecting language, “the heart within me,” said she; “melted away like water, but I was resolute not to swoon, and I *did not*. I knew that if I would preserve my life, I must keep the sense in me, and I *did*.”

Now and then she fancied she heard the murdered man move, and creep about in his bed, and this horrible conceit almost maddened her with terror: but she set herself to listen fixedly, and convinced her reason that all was still—that all was over.

She then turned her thoughts to the possibility of escape. The window first suggested itself: the faint moon-light was just struggling through its dirty and cob-webbed panes: it was very small, and Cathleen reflected, that besides the difficulty, and,

perhaps, impossibility of getting through, it must be some height from the ground: neither could she tell on which side of the house it was situated, nor in what direction to turn, supposing she reached the ground; and, above all, she was aware that the slightest noise, must cause her instant destruction. She thus resolved upon remaining quiet.

It was most fortunate that Cathleen came to this determination, for without the slightest previous sound the door again opened, and in the faint light, to which her eyes were now accustomed, she saw the head of the old woman bent forward in a listening attitude: in a few minutes the door closed, and then followed a whispering outside. She could not at first distinguish a word until the woman's sharper tones broke out, though in suppressed vehemence, with "If ye touch her life, Barny, a mother's curse go with ye! enough's done."

"She'll live, then, to hang us all," said the miscreant son.

"Sooner than that, I'd draw this knife across her throat with my own hands; and I'd do it again and again, sooner than they should touch your life, Barny, jewel: but no fear, the creature's asleep or dead already, with the fright of it."

The son then said something which Cathleen could not hear; the old woman replied,

"Hisht! I tell ye, no,—no; the ship's now in the

Cove of Cork that's to carry her over the salt seas far enough out of the way : and haven't we all she has in the world? and more, didn't she take the bit out of her own mouth to put into mine?"

The son again spoke inaudibly; and then the voices ceased, leaving Cathleen uncertain as to her fate.

Shortly after the door opened, and the father and son again entered, and carried out the body of the wretched Pedlar. They seemed to have the art of treading without noise, for though Cathleen saw them move, she could not hear a sound of a footstep. The old woman was all this time standing by her bed, and every now and then casting the light full upon her eyes; but as she remained quite still, and apparently in a deep calm sleep, they left her undisturbed, and she neither saw nor heard any more of them that night.

It ended at length—that long, long night of horror. Cathleen lay quiet till she thought the morning sufficiently advanced. She then rose, and went down into the kitchen : the old woman was lifting a pot off the fire, and nearly let it fall as Cathleen suddenly addressed her, and with an appearance of surprise and concern, asked for her friend the Pedlar, saying she had just looked into his bed, supposing he was still asleep, and to her great amazement had found it empty. The old woman replied, that he had set out at

early day-light for Mallow, having only just remembered that his business called him that way before he went to Cork. Cathleen affected great wonder and perplexity, and reminded the woman that he had promised to pay for her breakfast.

“An’ so he did, sure enough,” she replied, “and paid for it too; and by the same token did’nt I go down to Balgowna myself for the milk and the *male* before the sun was over the tree tops; and here it is for ye, ma colleen:” so saying, she placed a bowl of stirabout and some milk before Cathleen, and then sat down on the stool opposite to her, watching her intently.

Poor Cathleen! she had but little inclination to eat, and felt as if every bit would choke her: yet she continued to force down her breakfast, and apparently with the utmost éase and appetite, even to the last morsel set before her. While eating, she enquired about the husband and son, and the old woman replied, that they had started at the first burst of light to cut turf in a bog, about five miles distant.

When Cathleen had finished her breakfast, she returned the old woman many thanks for her kind treatment, and then desired to know the nearest way to Cork. The woman Hogan informed her that the distance was about seven miles, and though the usual road was by the high way from which they had



turned the preceding evening, there was a much shorter way across some fields which she pointed out. Cathleen listened attentively to her directions, and then bidding farewell with many demonstrations of gratitude, she proceeded on her fearful journey. The cool morning air, the cheerful song of the early birds, the dewy freshness of the turf, were all unnoticed and unfelt: the sense of danger was paramount, while her faculties were all alive and awake to meet it, for a feverish and unnatural strength seemed to animate her limbs. She stepped on, shortly debating with herself whether to follow the directions given by the old woman. The high road appeared the safest; on the other hand, she was aware that the slightest betrayal of mistrust would perhaps be followed by her destruction; and thus rendered brave even by the excess of her fears, she determined to take the cross path. Just as she had come to this resolution, she reached the gate which she had been directed to pass through; and without the slightest apparent hesitation, she turned in, and pursued the lonely way through the fields. Often did she fancy she heard footsteps stealthily following her, and never approached a hedge without expecting to see the murderers start up from behind it; yet she never once turned her head, nor quickened nor slackened her pace;

Like one that on a lonesome road  
Doth walk in fear and dread,  
Because he knows a frightful fiend  
Doth close behind him tread.

She had proceeded in this manner about three quarters of a mile, and approached a thick and dark grove of underwood, when she beheld seated upon the opposite stile an old woman in a red cloak. The sight of a human being made her heart throb more quickly for a moment; but on approaching nearer, with all her faculties sharpened by the sense of danger, she perceived that it was no old woman, but the younger Hogan, the murderer of Halloran, who was thus disguised. His face was partly concealed by a blue handkerchief tied round his head and under his chin, but she knew him by the peculiar and hideous expression of his eyes: yet with amazing and almost incredible self-possession, she continued to advance without manifesting the least alarm, or sign of recognition; and walking up to the pretended old woman, said in a clear voice, "The blessing of the morning on ye, good mother! a fine day for travellers like you and me!"

"A fine day," he replied, coughing and mumbling in a feigned voice, "but ye see, hugh, ugh! ye see I've walked this mornin' from the Cove of Cork, jewel, and troth I'm almost spent, and I've a bad

cowld, and a cough on me, as ye may hear," and he coughed vehemently. Cathleen made a motion to pass the stile, but the disguised old woman stretching out a great bony hand, seized her gown. Still Cathleen did not quail. "Musha, then, have ye nothing to give a poor ould woman," said the monster, in a whining, snuffling tone. "Nothing have I in this wide world," said Cathleen, quietly disengaging her gown, but without moving. "Sure its only yesterday I was robbed of all I had but the little clothes on my back, and if I hadn't met with charity from others I'd have starved by the way side by this time."

"Och ! and is there no place hereby where they would give a potatoe and a cup of cowld water to a poor old woman ready to drop on her road?"

Cathleen instantly pointed forward to the house she had just left, and recommended her to apply there. "Sure they're good, honest people, though poor enough, God help them," she continued, "and I wish ye mother, no worse luck than myself had, and that's a good friend to treat ye to a supper, aye, and a breakfast too ; there it is, ye may just see the light smoke rising like a thread over the hill, just fornent ye ; and so God speed ye !"

Cathleen turned to descend the stile as she spoke expecting to be again seized with a strong and murderous grasp ; but her enemy, secure in his disguise,

and never doubting her perfect unconsciousness, suffered her to pass unmolested.

Another half mile brought her to the top of a rising ground, within sight of the high road; she could see crowds of people on horseback and on foot, with cars and carriages passing along in one direction; for it was, though Cathleen did not then know it, the first day of the Cork Assizes. As she gazed, she wished for the wings of a bird that she might in a moment flee over the space which intervened between her and safety; for though she could clearly see the high road from the hill on which she stood, a valley of broken ground at its foot, and two wide fields still separated her from it; but with the same unfailing spirit, and at the same steady pace, she proceeded onwards: and now she had reached the middle of the last field, and a thrill of new born hope was beginning to flutter at her heart, when suddenly two men burst through the fence at the farther side of the field, and advanced towards her. One of these she thought at the first glance resembled her husband, but that it *was* her husband himself was an idea which never entered her mind. Her imagination was possessed with the one supreme idea of danger and death by murderous hands; she doubted not that these were the two Hogans in some new disguise, and silently recommending herself to God,

she steeled her heart to meet this fresh trial of her fortitude; aware, that however it might end, it *must* be the last. At this moment one of the men throwing up his arms, ran forward, shouting her name, in a voice—a dear and well known voice, in which she *could* not be deceived:—it was her husband!

The poor woman, who had hitherto supported her spirits and her self-possession, stood as if rooted to the ground, weak, motionless, and gasping for breath. A cold dew burst from every pore; her ears tingled, her heart fluttered as though it would burst from her bosom. When she attempted to call out, and raise her hand in token of recognition, the sounds died away, rattling in her throat; her arm dropped powerless at her side; and when her husband came up, and she made a last effort to spring towards him, she sank down at his feet in strong convulsions.

Reilly, much shocked at what he supposed the effect of sudden surprise, knelt down and chafed his wife's temples; his comrade ran to a neighbouring spring for water, which they sprinkled plentifully over her: when, however, she returned to life, her intellects appeared to have fled for ever, and she uttered such wild shrieks and exclamations, and talked so incoherently, that the men became exceedingly terrified, and poor Reilly himself, almost as distracted as his wife. After vainly attempting to soothe and recover her, they at length forcibly carried her

down to the inn at Balgowna, a hamlet about a mile farther on, where she remained for several hours in a state of delirium, one fit succeeding another with little intermission.

Towards evening she became more composed, and was able to give some account of the horrible events of the preceding night. It happened, opportunely, that a gentleman of fortune in the neighbourhood, and a magistrate, was riding by late that evening on his return from the Assizes at Cork, and stopped at the inn to refresh his horse. Hearing that something unusual and frightful had occurred, he alighted, and examined the woman himself, in the presence of one or two persons. Her tale appeared to him so strange and wild from the manner in which she told it, and her account of her own courage and sufferings so exceedingly incredible, that he was at first inclined to disbelieve the whole, and suspected the poor woman either of imposture or insanity. He did not, however, think proper totally to neglect her testimony, but immediately sent off information of the murder to Cork. Constables with a warrant were despatched the same night to the house of the Hogans, which they found empty, and the inmates already fled: but after a long search, the body of the wretched Halloran, and part of his property, were found concealed in a stack of old chimneys among the ruins; and this proof of

guilt was decisive. The country was instantly up; the most active search after the murderers was made by the police, assisted by all the neighbouring peasantry; and before twelve o'clock the following night, the three Hogans, father, mother, and son, had been apprehended in different places of concealment, and placed in safe custody. Meantime the Coroner's inquest having sat on the body, brought in a verdict of wilful murder.

As the Judges were then at Cork, the trial came on immediately; and from its extraordinary circumstances, excited the most intense and general interest. Among the property of poor Halloran discovered in the house, were a pair of shoes and a cap which Cathleen at once identified as belonging to herself, and Reilly's silver watch was found on the younger Hogan. When questioned how they came into his possession, he sullenly refused to answer. His mother eagerly, and as if to shield her son confessed that she was the person who had robbed Cathleen in the former part of the day, that she had gone out on the Carrick road to beg, having been left by her husband and son for two days without the means of support; and finding Cathleen asleep, she had taken away the bundle, supposing it to contain food; and did not recognise her as the same person she had robbed, till Cathleen offered her part of her supper.

The surgeon, who had been called to examine the body of Halloran, deposed to the cause of his death ;—that the old man had been first stunned by a heavy blow on the temple, and then strangled. Other witnesses deposed to the finding of the body : the previous character of the Hogans, and the circumstances attending their apprehension ; but the principal witness was Cathleen. She appeared, leaning on her husband, her face was ashy pale, and her limbs too weak for support ; yet she however, was perfectly collected, and gave her testimony with that precision, simplicity, and modesty, peculiar to her character. When she had occasion to allude to her own feelings, it was with such natural and heart-felt eloquence that the whole court was affected ; and, when she described her rencontre at the stile there was a general pressure and a breathless suspense ; and then a loud murmur of astonishment and admiration fully participated by even the bench of magistrates. The evidence was clear and conclusive ; and the jury, without retiring, gave their verdict, guilty—Death.

When the miserable wretches were asked, in the usual forms, if they had any thing to say why the awful sentence should not be passed upon them, the old man replied by a look of idiotic vacancy, and was mute—the younger Hogan answered sullenly, “ nothing :” the old woman staring wildly on her



son, tried to speak ; her lips moved, but without a sound—and she fell forward on the bar in strong fits.

At this moment Cathleen rushed from the arms of her husband, and throwing herself on her knees, with clasped hands, and cheeks streaming with tears, begged for mercy for the old woman. “ Mercy, my lord judge ! ” she exclaimed. “ Gentlemen, your honours, have mercy on her. She had mercy on me ! She only did *their* bidding. As for the bundle and all in it, I give it to her with all my soul, so it's no robbery. The grip of hunger's hard to bear ; and if she hadn't taken it then, where would I have been now ? Sure they would have killed me for the sake of the watch, and I would have been a corpse before your honours this moment. O mercy ! mercy for her ! or never will I sleep asy on this side of the grave ! ”

The judge, though much affected, was obliged to have her forcibly carried from the court, and justice took its awful course. Sentence of death was pronounced on all the prisoners ; but the woman was reprieved, and afterwards transported. The two men were executed within forty-eight hours after their conviction, on the Gallows Green. They made no public confession of their guilt, and met their fate with sullen indifference. The awful ceremony was for a moment interrupted by an incident which after-

wards furnished ample matter for wonder and speculation among the superstitious populace. It was well known that the younger Hogan had been long employed on the estate of a nobleman in the neighbourhood ; but having been concerned in the abduction of a young female, under circumstances of peculiar atrocity, which for the want of legal evidence could not be brought home to him, he was dismissed ; and, finding himself an object of general execration, he had since been skulking about the country, associating with housebreakers and other lawless and abandoned characters. At the moment the hangman was adjusting the rope round his neck, a shrill voice screamed from the midst of the crowd, “ Barny Hogan ! do ye mind Grace Power, and the last words ever she spoke to ye ? ” there was a general movement and confusion ; no one could or would tell whence the voice proceeded. The wretched man was seen to change countenance for the first time, and raising himself on tip-toe, gazed wildly round upon the multitude : but he said nothing ; and in a few minutes he was no more.

The reader may wish to know what has become of Cathleen, our *heroine*, in the true sense of the word. Her story, her sufferings, her extraordinary fortitude, and pure simplicity of character made her an object of general curiosity and interest : a subscription was raised for her, which soon amounted to a liberal sum ; they were enabled to procure Reilly’s discharge from

the army, and with a part of the money, Cathleen, who, among her other perfections, was exceedingly pious after the fashion of her creed and country, founded yearly masses for the soul of the poor Pedlar; and vowed herself to make a pilgrimage of thanksgiving to St. Gobnate's well. Mr. L. the magistrate who had first examined her in the little inn at Ballygowna, made her a munificent present; and anxious, perhaps, to offer yet farther amends for his former doubts of her veracity, he invited Reilly on very advantageous terms, to settle on his estate, where he rented a neat cabin, and a *handsome* plot of potatoe ground. There Reilly and his Cathleen were living ten years ago, with an increasing family, and in the enjoyment of much humble happiness; and there, for aught I know to the contrary, they may be living at this day.

## MORNING.

By D. L. Richardson.

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Behold glad Nature's triumph ! Lo ! the sun  
Hath burst the pall of night, and o'er the earth  
Reviving radiance scattered. Sleep hath done  
Her death-resembling reign—and thoughts have  
birth

That fill the grateful heart with sacred mirth !  
For now the spells of waking bliss abound,  
And mortals own the glory and the worth  
Of that bright boon, *existence*—all around  
Unnumbered blessings rise in every sight and sound !

The scene is steeped in beauty—and my soul  
No longer lingering in the shroud of care,  
Doth greet creation's smile. The grey clouds roll  
E'en from the mountain's peaks, and melt in air.  
The landscape looks an Eden ! who could wear  
The hues of sorrow now ? This glorious hour  
Reveals the ruling God ! The Heavens are bare,  
Each sunny stream, and blossom-mantled bower  
Breathes of pervading love, and shows the power  
That spoke him into life, hath blessed man's earthly  
dower.





THE BRIEF LOVE LETTER.

## THE ORIENTAL LOVE-LETTER.

By Mrs. Pickersgill, Authoress of Tales of the Harem.

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The Sun in parting splendor set  
On mosque, and dome, and minaret,  
And many a golden ruddy beam  
Lit up each pure and gushing stream;  
And leaves and flowers were gemm'd with dew,  
Lavished on buds of every hue,  
Which like a fair Sultana's zone,  
Or coronal of Peri shone.  
And in her own sequester'd bower,  
    Within the Harem's still retreat,  
Sitara at that lovely hour ;  
    Of Eve had chos'n her lonely seat ;  
For on embroidered couches lay'd,  
Reclin'd the pensive Moslem maid.

In vain the beauteous woodbines wound,  
Like Love's light bonds the casement round,  
Wafting their tribute of perfume  
And laughing in their roseate bloom ;  
For all neglected lay her lute  
Whose every moving strain was mute !

No longer was her buoyant song  
Borne by the southern breeze along,  
Nor flowers, nor lute, nor sparkling stream,  
Could woo her from Love's witching dream.  
Though close within her Harem bower,  
They deem'd her safe from Love's fond power,  
Yet in what deep sequester'd cell  
Will not the winged urchin dwell :  
For e'en within a flow'ry wreath  
Young Love his first fond vows may breathe ;  
And in bright emblem flowers declare,  
Joy—absence—thraldom—hope—despair !—

Perchance amidst those flowers he dwells,  
Nestling beneath the myrtle bells,  
And on its fragrance wafts a sigh  
While sunned beneath her radiant eye.  
And e'en those buds of crimson hue  
Breathe vows of love both pure and true,  
While the bright golden flowret bears,  
His ever changing hopes and fears,  
And Beauty's type, the joyous rose,  
Unfolds the soft and flattering tale,  
That her young cheek with lustre glows,  
Which makes his vaunted bloom seem pale.  
Then may not her young bosom well,  
Receive the vows those emblems tell ;  
And her dark downcast eyes reveal  
Thoughts which her tongue might else conceal ?—



And why then from the garland's pride  
Does she those simple flowers divide,  
And place them pensively apart,  
As if some chord within her heart  
Vibrated ? Know amidst their bloom

Those purple buds of absence breathe,  
Which well might shed a passing gloom

O'er her fair brow. Did not the wreath  
Of fairy hope from spring's bright bowers  
Shine in those tufts of snowy flowers,  
Which, joined with Memory's solace still,  
Shields Love's young buds from winter's chill.

## Mount Carmel.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH FROM SCRIPTURE HISTORY.

By Henry Neele, Esq.

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### PERSONS.

The High Priest of Baal.

Elijah, the Prophet.

Reuben, an Israelite.

Miriam, his sister.

Attendants on Elijah, Priests, Crowd, &c.

SCENE—Mount Carmel. TIME—near Sunset.

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REUB. Nay, sister, do not doubt;  
Our God will manifest his pow'r, and shame  
Yon bold idolaters.

MIR. I hope—yet fear,  
For they are many, and are mighty, and——

REUB. See, see, the High Priest doth approach  
the prophet.

HIGH P. Where is thy God? what eye hath ever  
gazed

Upon his face, what ear hath heard his voice?  
 If there be such an one, he loves to dwell  
 In darkness and obscurity; he fears  
 To meet the gaze of those who worship him,  
 And in his proud invisibility  
 Laughs at their lowly orisons. Not such  
 Is he whom we adore. Behold him there!

[*Pointing to the Sun.*

Baal, the great, the bright, the wonderful—  
 See how he traverses the boundless heav'n,  
 The azure palace of his sov'reignty;  
 Answering our pray'rs with treasures of rich light,  
 Bidding the world, on which we dwell, bring forth  
 Herbs, fruits, and flowers, to gladden and support  
 His worshippers. From morn to eve, his eye  
 With an untiring love is fixed on us,  
 And when our feeble senses seek repose  
 Then doth he kindly veil his burning beams,  
 And bid his silver regent bathe our lids  
 In a pure flood of milder—gentler light,  
 While sweet dreams glad our spirits, or deep sleep  
 Rocks them to rest unbroken.

MIR.

Look, my brother—

Reuben, it is indeed a glorious orb!  
 How like a God he walks the fields of heav'n,  
 Brother, I fear that he whom we adore  
 Is not so great as he.

REUB.                      Peace, doubting girl,  
The holy prophet speaks.

ELIJAH.                      Fond impious man  
My God is every where—is seen and heard  
In all created things. I see his pow'r  
And majesty in that resplendent orb  
The work of his own hand, which ye adore  
In ignorance and sin; on which I gaze  
With wonder and with humble thankfulness.  
I see his wrath and terror in the blind  
Cold unbelief which he permits to seal  
Your senses and your hearts; and I shall soon  
Behold his goodness and his love to those,  
Who keep their faith unspotted and unchanged,  
When, at my pray'r, his fire from heav'n shall kindle  
The off'ring which I place upon his shrine.  
But wherefore linger ye? Did ye not say  
That ye and I should each unto our Gods  
Raise altars and bring off'rings; and whose God  
Answer'd by fire from heav'n, should be acknowledg'd  
The Lord above all Lords, and God indeed?  
Have you not call'd upon your God since noon  
And has he answer'd? Is not his bright orb  
Fast sinking in the west, and will he not  
Soon beam his last farewell? 'Tis now my turn  
To try the pow'r and goodness of the God  
Whom I adore.

HIGH P.        Not yet, for Baal is angry,  
At our imperfect rites, and he requires  
To be again invok'd.

CROWD.        Baal requires  
To be again invok'd.

*[Here the priests of Baal range themselves in a circle round his altar, and chant the following incantation, dancing round the altar at the end of each stanza, and cutting themselves with knives and lancets as they chant the last.]*

From thy bright throne bow thine ear,  
Baal, Baal, hear us, hear !  
Thou who mak'st the rosy day,  
Thou who lend'st the lunar ray,  
Thou at whom the stars grow pale,  
Thou who gildest mount and vale,  
From thy bright throne, bow thine ear,  
Baal, Baal, hear us, hear !

Thou to whom the highest heav'n  
For thy throne of pow'r is giv'n ;  
Thou who mak'st the mighty sea,  
The mirror of thy brightness be ;  
Thou who bidd'st th' else barren earth  
Give wealth, and food, and beauty birth ;  
From thy bright throne bow thine ear  
Baal, Baal, hear us, hear !

Now thy altar we array;  
Now the sacrifice we slay,  
Now his bleeding limbs recline,  
Offerings on thy hallow'd shrine;  
Now with lancet and with knife  
We ope our own warm tides of life;  
From thy bright throne, bow thine ear,  
Baal, Baal, hear us, hear !

[*During this invocation, the sun gradually declines, and  
sinks beneath the horizon.*]

HIGH P. Woe ! woe ! woe !  
Leave us not, Baal, leave us not unanswered—  
Unanswered, and in darkness.

CROWD. Woe ! woe ! woe !  
Leave us not, Baal.

ELIJAH. Aye ! howl on, howl on,  
And call upon your God. Will he not answer ?  
Sleeps he, or is he weary, or departed  
On some far journey that he hears you not ?  
Are ye not here, four hundred priests of Baal,  
And yet your many voices cannot pierce  
His dull cold ear ;—how therefore can I hope,  
Jehovah's one poor prophet, that with these  
My few attendants, I can make him bow  
His ear to my complaints. Yet I'll essay it.

Now do ye (*to his attendants*) what I bid perform,  
and answer

The questions I propound.

Let twelve stones, the numbers tell

Of the tribes of Israel ;

Build with them an altar straight

To our God, the good, the great ;

Quickly answer every one ;

Is it done ?

ATTEN. 'Tis done, 'tis done.

ELIJAH. Dig a trench the altar round ;

On the altar be there found

Piles of wood ; the bullock slay—

And on the wood his carcase lay,

In bleeding fragments, one by one ;

Is it done ?

ATTEN. 'Tis done, 'tis done.

ELIJAH. Fill four barrels from the rill

That streams down Carmel's holy hill ;

Pour the water once, twice, thrice,

On the wood and sacrifice,

'Till the trenches overrun ;

Is it done ?

ATTEN. 'Tis done, 'tis done.

ELIJAH. Then now, most righteous God, what  
wait we for !

In humbleness, and reverence have we set

Our offerings on thy altar. Oh ! send down  
 Thy fire from heaven to kindle and accept them,  
 So shall thy inward fire shine in the hearts  
 Of Israel (gone astray, lost in the night  
 Of dark idolatry), and they shall know  
 That thou art Lord of Lords, the God of heaven.

*[The whole scene becomes suddenly illuminated, and  
 a flame, descending on the altar, consumes the  
 sacrifice, and dries up the water in the trenches.]*

MIR. Wonderful—wonderful ! Jehovah, thou  
 Art God indeed : thou art the Lord of Lords !

CROWD. Sing, sing Jehovah's praise, for he is God ;  
 He is the Lord of Lords, who reigns in heaven !

REUB. See, see, heaven opens, and the sacred fire  
 Consumes the offering ; it is as though  
 God stretched his own right arm down to the earth  
 To accept the service of his worshippers.

ELIJAH. The trenches are dried up. The fire  
 returns  
 Into its native heaven. That last red streak  
 Just glimmers faintly in the west—and now  
 'Tis gone—'tis past—and hark ! that fearful peal !

*[Thunder is heard.]*

It is Jehovah speaks, answer him. Say  
 “ Thou—thou—art Lord of Lords, the God of  
 heaven.”



MIR. Wonderful—wonderful ! Jehovah thou  
Art God indeed : thou art the Lord of Lords !

CROWD. Sing, sing Jehovah's praise for he is God :  
He is the Lord of Lords who reigns in heaven !

HIGH P. Away ! away ! The Evil One prevails,  
The foe of Baal.

*[Elijah and the crowd kneel before the altar. The  
Priests of Baal rush out tumultuously. The  
scene closes.]*

## SKETCH FROM LIFE,

### A SENTIMENTAL STORY.

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Qui que tu sois, voici ton maître,  
Il l'est, le fut, ou le doit être.

---

“THERE is no faith in woman!” I exclaimed to myself the other morning, and I repeated it thrice with increasing emphasis.

“There is no faith in woman.—And what woman has taught you to think so?” said a soft voice near me.

I started, for I had most unconsciously been uttering my thoughts aloud, while leaning on the back of my cousin Agatha’s couch, with my eyes resting on the sheet of music paper which lay before her. I coloured as her glance met mine. “Nay—is it not true?” said I.

“Nay,” she repeated—“I will not be answered by a nay!—cousin Henry.”

“But my dear cousin—my dear Agatha”—cried I, “you are a woman, and a beautiful woman—you can be no judge.”

“ And supposing I admit it,” said Agatha, smiling, “ what has my beauty to do with either my womanhood, or my judgment ?”

“ There you may answer it yourself—what woman can judge of her sex’s failings!—what beautiful woman can deal fairly by a sister beauty ?”

“ Is this all ?” replied she, “ Then you have learned to libel us merely from the cant of the day !”

“ It is the cant of ages,” said I.

“ Surely not !—the cant of the careless and the unmeaning—but not where there is a heart and head to think, and to feel—no, my dear cousin, do not repeat it. There is both trust and truth in woman.”

“ Agatha,” said I, “ why have you never married ?”

“ Harry,” returned she, “ why have you this ill opinion of our sex ?”

“ Pshaw ! but with your beauty, and your wit, and your fortune and consequence”—

“ Tell me—why do you quarrel with us ?”—  
“ Harry,” continued my cousin, interrupting me with more earnestness, “ we must not let our own individual disappointments disgust us with the world at large—search well, and we shall discover our injustice—besides, let us be content though we meet but one faithful heart amidst a crowd of treachery.”

“ And how shall we find it ? Where shall we meet with this faithful heart in woman ? No, Agatha,”

cried I, "you mistake the character of woman—you do not know her—you cannot know her—you, who must always be every way above the rest of your sex, and as different as inimitable!"

She was silent, she was even grave for a moment or two, and the shade of thought in the expression of her bland and beautiful countenance seemed almost as if it grew into sadness. She looked at me with a smile, "Cousin," said she, "tell me your history? you have been unfortunate;" and she pointed with her small and snow white hand to the vacant seat beside her on the sofa.

There was a gentleness, a delicacy, and a tenderness in my cousin Agatha's disposition which gave a charm to her slightest action. It was a gracefulness of character which seemed to have inspired the gracefulness of her person and her every motion, though it was a something beyond grace which made her tone of feeling, both in gaiety and sorrow, irresistible. I seated myself beside her on the sofa, and did as she had bid me. "I have been in love," said I, "it is my whole history."

"And what then?" she enquired, "was your mistress unfaithful?"

"I have told you all in one word—woman and infidelity go together!" I paused for some minutes, and when I spoke again I had obtained more self-possession.

“ When I first went abroad,” said I, “ I spent some time at Florence. The fashionable lounge was the picture-gallery, and there was I a daily visitor ; but I went thither really to gratify my passion for paintings, and not to gaze, and be gazed at by the company. One morning while I was standing as usual before my favorite study, I was startled by some one tapping me lightly on the shoulder, I suddenly turned round—it was a lady, and one of the most beautiful of earth’s creatures ; but her look and attitude were even more striking than her countenance and figure. She was, in a manner, stealing a glance into my face, with such a curiosity, and interest, and earnestness, blended with such a fanciful coquetry and intelligence in her expression as amazed me. She enjoyed my surprise and admiration for about half a second, and then with the most natural negligence in the world, pointed gracefully with the hand which still rested on my arm, to the ground. It was her handkerchief that had fallen at my feet, and I instantly stooped, and raised it. She stretched out her hand to receive it, before I had even time to present it to her, nodded her head half with the air of a pleased child, half with the air of a woman of fashion, and then folding her arms in her drapery round her, resumed her contemplation of the painting before us, which this little accident seemed to have disturbed. I stood with my eyes fastened on

her, wondering who this enthralling creature could be. She had that decided air of fashion which there is no mistaking, and a certain air much superior to it; but there was a something so whimsical in her style of dress, and in her style of appearance altogether, to make me feel uncertain what to think of her.

“Just as I was looking round to enquire her name of some bystander, she turned and addressed me; I forget now what it was she said to me, something about my favourite painting, or my general fondness for pictures; whatever it might be, I was so much a novice in fashion as to feel uncomfortable at her speaking to me. I remember, however, that though her words were select, her manner struck me as common-place; she, moreover, seemed to me a coquette, and I immediately concluded that she must be marked by all the silliness of her class. In appearance she might have been about two or three and twenty, but I suspect she was more, perhaps from my own inexperience, for she struck me as being *usée* to the ways of the world. It was evident that she was aware of the admiration which she had elicited, that she had expected it, and was therefore pleased with it, and meant to excite a little more. No one but a boy, probably no one but such a boy as I, would have been seized with these reflexions at the moment that she was soliciting my attention; but very young men, and young men

unaccustomed to general society, are naturally more alive to what is real and what is affected in character than those of older and better acquaintance with life, but whose very acquaintance has served to trammel them into its manœuvres and intricacies.

“ She turned away after some minutes, and joined her party a few paces off. My eye followed them as they moved up the gallery ; she shone always conspicuous among the throng of gentlemen who gathered as she went, around her, in clustering numbers while now pausing for a second in a picturesque attitude to examine a painting—now breaking on my ear in tones of exaggerated feeling either of horror or of extasy—now partaking with faint effort in the casual vivacity of her attending bevy, or leading with startling violence a sudden laugh. I believe I had just then a rage for simplicity, for even her charms disgusted me. She was an English-woman too, and I had just been commenting, perhaps, with ungrateful sarcasm, on the freedom of Florentine manners. At the upper end of the gallery I lost sight of her, and when I looked around me I found that the crowd had followed her—there was not a creature near me.

“ Do you not know her ?” said some one whom I had approached on purpose to question. “ It is the honourable Mrs. Beauvilliers, the celebrated Mrs. Beauvilliers, she was the greatest beauty of the day

or of any day, and she never comes here without making a sensation ; by the way, she means to have you in her train I fancy, for I saw her cast her eyes on you the moment she entered the room."

" It is incredible how even the turn of a phrase can affect us. These few last words had realised all my own thoughts with regard to Mrs. Beauvilliers.

" What then," said I, " she's a coquette ?"

" By no means," cried the other, " only a little addicted to Platonic love and fashionable admirers. She has us all fast here, we all wear her colours. Though, *par parenthese*, I thought her a little gone by this morning, these beauties never know when to give up, unless we give them up."

" Come," said he, " I'll introduce you."

" Pardon me," answered I, " I know her perfectly already."

" I saw Mrs. Beauvilliers again, it was at a ball that very evening. She had just withdrawn a little out of the circle of waltzers, and was leaning against a pillar changing her white satin slippers. One gentleman stood beside her busied in receiving the discarded pair ; another proffered the fresh ones ; and the third, her fortunate partner, with one knee on the ground, supported her delicate feet by turns on the other and fastened the sandals.

" How old is she ?" asked I, " for I felt quite a curiosity to discover."



"Lord," answered the person next me, "I have known her culling hearts these fifty years!"

'She could not be fifty, though she had certainly worn better than any person I know; even when near I could not have supposed her past thirty.

"I can scarcely say how much I dislike this description of character. It revolted against all my notions of feminine propriety; that sensitive dignity of woman's peculiar nature! It offended all my most respectable feelings towards the sex, and I remember I stood aloof during the evening from Mrs. Beauvilliers, boyishly abashed at her frivolous familiarity of manners. I left Florence soon after, but I carried some of her impressions along with me. She spoiled me for the next twelvemonth. I had never before been vain of my personal qualifications, but it was not easy to forget that they had not been absolutely unattractive. This was all that dwelt with me, and some years of after life passed on the continent, though they may have habituated me to the looseness of its decorum, have never destroyed my esteem for all that is beautiful in purity!"

I stopped for I felt that I was considerably agitated and my silence was of some duration.

"You will proceed Harry?" said my cousin gently, "for your story is both interesting and instructive."

"Yes," answered I, "but it is somewhat diffi-

cult!" and I still hesitated. "You should have seen her," I exclaimed at length, abruptly. "You should have known her, though she was scarcely handsome—I will only half name her to you, Agatha, as I have named her to herself in the last days of our acquaintance—Gabriella."

"It is just about three years since we first met; I remember it well, for even then it was to me a circumstance of importance. I was introduced to her in a private concert room just as her carriage was announced—she had been standing near the doorway, and I was the last person she bowed to as she left the room. I remember it was near the end of the season. She was the fashion in London, but I had never admired her. I had heard her talked of as beautiful, but I had never thought her so. She was striking, but it was an air of fashion more than either beauty or grace in her appearance. I liked her reception of me; I had always allowed her to be a fine woman, and I found something extremely agreeable in her countenance when she spoke, and extreme good nature in her general manner. She rather interested me than otherwise, though she had only just stayed to receive my bow, and observe to me "that she was going," as she went out.

"She had quitted town for the country before I could see her again, and not long after I followed her thither. I forget now who it was that invited me; I

think it was some connexion of the family, whose employment was to furnish the table with guests, and the guests with society. Gabriella's husband was of a rude description of men ; he was seldom to be seen in the house but at dinner, and at dinner he liked to have plenty of people to talk to, and to listen to him. If his could be called society, at table they had his society, but otherwise these general chance kind of guests were but little attended to. I should scarcely have availed myself, however, of this manner of admittance to hospitality, had I not been rather forced into calling on them on my accidentally meeting some of the party in the neighbourhood.

“ Agatha,” cried I, “ I scarcely know why I repeat these details, for it is uneasy for me to recal the memory of our first acquaintance !

“ If you had known her you would have pardoned the madness of my love—had you known Gabriella you would have wept for the cruelty of her caprice ! Her spirit of coquetry was indeed untamed, untameable. She pursued her victim with unwearyed skill ; flung with captivating ingenuity her whole heart into his service ; wound her graceful toils around his existence, and urged on with irresistible persuasion the tortures of that grief which she contemplated with remorseless and insatiable ambition. How I tried to leave her, how I tried to escape from the influence of her fascinations, it seems of little pur-

pose now to tell. I did *not* leave her, and Gabriella's smiles returned. She could weep too, and at times I have seen a starting tear bedew her cheek. But why should I instruct you in all the arts and all the expedients of her most reprehensible coquetry ; it was as restless as extravagant. She had probably never loved her husband, and esteem was what she could bestow on none. She was incapable of friendship ; her heart had been framed to sentiment, she had no steadiness in her nature to persevere in her affections. Her husband was little calculated to excite either, and to Gabriella he was peculiarly unsuited. They seldom met, but no appearance of unharmony subsisted between them. I have known her consult him on a matter of duty, and him leave to her the choice of the inscriptions on his dog-collars. He never interfered with her, but he was sometimes glad to have her look well when she sat at the head of his table.

“ Her appearance had never been the lure which attracted me ; and her appearance was then, in my opinion, by much her least qualification. Yet she possessed a large share of the essentials which constitute beauty : her outline of feature was good, and her complexion must once have been brilliant. At times it was still beautiful, for Gabriella was no longer quite what is called a very young woman when I knew her.

“ She had the address to turn this want of admiration to her person on my part, into her most absolute attraction. Her charm consisted in her undeviating amiability of manner; in her apparent forbearance of disposition; in her constant propriety of temper; in her implicit obedience to the caprices of her admirer, and her seeming readiness of obedience to any exertion of authority, from the man whom she had received as a husband. I love to dwell on this part of her character; I would cling to the thought that she might once have deserved better; that she was not all that she appeared to me when we last met and parted—a heartless, practised, unblushing and unprincipled coquette !

“ We have periods of feeling when it requires but a little to open our eyes to the real disposition of matters carried on around us; and once awakened, it is astonishing how quickly we grow in wisdom. It must be always impossible in these after moments to trace the many, various, almost imperceptible accidents that may have occurred to bring us acquainted with the delusions practised on us—perhaps which we have ourselves too readily indulged. To you, it will be difficult to comprehend from how slight a circumstance my impressions of Gabriella’s character were first startled into a more sober reflexion on her behaviour.

“ I had been staggered by a sentiment, and it

seemed to me a profligate sentiment. We were talking on the freedom of Italian manners, more especially that of the women, and she was expatiating on them with considerable eagerness. I remember she used the words, "the *luxury* of their independence, their perfect want of all control, all form—odious form!" And she threw her eyes up to Heaven as she spoke. She had beautiful eyes, but this time their appeal seemed to me out of place. She threw them on *me*, but they did not move me, and she yielded her opinion as she always did, only with less hesitation than was usual with her, for me to be as usual satisfied with my victory. I was peculiarly sensitive on this one point—the delicacy of a woman's deportment; and Gabriella's *manner* had sometimes disturbed me. I had sometimes wondered at her self-possession too, only that to me she was never self-possessed. She had often turned off an uncomfortable sentence with a gay laugh, which has covered me with confusion and offence, and I have felt that I should yet have been more at ease had she been less so.

"I was silent for some time after, and thoughtful, and Gabriella tried to woo me into better company. She was seldom unsuccessful, and insensibly we grew into conversation again. One or two of the rest of the company joined us, and we gathered into a little circle round her sofa.

“ The discourse turned on manners, but this time it was on English manners. A gentleman present, and who, by the way, was rather a celebrated traveller, just rising, or risen into fame and fashion, observed that in no country in the world did there exist such perfect domestic and conjugal happiness as in England—such an entire confidence between husband and wife—such a perfect union both of heart and mind—

“ Gabriella assented cordially, and applauded the feeling with warmth. I had turned away, and when I looked again I found that her eyes were bent on the traveller.

“ Where—in what other country,” pursued he, “ do we find such an agreeable social intercourse to prevail between a man and his wife. Even in the highest walks of life there is visible such an exquisite and charming familiarity. To take a fanciful view of the subject, for instance, that one little circumstance of calling each other by the mere Christian name abbreviated, as we hear it too, in every possible way, by people of the first fashion, speaks volumes.”

“ Poor Mama!” exclaimed Gabriella, “ I remember Mama always called poor Papa, Beau !”

“ Who was your mother ?” said I.

“ “ Heavens!” cried she, “ Dont you know ? the beautiful Mrs. Beauvilliers. ‘ La bella bellissima,’

as she was called in Italy ! I was in mourning for her when I first saw *you*. Have you never seen the beautiful miniature of Mama in my room ?”

“ I have seen the original,” answered I, “ in the picture gallery at Florence.”

“ Whether it was the tone of my voice, for I felt that it was altered, or the expression of my countenance, for I was crimsoned to the temples, that struck Gabriella, I know not—but she changed the conversation. For my part I had relapsed into my silence, and I slunk away. Gabriella the daughter of Mrs. Beauvilliers !

“ “ Why have you never told me that you had been at Florence ?” said she next morning when we were alone. “ How odd ! we must have been there together, and we were strangers !”

“ I knew your mother,” said I.

“ “ Poor Mama ! Heavens ! how beautiful she must have been. But did you absolutely know her. I thought I had known the whole circle of Mama’s admirers.”

“ But why need I go on. It was, perhaps, fortunate for me that I could never separate the connexion between Mrs. Beauvilliers and Gabriella. The early impression of her mother which had been left so strongly on my mind, could not be effaced by any recurrence to the daughter. I could never think on Gabriella without recalling to my recollection Mrs.



Beauvilliers in the picture gallery, or in the ball-room at Florence. However disguised might be their manner, their conduct was too similar to bear comparison. From the suddenness with which the veil of my illusion fell from before my eyes almost from that very hour it would seem now as if I had been influenced by prejudice. But no, it was Gabriella's self that cast it from me. True, my knowledge of her mother's character had given me an insight into the character of the daughter. It had made me think, and thought was destruction to Gabriella. Her behaviour could not bear investigation—her character still less so. It was not the shock of Mrs. Beauvilliers as a mother that had disturbed me, it was the dread of Mrs. Beauvilliers as a model for too apt a representation; and what as the folly of a foolish woman would have passed without other reproach, grew criminal in the more gifted intellect of her daughter.

“ Gabriella's defence was powerless. The dream which had wrapped my senses gave way gradually but quickly, as the imperfect light that had first dawned on me broke into open day. Her struggles to retain her victim became only the more reprehensible, her real grief at his escape only the greater earnest of the selfish, frivolous vanity which had induced his capture. Her powers of complete self-interest and indifference to all beside were indeed

wonderful! With a voice, a look, a gesture, still pleading with well feigned motive for delay, she turned without a moment lost to lament her failure, from the resolute departure of the one lover, to play with unabated assiduity the same game over again with another.

“My last glimpse of her, as my chaise rolled rapidly away, showed her turning from the entrance door into the little walk that leads to her flower-garden, leaning on the arm of the traveller.

“But to the end, mistress of her art, she has left me without a doubt of her unworthiness still to regret in bitter hopelessness the peace of mind that she has broken for ever.”

I rose as I concluded, and walked to the window; for it was a moment of weakness over which I had no control. But the effort was not sufficient, and I buried my face in my hands.

I was roused by my cousin's gentle voice, and she laid her soft white hand upon my arm. “Harry,” said she, “if I may trust this moment's sorrow, your peace of mind—it is not broken for ever.”

“Agatha,” said I, “it is not to such as you that I should betray the secrets of a weak and miserable passion. It is not with such as you that I should contemplate the frailties of an erring sex; but I cannot forget that such a fair creation has been created to so little good.”

“I regret it with you—but I have seen Gabriella,” she continued, “I have known her—she was unworthy of you—yet her troth was plighted to another, she could break none with you.”

“Good God! What other!”

“And do you then,” said Agatha, gravely, “think so lightly of the duties of a wife. Believe me it is the highest station which the heart, or the ambition of woman should aspire to. She is charged with the dearest interests of one more responsible in life than herself—his most tender dignity is confided to her care, and if she break her trust, if she be wanting but in the smallest portion of this silent bond, she violates the most solemn engagement of her life, and is forsworn before God and man in the vows which she has taken upon her in the presence of both?” She stopped, and coloured at her own eloquence. “Harry,” said she, “What do you regret? your peace of mind? Let it return to you—let not the caprices of an ill-guided woman weigh upon you. There are some thanks due for the return to a duty from which you should never have wandered.”

“I am grateful,” said I, “as grateful as I can be. I feel that it is beneath me to dwell thus on the memory of such a woman. But when you have loved, Agatha, you will forgive a weakness, which, like an early deep-rooted disease, still continues to sting me with poignancy, in utter defiance of the leech’s

utmost skill. Oh, Agatha—dear Agatha—you have never—never loved——”

The expression of her countenance caught my attention just then, but she was silent.

“Have you ever loved,” cried I, forgetting at the moment all else but what was belonging to my cousin Agatha. She smiled, but her smile was followed by a sigh.

A strange feeling came over me, and I caught her hand. I scarcely know what I said, but it was not of Gabriella that I spoke or thought. There was a slight flutter visible in her countenance when I began, but she listened to me with mildness; then with a gentle shake of her head she extricated her hand, and glided from the window.

## BEAU LEVERTON.

“ Seeking the Bubble Reputation.”

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WE once—it is now some years ago—enjoyed the pleasure of meeting the celebrated “ *Beau Leverton*.” As every thing which relates to him “ belongs”—as writers say, “ to history,” we shall indulge ourselves with putting our recollections upon record. We respect a beau of the first brilliancy; and wonder at his appearance, as at that of an aloe. He is perhaps even a rarer marvel.

Here, however, let us caution the reader. We would not be understood as paying implicit homage to the stuffed figures which move in procession down Bond and St. James’s Streets, kept upright solely by the aid of staymakers and tailors. On the contrary, we hold *them* to be of precisely the same advantage in a commonwealth, as the less ostentatious shapes which keep watch in country gardens, as perpetual centinels over the peas and currants. But Leverton was not one of this small-witted genus. He was originally intended for something even higher than what he became. Fate however threw him into

the sty of Circe, and he grew like Bottom, 'transformed.'—Nevertheless, let us still do him justice. He was a man of a shrewd turn of mind; too idle to emancipate himself from the thrall of fashion, but laughing down with ineffable contempt the pretensions of the small fry around him. He saw far into character, and sometimes made it subservient to his purposes. He had flashes (scintillations) of wit, which brightened and became more frequent in melancholy hours, as the electric fluid is seen more clearly in a storm. He told a story well,—laughed in the right place,—drew out the follies of his neighbours with a fine, humorous, and sometimes unsparing, hand,—had a smattering of the classics, and the lighter literature of England and France,—made champagne tea delightfully, and scattered his multitudes of bon mots upon the crowd, as a peasant does his arms-full of grapes and chesnuts upon the swine who are expecting them beneath. Unluckily, Leverton's audiences in general did not comprehend a tittle of the value of his donations. They laughed, however, at his jests, because it was the fashion to laugh at them; and they related them to others, from time to time, in the hope of, one day or other, discovering the meaning themselves.

When Leverton left Oxford, and threw himself upon the inattention of his father, he found the fox-hunter so entirely perplexed by his rural duties, that he had not a moment of leisure to notice his

heir. Harry was a youth of spirit, and not insensible to neglect: So he determined to live as he could during his father's life, on the small income which had devolved upon him on the death of his mother. His proposal to this effect met with not the slightest objection from Old Nimrod: and accordingly, (after seeing his sister safe under the protection of an old maiden aunt at Bath), Leverton quitted without a sigh, his paternal acres; quoted his last line of Horace at the cunning-eyed groom, who lashed his portmanteau to the chaise, and came up to London, 'to make his—reputation!'

His success was eminent, but gradual; for he did not aim so much at eccentricity (which is a cheap accomplishment) as at an air of high-breeding and careless brilliancy. He possessed extreme ease, and considerable wit; and the pungency of the one quality had an admirable effect upon the other, as salt is said to draw forth an exquisite flavour from things which would else be tasteless. One joke, which he threw off in a happy moment, attracted the respect of a smart speaker in the House of Commons. Another (which was better) reached the ear of an illustrious personage, who said that it reminded him of George Selwyn. He enquired very particularly the name of the author, and the fame of our hero was complete!

We have not leisure at present to enter into a

regular biographical detail of the early life of Mr. Leverton, although (by the favor of a friend) we are possessed of considerable materials for the purpose. But we must content ourselves with passing over many of the accidents and humours of his career, and introducing him to the reader as he appeared to us, *in propria persona*, on the third day of July, 18—.

At that time he had lodgings in Dover-street, and as eminent a list of creditors and friends, 'of the first water,' as any gentleman who ever disowned the serious age of three and forty. In regard to his person, he had increased somewhat in bulk, though it was said that stays, or some such unseen bonds, curtailed the encroachments of idleness or gourmanderie. Yet, he still walked well; dressed inimitably; lost his money (when he had it) gracefully; drawled out his sly witticisms with considerable effect; and was in all respects a 'highly fashionable man.'

Leverton's importance in society was, in fact, exceedingly great; more so than his mere talent could have commanded. His ease was admired—his manners and his dress imitated—his flattery coveted—his patronage wooed. His satire was dreaded also; for he possessed (as the bee does) both the honey and the sting,—the wish sometimes to charm, and always the spirit to repel. The gay loved his jokes; the young sought his intimacy; the women smiled on him; the (merely) rich dreaded him; and the



wit admitted him to his level. Even the dignity of birth relaxed from its superciliousness; and wise men rejoiced that for once they might indulge their daughter, without any impeachment of their understanding.

This is a formidable estimate to do justice to; and indeed, we are not able to do it justice. For we have stated the *aggregate* of our hero's accomplishments; whereas few of them appeared in any one single conversation. He was contented, often, with very slight indications of his power; and, he sometimes, even, betrayed scarcely a glimpse of his really original character.

We once met him, as we have said: it was at Lord Trumpington's seat in Sussex, in 18—. The following letter, from the Beau himself, to one of his intimates, (which has been entrusted to us) will afford some explanation as to the company who figure in the dialogue which occurred at the period. It is written in a vast running hand, extending over three sheets of paper, and is addressed

“To Thomas Sheriff Macdonald, Esq. at Long's Hotel, London.”

“I cannot—I grieve to say it—be trans-atlantic with ye to-morrow evening, Tom. You must smoke your cigars at peace without me. Do not, however, affront thyself and thy brother Sachems, at my apparent desertion; but bury your tomahawks in

the venison quietly, and forget so poor a man as Harry Leverton.

“ Shall I tell thee what has kept me thus amongst green corn and withered oak apples ? Shall I, turning philosophical, betray to thee how the loadstone—I have half a mind to commit violence upon the three virgin sheets of paper which lie sleeping beside me, and inscribe my adventures upon them, for thine especial benefit. It *shall* be thus : so listen !

I was satisfied, as thou know'st, with London ; although the dog-star reigned, although the face of every (surviving) friend was baked, the ice-cellars empty, and the month of July at hand. But my Lord Bridewell *would* be at once peremptory and persuasive ; and I had, I must confess to thee, reasons for not despising his suit. He came to my domicile, as he threatened, on Tuesday last ; armed with spurs, and attended by two gardes du corps, a travelling chariot and coach, four postillions, and the warrant (to which was the sign manual) of Lady Cecil Dartley, to take the body of Henry Leverton, and him convey, &c. to her ladyship's court, which is at present held at the Grange, in Sussex.

“ I will spare thee the tediousness of our journey. It is enough to tell thee, that we survived almost fifty miles of English dust—passed in triumph over four pigs, who made outrageous protestations against our proceedings—‘ took ’ (as my lord called it) a

post—missed children of all ages (one a succulent)—refreshed at F——, and arrived without further mischief or matter at “The Grange.” The place is pretty enough: a little hill—a lawn—a shrubbery—a fish-pond or two (they have capital stewed carp) and a modern sort of antique cottage-villa, where Vitruvius and Palladio, Greek, Goth, and Sir John Vanbrugh, flourish in united absurdity. This is all well. But the utter demolition of my toilette-equipage is a calamity for life: for some of the trifles were unique—and Burgess (my chamberlain) has been unable to procure anything beyond the most alarming instruments at —— I forget its horrid name—the nearest market town. You know that I indulge in some little niceties on these points. What wouldst thou think of my undergoing a course of brushes and shears of as rude a—Bah! I sent the former into the stable without delay, and reserve the latter for sheep-shearing, whenever I shall arrive at my aunt Slatter’s pastures in Devon, which a villainous asthma (that provokes longevity) has kept me out of for the last twenty and five years!

“Well, Tom,—The earl bowed, and looked grim and wise, and mumbled out his patrician welcomes, (which were too ceremonious by half). The old countess, who paints as thick as a door, laboured to be alluring, and Lady Cecil out-looked all the roses which went scrambling about the drawing-room

windows. Bridewell was busy in the stable, and left me to make my way with his family as well as I could. And, in truth, bashfulness is not my vice, as thou knowest, Tom. Accordingly, after a brief refuge in my dressing-room, I descended, and found a mob of indifferent appearance, all prepared to invade the regions where eating and drinking are honoured. Some of our friends (is not that the word, Tom ?) were there, male and female, coupled together like pigeons. One fair hand was, however, reserved for me (by the grace of the countess mother)—and it was that of the blooming Cecil!

“ But I see that thou art dying to know who are my agreeable cotemporaries;—and I will tell thee.

“ In the first place, then, behold our ‘ noble’ family:—The earl, as dull as a drum, and tedious beyond even the privilege of parliament; the countess, a fine old enamel, as I have said, but a little cracked, and somewhat out of drawing: Cecil Dartley, always *couleur de rose*; and her sister Selina, a languid plant; their brother (Bridewell) the son and heir of all the Trumpingtons; and Colonel Dartley, a brother also according to law, but, in other respects, a thing between pug and monkey, that is hung round with blue and scarlet, and dances through ‘ the Lancers,’ or to the tune of ‘ Money in both Pockets,’ till Fanny Dartley is ready to die with admiration.

Then cometh Fanny herself, a cousin of the family who, a la Turc, staineth her fingers inch deep (with ink), and is a true specimen of that little female indiscretion, an authoress. Thou wouldst expire, my good friend Tom, if thou couldst behold her in her morning garments—they are so flowing, so oriental, so scornful of all shape and fashion, and withal, so utterly covered with dusky hieroglyphics, that one can scarcely distinguish between the sweep of her stylus and the broader impress of her thumb. All is in learned confusion, like a country library; but incomparably less cleanly. Yet, 'tis a good-natured chit, and laughis and talks, (O Gad! Tom,) and invites the women to drink wine; and argues like a syllogism; and is very odd,—and a little tedious. Next to her, was a Sir Somebody Something, the county member, and his lady, trussed and tucked up like a Christmas turkey, of the county also, and indigenous; their son, a spare thing, of six feet high, whose person hath outrun his wit; while by his side sate, full of scorn and languor, the Lady Selina Dartley. Then came Snapwell, the barrister; one of the young Froths, a pretty thing, but as insipid as plain broth; old Moidore, the Ministerial merchant, and (an inexpressible person!) his wife; descended from the tribe of Levi,—but converted. Then followed a Squire Huggins, or Higgins, a proprietor of acres in these parts; then another Froth, not so pretty as the last, but with an exquisite propriety of shape; then

Lord Saint Stephens, the new orator ; and an odious fellow from the most northern part of the north, a Mr. John Mac Flip, an author, a critic, and a reporter, and a politician to boot; possessing little, however, that need be mentioned beyond an incredible portion of assurance, and an appetite that surmounts all fable. By him (well matched) sate a little black female barbarian from Shetland, or the Orkneys ; then came a ‘ Mac’ of some endless descent ; then that immoderate simpleton Garnish,—Lady Di. Flarish, and her detestable sister,—and finally, young Gabbleton, from Oxford who has travelled in Greece, and what is worse, hath written his travels, and still talketh his travels, till the fish (which he helpeth) is cold. These are nearly all, except our ‘ ancient’ Childers, the foxhunter—Jack Sitwell, (Bridewell’s Newmarket chum,)—a physician, and a Lord of the Admiralty, a burgess or two from the neighbouring Borough, and a rubicund figure, somewhat like a pipe of wine, (called the Vicar of the village,) which tolls out grace before dinner as regularly as the clock, (but louder)—i’faith, and after dinner also, I believe, unless he chance to go to sleep over the entremêts.

“ And now, farewell, Tom. If thou art but half as fatigued in reading this as I in writing, (and I am not without hopes but that thou *wilt* be,) thou wilt bid me henceforward discontinue sending thee any more of the adventures of thy most faithful

HARRY LEVERTON.”

—Amongst the company, who were too unimportant for mention in Mr. Leverton's letter, were ourselves (ourselves) and a few others, with whose names we need not trouble the reader. We will merely conduct him to the dinner room, and let him take his chance for relishing or disliking the fare.

\* \* \*

Every thing which opulence could purchase, or ostentation suggest, was spread upon the patrician board of the Earl of Trumpington. He had hammered his brains for a month: he had read Ude, and Rundell, and Beauvilliers, and dipped into the eccentricities of Kitchiner, in order to arrive at correct opinions. He had been closeted with his French cook; he had modelled and re-modelled, altered, doubted, suggested, and tormented the impatience of his housekeeper with endless consultations. They quarrelled, however, at last, over the shape of a custard pudding, and Mrs. Dripwell was restored to her original quiet.

The result of all this thought and labour was now before the guests. Venison, and soups, and fish, of every sort which the season justified, were there; fowl of all kinds, sweets of every flavour, fruits of innumerable hues. From plain beef and mountain mutton, up to the mysterious compositions of the French artists, no more to be developed than the riddles of the Sphinx, every thing was there that the most accomplished epicurean could wish for. One

thing alone was remarkable—namely, the many dishes which bore the names of some regal or noble family. There were sauce royale, cotelets de Bourbon and de Maintenon, Pâtés de Perigord, and—fifty others. For the Earl was such a stickler for dignity, that he could not bear to be mistaken for a commoner, even in his dishes.

Dr. Grampus ('the Vicar') mumbled out a brief grace, and the company sate down to table. For a short space all other sounds were lost in the rustling of silks, and the adjustment of table napkins. To these succeeded the clatter of china, the occasional jarring of silver, the quick tread of the servants to and fro, and such like indications of a dinner party. At last Mr. Gabbleton broke silence.

"Will not your Ladyship take soup?" enquired he, of Lady Di. who sate opposite to him? "nor fish?—what *can* I send you?"

"Nothing," replied the lady. "I shall wait for the removal of these trifles. I have ordered a beef-steak."

The Earl (between whom and the lady certain hostilities existed,) blushed crimson at hearing of this "free and easy" proceeding on her part; while Leverton, after staring a moment at her masculine appearance, proceeded to finish his white soup.

"Beef-steak!—I honour your ladyship's taste;" said Garnish, who could bear to hold his tongue no



longer. "I give you my word that I generally dine on a beef-steak myself, when at home—I may say generally. Ah, ha!" continued he, "after all, there's nothing like eating and drinking. Dont you think so, Leverton? By the way, Leverton, what *do* you think of eating?"

"Sir," replied the beau, a little offended at the other's familiarity, "I consider it but a rude accomplishment."

"Rude?" said Gableton. "That's very doubtful. Both the Greeks and the Romans——" He was proceeding full tilt, when he met with a check.

"It is a common thing, Sir, nevertheless," interrupted Leverton. "The pigs partake of it with ourselves, and the dogs—*they* are absolute classics."

"How so? how so?—if I may presume," enquired Gableton, who resented the comparison.

"Why, Sir," replied the other, "they lie down while they eat their suppers;—and Cicero and Apicius did no more."

"Who's that speaking of Cicero?" cried out Lord St. Stephens. "Cicero was a remarkable orator—a remarkable man!"

There was not a dissentient voice!—

—At this moment, John M'Flip, who had been hitherto almost buried in plates of soup and turbot, having now a moment's leisure to contemplate the fare before and about him, espied something afar off,

which was a French composition, but which his patriotism converted into a national dish. "I'll joost thank ye for a bit o' the haggis;" called he, nodding at the same time to Leverton, who was opposite the mystery.

"A—the gentleman asks for something?" said Leverton, looking round for an interpretation.

"Ees not the deesh anent ye a haggis?" said Mac Flip, pointing to the object he required.

"Bring a plate," said Leverton to the servant; which being brought, he separated an incredibly small piece from the main dish, and sent it in triumph to the hungry Scot.

"Hoot awa;" said the other, half inclined openly to remonstrate (for he was new to society)—but the plate was already on its road, and he was compelled to endure his disappointment in silence.

The company were by this time fully occupied: but, as the most agreeable things will have an end, so did the eaters and drinkers at Lord Trumington's table submit, at last, to a respite from their pleasant toil. After various monosyllables, which gradually expanded into sentences, conversation arose—fluctuated—and at last settled upon the question of legislation. Upon this subject it appeared that Leverton and the Earl were opponents.

"Mr. Leverton appears to think very little of the wisdom of our ancestors," observed Lord Trumington, with a sneer.

"Very little," replied the beau, "upon many subjects ; and legislation is one."

"Mr. Leverton may rail in safety," retorted the Earl. "In old times——"

"Were they not *young* times, my Lord?" enquired Leverton. "Ours are the old times, surely, and should be the wisest, if there be any thing in age."

"I was about to observe," said the Earl, somewhat nettled, "that our ancestors——"

"My dear Lord," said Di. "do not disturb our ancestors."

The peer attempted to smile, (although excessively irritated at this second interruption) and proceeded without noticing her Ladyship's remark, to make good his case. But his opponent was not to be convinced without argument. The Earl 'asserted,' and 'pledged his reputation,' and brought forward his 'experience,' and quoted some indifferent sentences, which were not much to the purpose, without moving Leverton a jot.

"Almost all the good," said the latter, "which our present laws possess, has arisen from the necessity of correcting the numberless mistakes of our ancestors. Our laws are nearly all amendments. Why have we not a plain, brief, wholesome code, where 'all who run may read?'"

"It is a thing totally out of the question," replied the Earl, decisively.

"What would become of the Bar?" said one; "and of the Bench?" said another.

"What would become of our brothers?" observed a third; "and our younger sons?" enquired a fourth, with a look of defiance.

"True," answered Leverton, at last; "I beg your pardon, my Lord: I see the difficulty now."

Here, Garnish, who had looked anxiously towards the Earl, and had hitherto trembled for his success, could contain his joy no longer, but laughed outright. The peer acknowledged his partizan with a smile; and turning, with a look of infinite condescension, towards Leverton, invited him to take wine.

"I wish my victory to sit as pleasantly as possible upon Mr. Leverton; and shall therefore inflict nothing more upon him than a glass of hock."

"I shall be happy to attack the tun of Heidelberg with your Lordship," replied the other; and the usual interchange of civilities passed.

"Who is this Mr. Lep—Lepperton?" enquired the county Baronet of his neighbour, the Earl, in a whisper.

"He is a person of no consideration," replied the other in the same tone, "the son of some yeoman—or grazier—or—plebeian, in the west, as I think."

“What, a fellow who lived upon his own grass, like Nebuchadnezzar?” said the Baronet, laughing.

“Ha, ha, ha!” echoed the Earl; “very good, Sir John, indeed—very good! Ha, ha, ha!” continued he, “your simile is undeniable—but—but, my good Sir John, this person—this Leverton—is a favorite with my Lady Trumpington, and is—as I hear—a person really in some—a—request in London.”

“I don’t like these nobodies coming amongst us my lord,” observed the other, “and——”

“Nor I, Sir John, nor I, I assure you,” replied the Earl, “give me a little good blood, as I say with my horses, and I’ll take my chance for the rest.”

“What!” said Lady Di. (who heard something of this last sentence) “did you speak of your horses, my Lord? I pledge my reputation that there has been a cross in your O’Kelly colts. Their quarters are coarse, and they run too rough in their coats for thorough-bred things. There’s been a cross, and that you may depend on. Leverton, didn’t you ask me to drink wine?”

“I’ll drink wine with you, Lady Di.” said Fanny Dartley; and—

“I shall be happy to submit to any thing in your Ladyship’s service,” replied Leverton, (whom the last speaker had not allowed time to answer,) “will you drink white Hermitage? or Moselle? or ——?”

“I always drink port,” said the lady.

"Who's that drinking port?" enquired Lord Bridewell, "I'll join 'em. Garnish, my boy, don't *you* like port?"

"Immensely, my Lord, immensely," replied the other. "I give you my word I generally take port when I am alone—I may say generally," and he lifted the glass to his lips. It was scarcely there, however, before a question from the Earl removed it. He was called upon for his acquiescence, as to the merits of the Reverend Mr. Smatter; and never was assent more rapidly given.

"Oh! certainly, my Lord, certainly," said he, bowing, "I admire Mr. Smatter prodigiously. He is a wonderful preacher, indeed; and then he is so sentimental—so melancholy—so—Leverton, even *you* must allow that Mr. Smatter's melancholy sits most interestingly upon him?"

"He mopes like a moulting chicken," said Lady Di. "I swear he always gives me the vapours."

"He is, certainly, an infallible remedy for high spirits," said Leverton, assentingly. "He would bro w a damp upon a funeral."

"You will allow his style to be good, at least, Leverton?" persevered Garnish. "His style is grand."

"It is superb!" said the Earl, with a tone that meant to put down all opposition.

"The rogue's style is well enough," said Lever-

ton ; “ if it were but his own ; but he has pilfered from Hooker, and Jeremy Taylor, and South, and half a dozen others, till his box of sermons is like a bazaar. I hear he is so thorough a mimic that when he lived at Sunning Hill and Hampstead, his lines all ran upwards to the right hand corner of the paper, and he never came down completely to level writing till he took to his house in Essex.”

“ Dr. Rust thinks well of him, however,” retorted Garnish, “ and *his* opinion will carry him through.”

“ Rust !” exclaimed the beau, and was proceeding to discuss the merits of the antiquary ; when the earl (who saw that Garnish would never be able to make head against his antagonist) stepped in to his relief, with more chivalry than wisdom. He attempted a diversion.

“ You have seen Dr. Rust’s collection of valuable antiquities ?” said he.

“ I have seen them all,” replied Leverton—(who thought that the question, which was addressed to the baronet, was directed towards himself)—“ I have seen them, one by one, I believe, from first to last ; and himself—the greatest wonder of all !”

“ He has the strangest complexion,”—lisped Lady Selina.

“ Ah, madam !” said Leverton, “ were he and his old monstrosities once thoroughly scoured, you would know neither the one nor the other.”

“ His antiquities,” observed the earl——

"I hate antiquities," said Lady Di.—"but I beg pardon; I think you said that you had seen them, Leverton?"

"I saw a mass of things," answered the beau, "but little distinctly,—broken statues; dingy pictures; belts of wampum; rings for the nose; fish bones for the ears; druids' clubs; absurdities of every kind, from the equator to the poles. Nothing was wanting—that was useless. There were sixteen tons of Egyptian horrors blocking up the approach to the house; and five and twenty hundred weight of cracked marble, which I took for a cistern, but which turned out to be the coffin of Ptolemy Psammeticus. Every corner of every room was put in requisition. The hall was full; the staircase was fuller; the dining-room could not be papered, the drawing-room could not be carpeted for these monsters. Heads, legs, arms, noses, hideous little wretches in bronze and china affronted you at every turn. Even the cellar was blocked up by a shapeless person, which the doctor called Alexander, or Demetrius, or—I forget what; and we had a tedious harangue on a foolish subject, instead of a bottle of Madeira with our sandwiches."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Lady Di.

Garnish looked at the earl, as a soldier does at his fugelman. He was evidently distressed for his cue.

"Ha, ha, ha!" said the earl, at last.

"Ha, ha, ha!" responded Garnish.



“Ha, ha, ha!” continued the earl, evidently much irritated—“ha, ha, ha!—the *original* Theseus! I take upon myself—I say *myself*—to commit my self—*my* opinion—that *that* is the original marble. There is a copy (a much later work) in my Lord Elgin’s collection.”

“It is certainly by a different hand,” said Leverton.

“Well—?” said Lady Di.

“Well, madam,” continued the beau, “there was an infinite deal of nothing, I assure you. There was a head of Jupiter Stator, without a nose, receiving adoration from a couple of sphinxes; and a Cupid with one eye shooting at a damaged countess, by Vandyke. There——”

“He would hold a *living* countess in contempt, I suppose,” said Lady Di.

“Assuredly, madam; he would behold her with supreme indifference,” answered Leverton. “Old Lady Stately (who measured six feet one, in her—shoes) was the only female that ever attracted his admiration. After gazing at her for five minutes, with evident symptoms of delight, he turned to his neighbour and exclaimed—“*What* a mummy she would make!”

“The old fool!” exclaimed Lady Di.

“Nevertheless, we must do the doctor justice,” proceeded Leverton. “He *has* his living pets, I

assure you. There is his parrot, which his aunt Ricketts bequeathed to him, and which, he says, came over with Sir Francis Drake"—

"That is a solitary instance," observed somebody.

"Pardon me," replied Leverton, "he has a very pretty little colony of mice; and a rat from Java: two rattle snakes, and an alligator—but no, that is stuffed: however, he has an old friend—a tame duck, who was made a happy widow last Michaelmas; her husband having been put into requisition (by mistake!) for giblet soup, after a hard life of seventeen years, spent in the green pond at the back of the stable." . . .

. . . And so the dialogue ran on, (long after the ladies had retired), veering from one thing to another, public and private. War—commerce—literature—art—the manufacturing classes—the landed interest—their friends—their enemies—all were separately and more than sufficiently discussed. Each attempted to take the lead on some particular subject. The Earl was tedious and arrogant, beyond all measure, on general politics. Colonel Dartley chattered a vast quantity of nothing upon "the service;" and the county baronet prosed on agriculture, till he fell asleep in his chair.

Every man talked his worst, till his hearers were tired: one with the austere tone of a reasoner—

another with the solemnity of a prophet. This proved that right was wrong; that, that mankind and art were declining—a third, that both were springing up and rallying afresh. Every one saw into the future—many provided for its wants—no one was at a loss—no one was short-sighted—no one less than infallible.—

Oh! what a comical thing it is, reader—is it not? to hear (or read) the opinions of some of these positive sages; to scan their unassailable arguments, proving that so and so *cannot* be done by reason of the physical and moral force, &c.—and then to see that this very impossibility is done! As if nations could not be stirred out of their ordinary apathy by the descent of a sudden truth, or stung to the strength of madness by some great and intolerable wrong. In speculations, especially, men never reckon upon their own fallibility; nor upon the *change* which the great wheel of Time is eternally producing, as it rolls onwards,—crumbling the puny frost-work of the politician's brains, and scattering wonders of all sorts for the benefit of succeeding ages, and the employment of every faculty of the mind of man!

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One word in conclusion.—

Courteous Reader, Harry Leverton is no more! Although not an insubstantial phantasm of the imagination, like the Eastern Horam, yet he has

vanished, and left, like that sage, his valuable moral behind him;—somewhat of this, indeed, springing from his example, (which was at once a model and a warning); but some little also he bequeathed in the shape of precept.—After basking in cloudless popularity, and having at his beck all the solid advantages of life, as well as the courtesies which make those advantages delightful, he was obliged to visit his estates in the West Indies; where—at the expiration of a tedious illness, which wore the character rather of languor and ennui than of serious malady—he died; disappearing like some of those volatile essences, which are so pungent and pleasant while they last, but being transferred into a warm situation, vanish or evaporate, from causes which the chemist or physician can alone detect.

B. C.

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THE HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF CHARLES II.

By JOHN HANCOCK, Esq.

Vol. II.

## Essex and the Maid of Honour.

By Horace Smith, Esq. Author of Brambletye House,  
Reuben Apsley, &c. &c.

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THE palace of Nonsuch, near Ewell, in Surrey, was intended by Henry the Eighth, as its proud title sufficiently attests, to afford an unrivalled specimen of his magnificence and taste; but, while he was lavishing his treasures in this most unnecessary addition to his royal residences, Death was sharpening the dart which was to tumble down the ostentatious tyrant, and consign him to his last narrow palace—the tomb.

Nonsuch was left unfinished, an unfulfilled promise of splendour, a gorgeous and yet melancholy evidence of the uncertainty of human grandeur; and Queen Mary, shrinking from the cost of its completion, had it in contemplation to pull it down to save farther charges; when the Earl of Arundel, “for the love and honour he bore to his old master,” purchased the place, and finished it according to the original design. Not a vestige of it now remains; it has passed away with the other elaborate gewgaws of

mortal vanity, and the arrogant name which it has left behind it, sounds in our ears like a mournful echo, mocking the presumption of other times. And yet the proud structure was not deficient in solidity as well as stateliness. "It was built round two courts," says the accomplished authoress of Queen Elizabeth's Memoirs—"an outer and an inner one, both very spacious; and the entrance to each was by a square gate-house highly ornamented, embattled, and having turrets at the four corners. These gate-houses were of stone, as was the lower story of the palace itself; but the upper one was of wood, "richly adorned, and set forth and garnished with a variety of statues, pictures, and other antic forms of excellent art and workmanship, and of no small cost;" all which ornaments, it seems, were made of *rye dough*. In modern language the pictures would probably be called basso-relievos. From the eastern and western angles of the inner court rose two slender turrets, five stories high, with lanterns on the top, which were leaded and surrounded with wooden balustrades. These towers of observation, from which the two parks attached to the palace, and a wide expanse of champaign country beyond, might be surveyed as in a map, were celebrated as the peculiar boast of Nonsuch.

It was the morning of Michaelmas Eve, the wood-work of the gaudy structure which was painted and



lacquered, glistened in the light of a cloudless sun the numerous gilt vanes, fashioned in the shapes of the various animals that figured in the armorial bearings of royalty, flashed from the top of every tower and pinnacle ; while the royal banners displayed from the summits of the two lofty turrets, and flaunting proudly on the breeze, announced to all the circumjacent country that they floated over Queen Elizabeth and her Court, who were then residing in the palace. Although it was thus graced and honoured, the earliness of the hour, and the heat of the morning, had prevented any great appearance of bustle around the exterior of the building. A few halberdiers and yeomen of the guard, in their rich liveries, were lounging in front of the outer gate-house ; along the roads that skirted the parks, horses and carriages, betraying their progress by the dust, were seen to converge towards the same point ; but in other respects, the landscape was as still as it was lovely. The herds of deer in the park, only distinguishable by their horns, were crouching in the shade : the cows, that were usually pastured around the gate-house, had not yet returned from the farm, whither they had been driven to be milked ; and with the exception of a single stately stag which emerged from a thicket, as if to reconnoitre, and snuff up the morning air, nothing appeared to move within the wide chase that surrounded the mansion ; while the absence of

music, or any other sound of state or revelry from the walls, gave reason to conclude that her majesty had not yet arisen from her slumbers.

Upon a terrace, however, which flanked the exterior of the inner court, and communicated by a flight of stone steps with the park, was assembled a little party, who had obeyed the first summons of Chanticleer, in the loyal and laudable hope of affording good entertainment to their royal mistress, when it should please her to begin the sports and pastimes of the day. Among these was old Yeovil, one of the huntsmen, a withered weatherbeaten figure, but with a patch of red upon either cheek-bone, that seemed to attest he might still be in at a good many deaths before his own. He held three leash of greyhounds by leathern thongs, and was surrounded by several couple of staghounds, most of the latter being crouched at his feet, dosing and winking at the sun; while the former with ears erect, and in various graceful attitudes of alert attention, were imitating their master in watching the movements of a motley group immediately opposite to them. It consisted of *Master Toby* so called from his being at the head of the scullery, and who for the nonce had constituted himself, moreover, a sort of deputy master of the revels; and a troop of extempore maskers, collected from among the inferior domestics, who had agreed to get up a little pageant among themselves, stuffed full of ful-

some compliments to the queen, and according to the fashion of the time, most fantastically allegorical. Shakspeare's ridicule, and the burlesque of Bottom the Weaver, had not been yet long enough before the public to banish the rage for such emblematic foolery : nor would it under any circumstances have been likely to exert a beneficial influence upon Master Toby, who sometimes made furtive excursions from the scullery into the regions of Parnassus, and whose taste had been exclusively derived from the quaint devices of those symbolical banquets he had assisted in cooking ; and which, from their hieroglyphical character, had received the appropriate name of Subtleties. At this self-appointed masque-master, who with a paper in one hand, and a cane in the other, was strutting about, endeavouring to get up a rehearsal as well among the amateur actors by whom he was surrounded, some of whom were attired as allegorical females, the calm old huntsman gazed with a quiet wonderment, that kept his face fixed in an intermediate expression between a simper and a sneer. And, sooth to say, they must have exhibited a puzzling sort of cross-reading to a straightforward man like him, who knew all the parties by sight, but neither understood why they were thus strangely metamorphosed, nor comprehended the purport of what they were instructed to utter.

The man who was to misrepresent Diana having

thrown up his legs on a bench, in defiance of petticoats and decorum, and all the *bienséances* that should distinguish the "chaste huntress of the silver bow;" swore "by cogs nouns, and snails," in answer to the summons of Master Toby, that he would not come to book 'til he had finished his pipe; in confirmation of which averment he spat upon the ground, and recommenced his whiffs with such energy, that the half-moon in his head was only occasionally seen as it dimly emerged from the cloud of tobacco-smoke in which it was enveloped.

"Come, then, Cupid, we will begin with you, have you got your speech quite perfect?" said Master Toby, to a little boy, who had twisted his wings all awry in the earnestness of a game at marbles with an urchin of his own age.

"Yes, sir, yes;" replied the son of Venus. "Fain dubbs, J mmy! fain tribbs! Knuckle down, Jemmy! fain going through the ring a second time! Keep your yard's distance, and no cheating!"

"Pittikins! you young scapegrace! call you this saying the speech?" exclaimed Toby, in wrath. "Spout it, sirrah, spout it, or your shoulders shall be scored with my rattan till they show like ribs of pork."

"Nay, now, forsooth, Master Toby, let us finish the game, there's a good fellow. Its my go next, and there are only three in the ring. And look you

here's lazy Barney Mumpford falling asleep in the sun for want of something to do. Hallo, Barney! Barney!" continued the stripling, bawling in his ear; "there's Master Toby waiting for you to begin."

The person thus aroused, whose close doublet and hose were thickly painted with tongues to give him the semblance of Report or Fame, now got lazily up, and after some very deliberate stretching and yawning begun his speech, which he spouted with a sort of drowsy pomposity. As it was intended to compliment the queen, not less upon the wide diffusion of her glory than upon her extensive knowledge of languages or tongues, it commenced after the following fashion :

"To the four quarters of the earth I've blown  
Eliza's name ; I need not add my own.  
Useless to her would such a blazon be,  
For she who knows all tongues must needs know me!"—

"By my fackins, though, Master Toby," cried the spokesman, breaking off in the very exordium of his address, "if her grace should ask my name after all, I shall e'en tell her that I'm Barney Mumpford, that I have been a groom seven years, and that the post-master of the great stables is vacant ; for I may as well have it as another, and a nod's as good as a wink to a blind horse."

With a look of profound alarm, the culinary stage-

manager declared that such a departure from histrionic precedent would infallibly bring them all into disgrace, and reminded his pupil that he ought to have announced himself in the first instance by blowing his trumpet.

“Odso ! and so I ought,” cried Barney ; “and I need not have forgotten it, for I found that par t easier to learn by heart than all the rest.”

So saying he put the instrument to his mouth, and summoning all his breath to his aid, gave birth to a discordant bray, which seemed to have had a groan and a roar for its respective parents. At this abortive effort, old Yeovil, who from childhood upwards had been accustomed to wind every instrument of the sort from a penny trumpet to a French horn, could no longer remain a passive spectator ; but seizing the trumpet and applying it to his mouth, he collected the breath into his hollow leathern cheeks, and blew so loud and lusty a recheat, that the inner court echoed to the sound, the dogs suddenly leaped up, baying and barking, and at the same moment, a gentleman-usher, issuing from the offices, rebuked them angrily, as a set of unmannerly grooms and brawling mummers, to keep such a coil ere the breakfast-bell had warned in the great court, and when it was even uncertain whether her Highness had quitted her bed-room.

“ I would give a Harry groat,” said Yeovil, “ to

know whether her grace means to betake herself to the stand in the park to see the coursing, or whether we are to uncouple the hounds, and drive up a fat buck for the cross-bow, for the morning begins to wear, and the dew will be soon off the grass."

"Body o' me!" ejaculated Master Toby, drawing himself up, and looking contemptuously at the huntsman; "think you our noble and learned mistress will recreate herself with brute beasts, when she might listen to the Orphean strains of poetry that I have provided for her in this our most quaint, dainty, and delectable device? Now, good man Report, pursue your speech—pursue your speech—'accept, fair, peerless, learned, virgin queen——' "

"Grammercy! master Toby," quoth Report—"four lines at a stretch is honest yeoman's work, you must get some one else to accept the queen, for it is clean beyond me to go any further." Not less indignant as a poet than as a loyal subject at this declaration, master Toby was about to pronounce a severe reprimand upon goodman Report, when he was forestalled by a loud laugh from the four quarters of the world, who were standing in the shade playing at chuck-farthing with Saint Michael, which latter personage had been dressed up to do honor to his own approaching eve. Africa and the Saint, after wrangling for some time about a farthing, had betaken themselves, like true Englishmen, to swearing, and

then to mutual accusations of profaneness; when the Saint, pointing to his adversary's visage, which was smeared over with a sooty pigment to give him the better semblance of a negro, declared that he must needs have been the greatest offender, since he had sworn till he was black in the face. This joke was received with a huge and simultaneous burst of laughter by Europe, Asia, and America, although they were repeatedly called to order, and were threatened with the rattan by the wrathful master Toby. Finding his four refractory quarters to be indifferent to his menaces, the latter now betook himself to father Thames, a venerable looking figure with a crown of bullrushes, a long beard of sedge and water-flags, and wearing a loose watchet robe, which having fallen back while he was emptying a pot of ale, disclosed a pair of greasy buckskin hose, with riding boots and spurs. "Zooks, master Toby, let us finish the tanka rd—you know the Thames is apt to be dry at this season," cried the river god, chuckling at his own wit. "Dry quotha! methinks you're always adry," replied Toby—"but beshrew me an I ever knew the Thames to be replenished with humming ale, where's your urn?" "Here, master Toby, here," said father Thames, thrusting a large pitcher under his left arm, and where's the tinsel stream that is to come pouring out of it?" "I popp'd it inside to keep it dry, for there was an ugly dew this morn-



ing that would presently have washed off all the glitter."

"By my fackins! that was well cared for: keep your water dry whatever you do: hold your urn more sloping, and though that cannot spout, you may spout away yourself."

Thus instructed and commended, the river god lifting up his voice, which was by no means so clear and liquid as the character required, exclaimed,

"On my proud breast those floating castles ride,  
That did subdue the great Armada's pride;  
Behold illustrious Queen-----"

when his progress was not less suddenly than unpleasantly interrupted by a freak of the mischievous urchin, Cupid, who, having finished his game of marbles, and lighted a piece of paper by the assistance of Diana's pipe, silyly insinuated it into the river god's left hand, as it hung dangling beneath his urn. Little expecting to be thus surreptitiously set on fire, father Thames, uttering a cry of surprise and pain, let fall the pitcher, which was smash'd into a hundred pieces, and bounded forward a good clothier's yard at a single leap. No sooner, however, had he discovered the little incendiary, who betray'd himself by a shriek of laughter, than with fury in his looks he blustered out an oath, much too combustible for so aqueous a divinity, and commenced an immediate

pursuit for the purpose of inflicting a summary vengeance. In less than a minute the offender had run twice round Africa, crossed Europe, scudded behind the back of Asia, and swung round the front of America; but Scamander when he pursued the runaway Achilles was not more swift or unrelenting than father Thames in his chace of the unlucky Cupid, who having thrown away his wings that he might fly the faster, at length bolted across the terrace through a postern gate that led into the inner court, his pursuer followed close upon his heels, and both were presently out of sight and hearing. Ere the laughter occasioned by this incident had subsided among the rest of the party to whom the fugitives belonged, their attention was arrested by a company of horsemen riding towards the palace at full speed, and leaving a long cloud of dust behind them. As they galloped past the end of the terrace, in order to wheel round towards the gate-house, it was evident they had travelled far and fast, and through a different tract of country from that which surrounded Non-such; for both horses and riders were splashed with mud and mire, over which a white powdery dust had settled, until it had become impossible to distinguish the colour of either steed or garment, although it was sufficiently evident from their accoutrements, feathers and bearing, that the leading cavaliers were officers. At the head of the band, mounted on a fleet barb, was

a young gallant, who, as far as could be judged from the great rapidity with which he passed, possessed singular beauty of form and feature, and appeared to be a most graceful and accomplished horseman. Four others, although they rode a little way behind him, seemed by their gestures to be his friends and companions, and at a distance of ten or twenty yards was the rear of the cavalcade, consisting of grooms and other attendants. Without relaxing his speed until he reached the entrance of the great gatehouse, the leader of the troop threw himself hastily from his horse, and hurried into the court with the air of one whose rank and station authorised him to pass, even into the residence of royalty, without let or question; although the yeomen of the guard looked somewhat anxiously at one another, as if they ought to have demanded his purpose before they suffered him to enter. At the portal which formed the entrance to the queen's dwelling apartments, and through which the stranger would have speeded in the same uncere- monious manner as before, the pages, gentlemen ushers, and others, who were clustered about the doors, and who were startled at the appearance of such a soiled and bespattered figure, forcing himself, as it were, into the private chambers, drew up and opposed his progress, enquiring at the same time who he was, and what he wanted. "Gentlemen," said the stranger, impatiently waving his hand for them to

fall back, "my purpose brooks not delay, and I beseech you not to parley with me but to give me free passage. What! am I so changed by a little mud and dirt that ye know me not for the Earl of Essex, Master of the Horse, and of the Ordnance, and the Lord Deputy?" So saying, and without giving hem time to recover from their surprise, he passed through the midst of them, and began to ascend the stairs.

Labouring under heavy imputations for his misconduct in Ireland, from which country he had suddenly returned, not only without leave, but in positive disobedience to the commands of his royal mistress; relying upon her well-known affection for his pardon, and complete restoration to favor, if he could once gain access to her, and apprehensive that if he failed in this object his enemies would ensure his disgrace and ruin, the impetuous earl had ridden post both day and night, without communicating his purpose to a single individual, except a few of his particular adherents, and having thus far successfully triumphed over all obstacles, he was not likely to be impeded by the pages and chamberlains whom he encountered in the private apartments, as he hurried through them. Gazing in utter amazement at such a bespattered figure, making the floors ring to his heavy riding boots as he stalked onwards towards the queen's bedroom, some stood aloof, concluding that he had explained his errand to the yeomen below;

while others placed themselves in his way, and informed him that the Queen had not yet come forth : but he either passed them, or put them aside, with the air of one who would not be disobeyed, and thus traversed the presence chamber, and the waiting room of the maids of honor, several of whom were not a little alarmed at the sight of such an inexplicable apparition. Neither noticing their startled looks, nor heeding their eager whispers, the adventurous Earl pursued his way, and never stopped till he came to the Queen's bed-room, the door of which he undauntedly opened, walked in, and closed it behind him.

Elizabeth was newly risen, and her locks were hanging in disorder about her face. She was incapable of fear, but her surprise was not without agitation at the first sight of a heated and bemoiled stranger thus intruding into her bed-room, and she was on the point of calling out for her chamberlain, when Essex rushed forward, threw himself upon his knees, and humbly implored her pardon. The sound of his well-known voice, the humility of his language, and, above all, the sight of one whom she still loved, kneeling at her feet, and looking up to her with flushed and imploring features, so won upon her unprepared heart, that she held out both her hands to him to kiss, listened with a kind aspect to all his excuses, and gave him a more cordial reception than even his fondest hopes had ventured to anticipate,

Weak as a woman, although great and illustrious as a sovereign, she now suffered the former character to predominate, and Essex, who with all his headstrong impetuosity was not deficient in the courtier's art, took good advantage of the mood in which he found her. Attributing his unsanctioned return to the impossibility of existing any longer out of the presence of a divinity, whose sight was as vital to him as was the breath of heaven to his nostrils, he addressed her in terms of passionate, and even romantic gallantry, talked of her excellent beauties, though she was now in her sixty-seventh year, compared her at once to Venus and Minerva, to a nymph, goddess, and angel, quoted Latin and Greek in confirmation of his assertions, and played his part so successfully, that leaving her after a conference of some duration, he appeared in high spirits, and thanked God that though he had suffered many storms abroad, he had found a sweet calm at home.

Having taken some refreshment, and attired himself in his most splendid suit, as some atonement for the unseemly habiliments in which he had before presented himself, Essex, who had been invited to repeat his visit to the palace, was sallying forth for that purpose, when he was accosted by a personage, who respectfully vailing his beaver, and presenting a letter, would have explained its object had he not been anticipated by the Earl's exclaiming—"Ha,

Will Shakspeare! what makest thou at Nonsuch, when thou shouldst be pláying the ghost to the holiday folks in London, and easing them of their Michaelmas testers?"

The poet replied that he had come to Ewel with his friend Dick Burbage to solicit of the Queen a Licence for their theatre, and that his gracious patron, the Earl of Southampton, who was now unfortunately under her Majesty's heavy displeasure, had condescended to give him a letter to his special good friend the Lord Essex, bespeaking his influence and kind offices as soon as he should return from Ireland. Of this happy event the bard declared that he had entertained no immediate expectation; but having learnt, within the last half hour, that his lordship had actually arrived at Nonsuch, he had been emboldened to deliver the letter with which he had been thus honored. "Grammercy! master Shakspeare!" cried the Earl after hastily glancing over the paper, "I am myself but a newly pardoned criminal, and therefore little warranted to become a suitor; but I feel too happy in her grace's favor not to wish to extend it to others. There are few things in which I would not venture to pleasure the Lord Southampton: and it would like me no less to serve the merry varlet, or the soul-stirring bard, (which shall I call thee?) whose lofty lines ever seem to me to o'ertop all praise, 'till they are clean eclipsed by his quaint and comic fantasies.

So forward! with me to the garden, and if I may speed your suit, it shall not lack a willing advocate."

The poet bowed his thanks, and followed at a short distance behind the Earl, who, however, turned round and conversed familiarly with him till they entered the gardens, which according to the prevailing taste were laid out in trim beds, formal parterres, fountains, and successive terraces, communicating with one another by flights of stone steps, and ornamented with vases, statues, and groupes of sculpture. At the extremity of one of these terraces stood a little pavilion called the Paradise, being decorated with representations of Adam and Eve, the Serpent and the Tree of Knowledge; and having an arbour for its entrance enrailed with clustering althæas, jessamines, honeysuckles, roses, pomegranates, and other flowering shrubs, all of which were in full bloom and fragrance. Within this odorous and shady bower, the Queen, who had been observed to bestow an unusual attention that morning upon her toilet, was seated, holding a large feather fan, and surrounded by several maids of honor, all standing. Behind them, within the pavilion, were seen other female attendants employed in caul work: lutes and citharas, with cards and a richly enamell'd chess board were lying upon a marble table by their side. Upon approaching the august figure of royalty thus picturesquely enthroned, the Earl fell upon his knees, an act of homage which



her Majesty always exacted, even from her ministers in their audiences of business; and Shakspeare, halting at some little distance, immediately imitated his example. Essex found a no less gracious reception than he had experienced in the morning, for the remembrance of his flattery had not yet passed away, and their conference had lasted for some time when the Queen, looking towards Shakspeare, enquired whether his squire, who seemed but young in years, had left his locks in the hands of the Irish rebels, that he wore so bald a brow. "I much fear me that I am presumptuous and overbold," said the Earl after having mentioned the name and object of his attendant. "I who am myself but a petitioner for mercy and forgiveness, in thus becoming a suitor for others; but since your majesty's condescension has so soon forgotten my offences, I may perhaps stand better excused now than at another time, for forgetting myself."

"So, this is the dramatic chronicler," said the queen, who had felt much interest in his historical plays; "let him approach; we would have speech of him; and you, my lord, may avail yourself of yonder seat, for after so long and so speedy a journey you may well need a little rest."

Bowing as he accepted the permission thus given to him, Essex beckoned to the poet, who approached, and concluding that he had been invited to imitate

his patron, seated himself upon a low garden stool, beside the earl, and immediately opposite to the Queen. So unusually gracious was the present mood of Elizabeth, that she smiled at a mistake which at another moment might have excited her indignation, and waved her hand to her attendants as a signal that they might retire into the pavilion, a notice which they instantly obeyed. Essex, catching the expression of the Queen's face with the alacrity of a courtier, smiled also: while Shakspeare, perfectly unconscious that he had committed any violation of court etiquette, read his petition with a respectful propriety, that might well atone for his little oversight.

“ Look you, Master Playwright,” graciously exclaimed her majesty when he had concluded; “ your writings like us well, but touching this licence for playing more frequently, here is our head Bearward who has been lately complaining to us most piteously that you have become his worst enemy, for that when the flag is flying at your theatre of the Globe, his garden is so deserted by the people, that his best bear will scarcely pay the baiting. How say you to this?”

“ I dare not misprise his calling, since it has ever found a gracious patron in your majesty,” replied the bard; “ but under favour I would venture to affirm that he who withdraws his fellow subjects from such

pastimes, and instructs them in their country's annals, and points out to their admiration the glory of their monarchs, (than whom none have been more illustrious than your majesty's immediate ancestors) can hardly fail to civilise and exalt the people, though he may find it impossible to add to the renown of the sovereign."

"It is well, and wisely, and loyally urged," said the Queen, evidently pleased with the speech; "and, by my troth! it may chance to speed the licence for which you are our petitioner. And what led you to our musty chronicles, Sir Poet, when your playwright's art might have found better range in the wider walks of fancy and invention?"

"My grand-father fought with good approof in the battle of Bosworth Field," said Shakspeare, not sorry to have an excuse for mentioning the circumstance, "and was fortunate enough to find favour with your grace's ancestor, the valiant King Henry the Seventh. From him and from my father I have inherited a love of loyalty and of my country's glory; and as I despaired of doing justice to such splendid deeds as the defeat of the Armada, and the other exploits that have glorified your grace's reign, I was driven to record the annals of your less illustrious predecessors."

"Beshrew me," said the Queen, in an under voice to Essex, "if I have ever heard a varlet speak

more honorably, or pithily to the purpose. And yet," she continued, again addressing herself to Shakspeare, "if we forget us not, thou hast somewhere ventured an allusion to our royal self. The passage stays not with us, but we have forgiven it, though it coupled our name if we mistake not, with some idle flower."

Elizabeth perfectly remembered the lines, though she would not appear to attach so much importance to them, as to have thought them worthy her recollection. Essex however, who saw the real motives of her reserve, and knew that she would be pleased with the quotation, exclaimed, "your Majesty may pardon both the poet and myself, when we do but recall a *Midsummer Night's Dream*;" and then looking passionately at the Queen he continued:

"That very time I saw (but thou couldst not)  
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,  
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took  
At a fair vestal throned by the West,  
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,  
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;  
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft  
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon;  
And the imperial votaress passed on  
In maiden meditation, fancy free.  
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:  
It fell upon a little western flower,  
Before milk-white; now purpled with love's wound,  
And maidens call it, "Love in Idleness."

"It ran even thus, but I took you not, my lord, for so shrewd a remembrancer," said the queen.

"The lines might easily have passed from out my head," replied the Earl, "but they related to my admired sovereign, and therefore were they treasured in my heart of hearts." He laid his hand upon his breast as he spoke; Elizabeth looked pleased, though she noticed not the speech, but turning to Shakspeare, resumed, "we have already passed our pardon for this liberty of your pen, wherefore we rebuke it not; and touching the licence that you seek, it shall be even as you wish, and our secretary shall have order to prepare the patent."

"I shall be ever bound to pray for your gracious majesty," said the poet, bowing profoundly. "God's pity! sir; they tell me that you playwrights be but scant sayers of your prayers, and since they are henceforward to be put up for our own well and welfare, you shall neither lack the means to proffer them, nor a memorial of her for whom you pray." So saying, Elizabeth took a volume from a low table that stood beside her chair, and graciously extended it to Shakspeare with these words: "The Queen presents you her prayer-book: you may retire."\* Judging from the latter command

The book thus presented to Shakspeare, we may suppose to be that beautiful and rare volume, described by Dr. Dibdin

that he was not expected to express his gratitude, the poet kissed the volume with great reverence, pressed it to his heart, and retired from the royal presence with repeated obeisances, not less delighted at the success of his suit, than flattered by so signal a testimony of her Majesty's favour and condescension.

After a prolonged conference, in which he had every reason to believe that he had completely reinstated himself in the Queen's favour, Essex also withdrew, descending the terraces, and crossing towards a postern gate of the park. In this route he most unfortunately encountered the fair Mrs. Bridges, one of the maids of honor, with whom he had long been suspected of being deeply in love, and who on his account had already been exposed to the wrath, and even the blows of her royal mistress. Imagining

in his Bibliographical Decameron, and known among collectors as Queen Elizabeth's Prayer Book. Through the friendship of Mr. Freeling (from a copy in his possession) the Proprietors are enabled to present an admirable facsimile of one leaf. The extract, is part of a prayer by the celebrated John Fox, author of the Book of Martyrs. Dr. Dibdin says, "I wish I knew more of the private history of this elegant volume at all events if you feel disposed to loosen your purse strings, purchase one of the earlier editions of it, on account of the superior sharpness or truth of the outline." The Doctor adds that the first edition is dated 1569, the second 1578, the third 1581, the fourth 1590, and the fifth 1608.

himself to be screened from observation, the enamoured Earl accosted her in such terms of fervent and high-flown gallantry as were then in vogue among the courtiers, and placing a small collar of chrystals around her neck, which he declared that he had brought from Ireland expressly for her wearing, he would have detained her still longer in dalliance, had not his Innamorata hurried away, urging the necessity of resuming her attendance upon the Queen. Although her Majesty had been so embowered in the arbour as not to be visible to Essex, she had unluckily been following him with her eyes, through a treacherous loop-hole of the leaves, and with a rage-envenomed heart had witnessed the whole transaction.

It was not without a considerable struggle that she could prevent an immediate explosion of her fury and assume a forced composure of look and voice as she exclaimed to the approaching offender, "So, mistress! you can find time to wait upon us when you have finished your amorous foolery with the Lord Deputy. If there be neither treason nor immodesty in the avowal, we would fain know what passages passed between you."

"So please your majesty," faltered the confused and blushing maid of honor, "we did but exchange a friendly greeting; I tore myself away so soon as civility might warrant, and hastened——"

“Ay, with such haste,” interposed the Queen,  
“that you have left your partlet all awry.”

“Nothing would dissuade his lordship,” resumed Mistress Bridges, blushing still deeper, as she adjusted her ruff, “but he must needs place this Irish carcanet around my neck.”

At this confession Elizabeth could restrain herself no longer. Quick as lightning she bestowed upon her trembling rival a violent box on the ear, tore the collar from her neck, dashed it to the ground, and exclaimed with a look, and voice that sufficiently declared her to be the daughter of Henry the Eighth:

“God’s death! thou hussy, thou wanton! thou gill-flirt! thou flaunting young cockatrice! is our court and presence to be contaminated and insulted by such doings as these? Begone! and let me never again see thy shameless face: what! did I send this traitorous and temerarious youth to Ireland to collect carcanets for his concubines, instead of putting chains around the rebel Tyrone. By the throne of heaven! he shall dearly rue it. I am no Queen to be thus saucily entreated.”

The terrified maid of honor shrunk away to conceal her disgrace; Elizabeth arose and walked hastily towards the mansion, but having had a few minutes to collect herself, and feeling probably that she had betrayed rather more violence than became her sex and station, she turned towards her attendants, and



in a tone of assumed moderation exclaimed, "For ourself, ladies, this matter touches us not; the disloyal minion and the frontless minx would have been forgotten in silent scorn, but that we will neither suffer our public service to be neglected, nor the decency of our court to be violated.

"For the latter, let the name of this flirting puppet be scratched from the list of our maids; and touching this misproved and disobedient Lord Deputy, who has dared to desert his post, and return from Ireland in open defiance of our orders, we will see that he be straightway humbled; where is our secretary? let him join us forthwith in the council room."

That same evening the Earl was committed a prisoner to his chamber, and after much delay and numerous vacillations, occasioned by the miserable perplexity of the Queen's mind, as she fluctuated between severity and returning tenderness, she at length publicly disgraced him, and deprived him of all his great offices and emoluments. Always haughty and ungovernable, and rendered alike desperate in fortune and in mind by these indignities, the ill-fated Earl was driven to those frantic and well known projects of rebellion which shortly afterwards conducted him to the scaffold.



## HUMBLE LOVE.

By William Fraser.

---

Here be woods as green  
 As any, air likewise as fresh and sweet  
 As where smooth Zephyrus plays on the fleet  
 Face of the curled streams, with flowers as many  
 As the young spring gives, and as choice as any—  
 Here be all new delights—cool streams and wells,  
 Arbours o'ergrown with woodbines, caves, and dells.

THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS.

---

A VALLEY green and interlaced with flowers,  
 Bright with the vernal sun and April showers,  
 Was consecrate to their fond youthful love;—  
 And, while their gentle flocks around them fed,  
 Their's was the talk of Love untutored;—  
 And oft her beauty would he praise in song,  
 In strains as soothing as the tender dove;—  
 For sweeter measures never swept along  
 Th' Ennean bright-enamelled plains, ere Dis  
 Bore Ceres' offspring to his bower of bliss:—

Oh ! happy lovers—pure and undefiled—  
With hearts unsullied—thoughts to heaven allied ;  
And bosoms like to some sweet scented stream,  
Around whose banks the roses fondly bloom,  
(Tho' for a season—such is Beauty's doom !)  
And bright shapes—such as youthful Poets dream,  
There gladly dance, and feed the waves with showers  
Of budding gems, and odour-breathing flowers!—

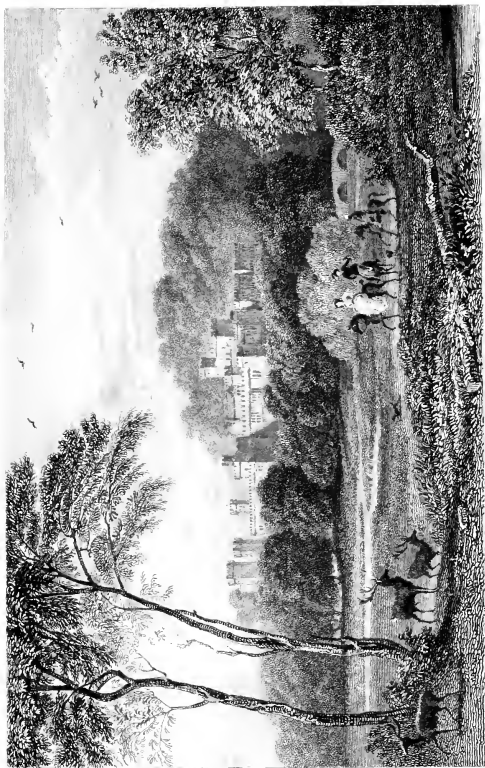
Oh ! had your lot been, haply, cast among  
The gay tricked bevvies of the city's throng,  
Ye might have followed, with bedazzled eyes,  
The lures outspread by Vice within her halls,  
Full teeming with low crouching votaries ;  
Ye might have battened in the sensual stalls,  
Where vilde Indulgence—all ashamed—hies.—  
Out on the crimes and sins of Capitals !  
For in their wilderness all silent stalks  
Gaunt wolfish Care—and red-eyed Hatred walks,  
And Anger burns, and fevered Envy toils  
To heap upon her overteeming fane  
Fresh gathered plunder, and the gory spoils  
Of white-robed Innocence, and Virtue slain ;  
And crested Pride hath in loud mockery trod,  
Aping the semblance of a mighty God ;  
And beauteous Honor panic-struck hath fled,  
While boldly felloweth the minion Shame,  
Usurper base of Modesty long dead,  
And tromping forth its foul degraded name !

\* \* \* \*

But for my simple lovers they are gone !—  
That valley now is mute—and desolate ;  
No scund is heard of pipe by shepherd blown—  
No lightly carolled—joyous songs prevail—  
Save when the eve-consenting nightingale  
Gives a sweet requiem to their early fate !—  
Far in the shady dell there lies a mound  
Laved by a stream—and bright with flowers around  
And there the Rustics made their early grave !—  
Disease came o'er the youth—and his hot blood  
In fiery eddies boiled—until he stood  
A victim marked by Death's relentless hand—  
And then he fell—whom neither art could save  
Nor medicinal herb !—and she—the good  
And beautiful, his loss could not withstand :—  
For what of joy could this dull world impart—  
Pale grew her cheek—and broke her tender heart !

Peace to their slumbers—tho' no funeral stone—  
Pageant, nor gilded 'scutcheon deck their grave—  
Yet few among those hills have mourned—will mourn  
The bright, the beautiful, the young, the brave :—  
More precious tears—that love and virtue own—  
Than splendour's train, and pomp—and heart of  
stone !





THE HOUSE OF THE W. W. C.

W. W. C. House, W. W. C. House, W. W. C.

## HADDON HALL.

---

HADDON within thy silent halls,  
Deserted courts, and turrets high,  
How mournfully on memory falls,  
Past scenes of antique pageantry.

A holy spell pervades thy gloom,  
A silent charm breathes all around,  
And the dread stillness of the tomb  
Reigns o'er thy hallow'd, haunted, ground.

King of the Peak! thy hearth is lone,  
No sword-girt vassals gather there,  
No minstrel's harp pours forth its tone  
In praise of Maud or Margaret fair.

Where are the high and stately dames  
Of princely Vernon's bannered hall?  
And where the knights, and what their names,  
Who led them forth to festival?

They slumber low, and in the dust,  
Prostrate and fall'n the warrior lies;  
His faulchion's blade is dim with rust,—  
And quench'd the ray of beauty's eyes!

Those arms which once blazed through the field  
Their brightness never shall resume,  
O'er spear and helm, and broken shield,  
Low droops the faded sullied plume.

Arise! Ye mighty dead, arise!  
Can Vernon, Rutland, Stanley sleep?  
Whose gallant hearts and eagle eyes,  
Disdained alike to crouch or weep?

And ye who owned the orbs of light,  
The golden tress—the pure fair brow—  
In the cold sleep of endless night,  
Say, do the Vernon's daughters bow?

No, no, they wake! a seraph guard,  
To circle this their loved domain;  
Which Time has spared, nor man has marr'd  
With sacrilegious hand profane.

Haddon! thy chivalry are fled!  
The tilt and tourney's brave array,  
Where knights in steel, from heel to head,  
Bore love's or honor's prize away.



No hunter's horn is heard to sound,  
No dame with swan-like mien glides by,  
Accompanied by hawk and hound,  
On her fair palfrey joyously.

Thy splendid sun has set in night—  
But gentler, holier, more subdued,  
Than earth's most brilliant dazzling light,  
Thy moonlight garden's solitude.

H. B.

## OUR NATIVE LAND.

By Delta.

---

*Moriens dulces reminiscitur Argos.*

---

The halo round the Seraph's head  
Too purified for thing of Earth,  
Is not more beautifully bright  
Than that celestial zone of light,  
Which Nature's magic hand hath shed  
Around the land which gives us birth.

Oh !—be that country beautified  
With woods that wave, and streams that glide,  
Where bounteous air and earth unfold  
The gales of health, and crops of gold;  
Let flowers and fields be ever fair;  
Let fragrance load the languid air;  
Be vines in every valley there;  
And olives on each mountain side:—  
Or—let it be a wilderness  
Where heaven and earth oppose in gloom;

Where the low sun all faintly glows  
O'er regions of perennial snows ;  
Still 'tis the country not the less  
Of him, who sows what ne'er may bless  
His labours with autumnal bloom !

Yes ! partial clans, in every clime,  
Since first commenced the march of Time,  
Where'er they rest—where'er they roam—

All unforget,

Have still a spot

Which Memory loves, and heart calls—home !  
From where Antarctic oceans roar  
Round Patagonia's mountain shore ;  
To where grim Hecla's cone aspires,  
With sides of snow, and throat of fires !

THE END.



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